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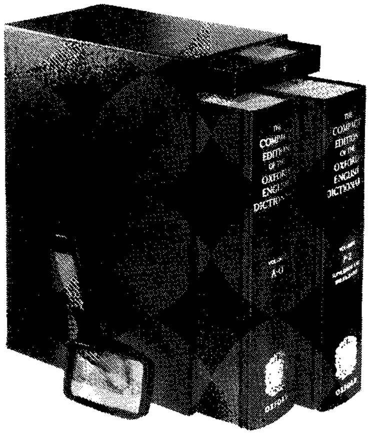

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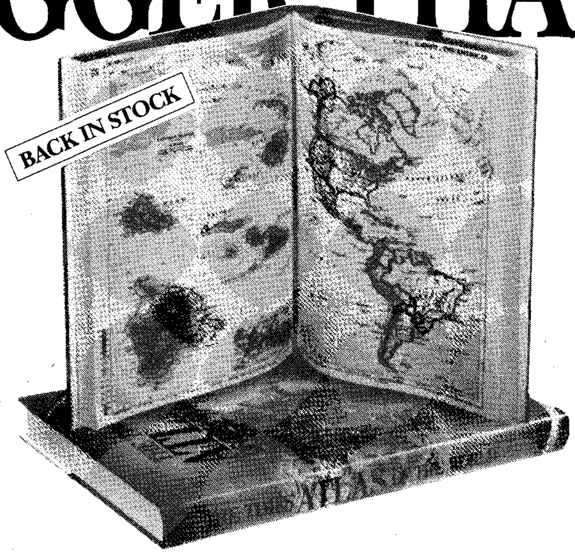

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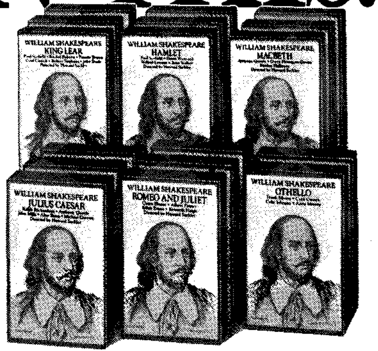

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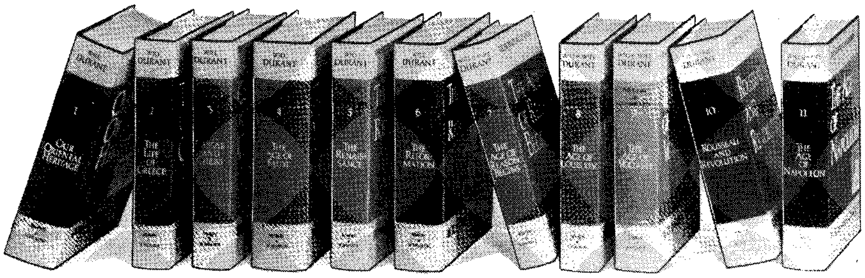

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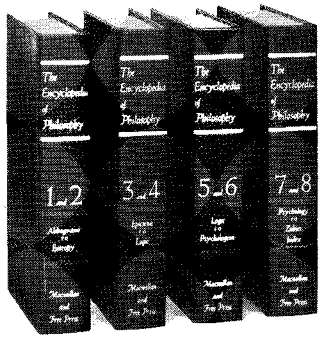

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Checkmates—A comedy by Ron Milner. With Ruby Dee, Marsha Jackson, Denzel Washington, and Paul Winfield; directed by Woodie King, Jr. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they are both charged with being spies—discovers that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin give them sound support. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/88.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Mistress of the Inn—Carlo Goldoni's 1753 play, with Tovah Feldshuh. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 11.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting **from the mississippi delta,** an ingenious play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland that, in a kind of dramatic collage, traces the life of a young woman from the fifties to the eighties. Brenda Denmark, LaTanya Richardson, and Gwen Roberts-Frost, three mettlesome actresses, portray her and an assortment of other characters, male and female. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play about some startling events that take place in a rickety hotel on the Mexican coast and the outlandish characters who assemble there. Jane Alexander acts the role of the proprietress with an engaging relish, but it is Maria Tucci, remarkable as a spinster artist, who gives the performance strength and focus. (7/11/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Road—This poignant and exhilarating new play by Jim Cartwright takes the audience on a night prowl through a Lancashire slum and, by implication, on a spiritual tour of depressed Thatcherite England. The play is performed promenade style (the audience has the option of sitting or joining the actors on-stage) by an exceptionally able cast. The production is not seamless, but it features some amazingly good acting, most notably from Kevin Bacon, Michael Wincott, and Jayne Haynes. Lincoln Center produced this interesting piece of theatre, which was directed by Simon Curtis, of the Royal Court Theatre, in London. (8/15/88) (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. With Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Kathy Bates, as a young disciple of the sculptor. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Aug. 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **broadway bound:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Joan Rivers plays the mother; Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **burn this:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Scott Glenn as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **frankie and johnny in the clair de lune:** Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. Miss Kane and Mr. Weitz give their final performances Sunday, Sept. 4. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. With Dick Cavett as the Narrator. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Monday, Sept. 5, at 2:30.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oil city symphony:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

WITHOUT YOU I'M NOTHING—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

STRANGER HERE MYSELF—Angelina Réaux in a one-woman revue of twenty songs by Kurt Weill. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Sept 4.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Aug. 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

TEN PERCENT REVUE—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

THE TAFFETAS—A revue of songs from the early fifties. Four female singers reprise the hits of Rosemary Clooney, Jo Stafford, the Lennon Sisters, and others. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 18.)

DANCE

GEORGIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY—Final performances by a troupe of eighty-one Russian folk dancers. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 1-2, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** whose voice is no bigger than a dainty child's and is just the right instrument for singing "Peel Me a Grape" or "Moonlight Saving Time," gives an early-bird show Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, an avian logo (two long-billed, long-legged fowl taking it easy), and jazz people of various modern schools. **SONNY FORTUNE,** a hard-blowing saxophonist who has worked with McCoy Tyner, Miles Davis, and Abdullah Ibrahim, leads a quartet Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Pieces of a Dream, a Philadelphia funk band, will be around Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4; bassist **RAY BROWN** brings in a trio on Tuesday, Sept. 6. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **LAURA NYRO,** the sixties singer-songwriter who delivers her poetic musings with a soul singer's ardor. She was here earlier this summer—the room was sold out—and she'll be back on Wednesday, Sept. 7. The rest of the lineup: Tuesday, Aug. 30, **JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA,** a South African pop band; Wednesday, Aug. 31, the **TANNAHILL WEAVERS,** a Scottish quartet that plays traditional Celtic dance music and gentle, drumless folk-rock; and Saturday, Sept. 3, saxophonist **BILL EVANS'** group, with vibist **DAVE SAMUELS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **RED MITCHELL** is the key figure here, the bassist upon whom pianists lean. He works with **BILL MAYS** through Saturday, Sept. 3, and with **KENNY BARRON** starting Sunday, Sept. 4. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4, will be in the hands of **HENRY BUTLER,** a New Orleans-born pianist who sometimes takes a breather from his hard-hitting, demon-fast, Tyner-like exertions to sing a spiritual. **ALVIN BATISTE,** a former teacher of his, will be on clarinet. Music from nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a sturdy hard-bop tenor saxophonist, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** a light-footed vocal team (they are also married, and he also plays piano) who have been singing and scatting in unison since the late forties (when they were with Charlie Ventura's Bop for the People combo), will be around for a week starting Tuesday, Sept. 6. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. **DAVE MC KENNA,** a self-described "barroom" pianist who keeps the melody in sight and swings hard, will be here Monday through Thursday, Aug. 29-Sept. 1; **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ,** a flamboyant Philippine-born pianist, will be on duty Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 30-31, John Weiss; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 1-3, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** (with a trio on the weekend); and starting Tuesday, Sept. 6, Nat Jones. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays

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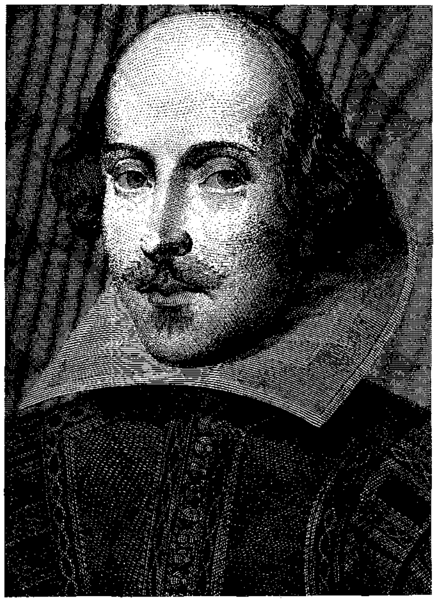

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BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS, INC.

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. Monday, Aug. 29, belongs to **ARTHUR SIEGEL**, a veteran music-theatre man whose sets ramble pleasantly from little-known show tune to little-known movie number; trumpeter **DICK SUDHALTER** works with **MARTY GROSZ** (guitar and vocals) and **MURRAY WALL** (bass) on Tuesday, Aug. 30; and **BARBARA LEA**, a pippin of a singer, performs on Saturday, Sept. 3. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **BILL CHARLAP** works out on it, with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 3; **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** swing into action on Tuesday, Sept. 6. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, a young New Orleans-born pianist (he studied with the father of all the Marsalises) and fashion plate (in the smart-tickler tradition), flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music retreat (attained by passing through a recently annexed downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, judging by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a flourishing enterprise. **MOFUNGO**, an East Village rock band, performs on Friday, Sept. 2; German multi-instrumentalist **GUNTER HAMPEL** and his group will be here on Sunday, Sept. 4; saxophonist **JEMEEL MOONDOC'S** Jus Grew Orchestra holds forth on Monday, Sept. 5; and **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, a rock-and-roll operation consisting of two brainy, fast-talking boys and their boom box, will be around on Wednesday, Sept. 7. Music after nine. Closed Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 29-31.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. On Tuesday, Aug. 30, **TERRANCE SIMIEN & THE MALLET PLAYBOYS**, a youthful zydeco outfit, share the stage with **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN**, a sixty-four-year-old Texan who plays fine country fiddle and finer blues guitar; **ROOMFUL OF BLUES**, a spirited and adept jump band from Rhode Island, will be here on Friday, Sept. 2; the **ITALS**, a reggae harmony group, perform on Tuesday, Sept. 6; **JERRY JEFF WALKER**, a good ole country-rock boy, has the floor on Wednesday, Sept. 7. Music after nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the parent joint; it also has more mirrors, more Miller beer banners, more fireplaces (two, on the second floor), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, more letters of commendation (posted in the entryway) from Texas dignitaries (Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, ex-Governor Mark White), and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. Buckaroos and buckarettes can see **JERRY JEFF WALKER** here on Tuesday, Sept. 6, and the **ITALS** on Wednesday, Sept. 7. Music after nine. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Guitarist **DOC POWELL'S** R. & B. sextet holds forth Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The lineup: Tuesday, Aug. 30, Oliver DeCoque's Nigerian pop band; Wednesday, Aug. 31, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** Latin bop group and **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio, with eminent Latinist **DIZZY GILLESPIE**; Thursday, Sept. 1, the Blue Ventures, a calypso orchestra; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 2-4 samba singer and composer **MARTINHO DA VILA**; and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, **KING SUNNY ADÉ'S** juju band. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays through Sundays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **ODETTA**, one of the grand old voices in American folk music, sings songs that are in the public domain and songs that aren't on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 2-3. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **JOHN SCOFIELD**, a thirty-six-year-old guitarist who is best known for his work with late-period Miles Davis and whose playing is marked by a Milesian cool, leads a trio Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4; **MC COY TYNER**, a pianist whose thundering, rhythmically insistent style works like an incantation on many people, moves in with his threesome on Tuesday, Sept. 6. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hepcat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. **TITO PUENTE**, the white-haired patriarch of salsa, will be here on Aug. 29, along with a band called Carabali and a young vibist named Vesta Maxey. Activity from nine-thirty. There's more salsa on Friday, Sept. 2, when pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI** and percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ** and their ensembles hold forth. Sets at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. **DR. JOHN**, the gravel-throated specialist in New Orleans R. & B., sings and plays the piano in the company of his Louisiana Lumenoids at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4. (His Sept. 2 shows will be in the Top of the Gate, two flights up.) . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in piano-bass duets nightly except Mondays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS**, a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, plays the harp. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, who was known forty-odd years ago for the ecstatic high notes he hit on his honking tenor, is known nowadays for his big band, which swings and purrs at his bidding. They'll be on the premises Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4. Two former Mingus men, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN**, bring in their quartet on Tuesday, Sept. 6. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Percussionist **BOBBY SANABRIA** and his Latin-jazz ensemble perform Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 4. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **RUBY BRAFF,** who likes to speak low on his cornet, as if he were transmitting dark, melodic secrets, works with pianist **JOHN CAMPBELL** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Sept. 3; pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MILT HINTON** take over on Tuesday, Sept. 6. Music from eight. Closed Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

AC/DC—With White Lion. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

STEVIE WONDER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 8.

RALF RALF—In "The Summit." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, at 8.)

EARTH, WIND & FIRE—With Teena Marie and Keith Sweat. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 2, at 7:30.)

SADE—Radio City Music Hall. Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 4-6, at 8.

TANGERINE DREAM—With Andy Summers. (Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8.)

P.S. 122—Eric Bogosian. (Thursday and Friday, Sept. 1-2, at 9, and Saturday, Sept. 3, at 9 and 11.) . . . ¶ "An Evening with Jesse James," by Jim Neu. (Friday, Sept. 2, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 3, at 10; and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 8. Through Sunday, Sept. 25.) (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed on Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

JOSÉ CAMPECHE (1751-1809)—A Puerto Rican who recorded the high society of San Juan in his portraits. Forty-seven of his paintings are currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NANCY GRAVES / JOHN WALKER—Small-scale sculptures in sterling silver. / Monoprints. Through Friday, Sept. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Etchings and lithographs—including works by John Sloan, Yvonne Jacquette, and Adolf Dehn—depicting city mavens engaged in a variety of nocturnal activities. Through Friday, Sept. 2. . . . **DAVIDSON,** 415 West Broadway: Still-lifes on canvas and on paper by Carol Anthony, Deborah Deichler, Janis Goodman, Ruth Miller, and George Stave. Through Friday, Sept. 2. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from the thirties and forties by Eleanor de Laittre, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Agnes Weinrich, among others. Through Oct. 1. . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Constantin Brancusi, Isamu Noguchi, and Jenny Lee, among others. Through Sept. 24.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery artists can also be seen at **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St. . . . **PRETTO,** 103 Sullivan St. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **WASHBURN,** 41 E. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JOAN FONTCUBERTA—Photographs by an artist whose work is collaged and frottaged. Through Sept. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—The Whitney Museum has mounted a show of his photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Collaboration in Recent American Photography," including works by Laurie Simmons and Allan McCollum, Clegg & Guttmann, and Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds. . . . ¶ Photographs of North Korea by Hiroji Kubota, a Japanese photographer. Both shows through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and fifty pieces of American silver, dating from the seventeenth century to the present. The exhibition includes works by Paul Revere and Tiffany & Co. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Religious paintings and portraits by the eighteenth-century Puerto Rican artist José Campeche. Through Sept. 25. Works by the artist are also at the Museo del Barrio. (The Metropolitan is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Deconstructivist Architecture," drawings, models, and site plans by Coop Himmelblau, Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Zaha M. Hadid, Rem Koolhaas, Daniel Libeskind, and Bernard Tschumi. The chief organizer of the exhibit was Philip Johnson, who describes these architects as having eschewed harmony, unity, and clarity for the sake of disharmony, fracturing, and mystery. Through Tuesday, Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Landscapes rendered by Nachume Miller in paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Frank Gehry's architecture is surveyed in more than two hundred and fifty drawings, photographs, and models. The projects represented include the Fishdance Restaurant in Kobe, Japan, and the Laser Laboratory Building at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Also on display are several walk-through constructions. Through Oct. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Fifteen years' worth of Robert Mapplethorpe's prints are represented in a show of nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Uses of Photography in Contemporary Art," a small exhibit from the permanent collection, with works by Julie Wachtel, Ellen Carey, and David Hockney. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Photographs Walter Rosenblum took in Haiti in 1958 and 1959. Through Wednesday, Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fossils from China—including several dicynodonts that are about two hundred and fifty million years old—along with some of their North American counterparts taken from the museum's collection. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Unbuilt Architecture of the Eighties," including models, drawings, and photographs by Philip Johnson, Alice Aycock, and Antoine Predock. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ The museum's garden is currently dotted with lawn chairs in every conceivable style. These bizarre—but comfortable—pieces are the work of thirty-one San Francisco Bay Area artists, including Martha Schwartz, Veronica di Rosa, and Daniel Friedlander. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by the English painter Graham Sutherland (1903-1980). The prints range from pastoral landscapes to expressionistic renderings of birds and insects. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show in which Jewish themes are explored in video art: installations by Juan Downey, Beryl Korot, and Grahame Weinbren and Roberta Friedman, mounted in separate galleries; and six videos that run on a single, continuous tape for just over two hours, including "Harold's Bar Mitzvah," by Bart Friedman, and "Women in the Camps," by Barbara Rosenthal. Through Thursday, Sept. 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Sixty Dutch and Flemish paintings, all on loan from private collections, including Van Dyck's "Apostle Peter" and "Apostle Thomas," and Frans Hals' "Portrait of Samuel Ampzing." Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Performances of "Naughty Marietta," with alternating casts; conducted by Scott Bergeson. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. The season continues through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for the Meadowlands is 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 29-30, at 7:35, and Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, Sept. 2, at 7:35; Saturday, Sept. 3, at 2:20; and Sunday, Sept. 4, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Monday, Sept. 5, at 4:05, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 6-7, at 7:30.

Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Sept. 5, at 9.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; from Wednesday, Aug. 31, through

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

Monday, Oct. 17. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 31; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 4; and the Jerome Handicap, Monday, Sept. 5. . . . **meadowlands:** Monday, Sept. 5, at noon, and weeknights at 7:30, starting Tuesday, Sept. 6. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Monday, Aug. 29, and Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, at 7:15. . . . **saratoga:** Monday, Aug. 29, at 1:30. The Spinaway is the notable stakes of this, the final day of the meet.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 29-30, at 11; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, at 11 and 7:30; Sunday, Sept. 4, at 11; Monday through Thursday, Sept. 5-8, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 11, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, Sept. 4-5, at 8, and Tuesday, Aug. 30, at 1. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Monday through Saturday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3, at 7:45; Monday, Sept. 5, at 1:15; and Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 7:45.

Yachting—America's Cup XXVII: Stars & Stripes vs. New Zealand. (Off Point Loma, San Diego. Wednesday, Sept. 7; Friday, Sept. 9; and, if necessary, Sunday, Sept. 11.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final performances of **king john,** with Mariette Hartley, Kevin Conway, and Moses Gunn. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4, at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Music Cruises—Monday, Aug. 29: Ray Barretto, Dave Valentin, Noel Pointer, and Larry Coryell. (On the De Witt Clinton, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. The boat leaves at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 406-3434.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Monday, Aug. 29: George Benson and Dianne Reeves. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 7: Steel Pulse (postponed from July 8). (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Prospect Park Band Shell—Friday, Sept. 2: Johnny Copeland, Michael Hill's Bluesland, and J. J. Jumpers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3: Peter Gordon and the Jerome Harris group. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4: Noel Pointer and Janet Grice. (Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 1-718 768-0699.)

Central Park Band Shell—Friday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: Paul Thompson & Troop Three, and Marta Renzi & the Project Co. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 3, at 3: Anthony Davis & Episteme. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 4, at 3: Flaco Jimenez & His Tex-Mex Band. (Mid-Park at 72nd St. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semi-annual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Sept. 3-5; and Saturdays and Sundays, Sept. 10-11 and 17-18, from noon to sundown.

Riverside Park Rotunda—Sunday, Sept. 4, at 4: Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

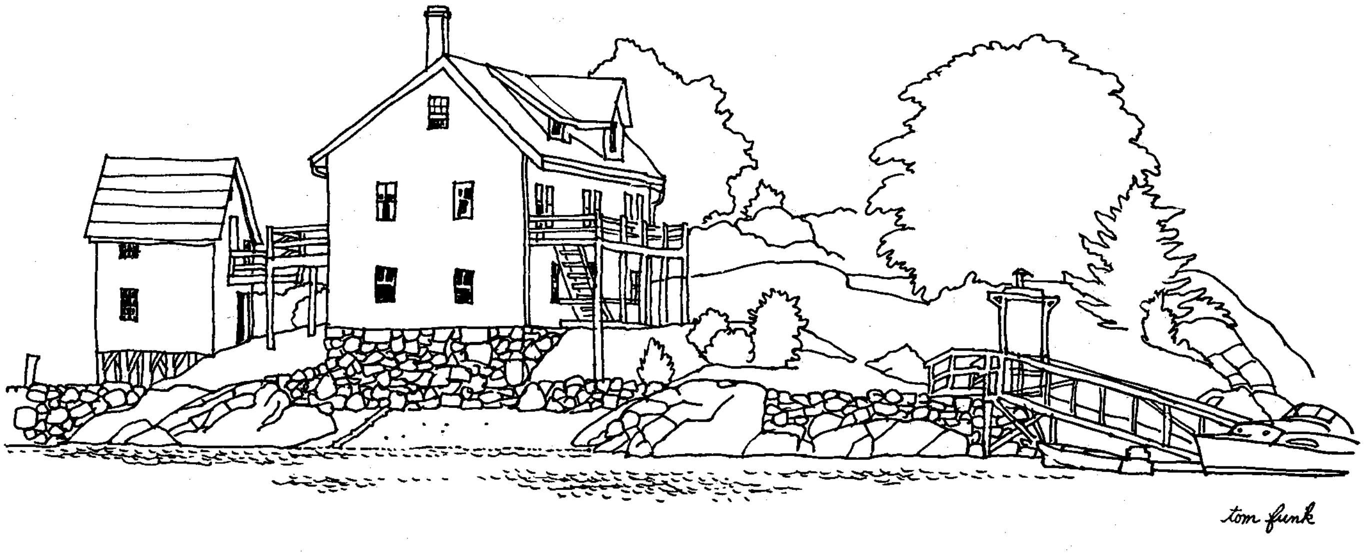
Baseball—The National League Championship Series begins Oct. 4, and the American League Championship Series begins Oct. 5.

Football—Season opener—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Sept. 18.

Olympic Games—At Seoul, South Korea: Sept. 17-Oct. 2.

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season will open on Sept. 26 with Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and will run through May 6. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting, Sept. 14 (a nonsubscription benefit concert) and Sept. 16 (first concert of the regular subscription season). The season runs through May 27. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Philadelphia Orchestra, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Viktor Tretyakov, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman and Samuel Sanders, Oct. 6. . . . **town hall** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, Sept. 27.

Other Dates—Rosh Hashanah is Sept. 12. . . . ¶ The Moscow Circus, at Radio City Music Hall, Sept. 14-Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ "New York Is Book Country," Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Yom Kippur is Sept. 21. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 22. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 23 at Alice Tully Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, continues at Alice Tully Hall Sept. 24-Oct. 8, and winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 9. . . . ¶ New York Armory Antiques Show, Oct. 5-9. . . . ¶ A Degas retrospective opens at the Metropolitan Museum on Oct. 11.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
(Separate admissions) "Coverup: Behind the Iran-Contra Affair" (directed by Barbara Trent), a documentary; and "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.
Theatre 3: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 1: "Die Hard" (†).
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Married to the Mob" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 1: "Stealing Home" (Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis), with Mark Harmon.
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hot to Trot" (Michael Dinner).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 1: "The Big Blue" (Luc Besson), with Rosanna Arquette and Jean-Marc Barr.
From Sept. 2: "The Deceivers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Pierce Brosnan.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Big" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Run" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stealing Home" (Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis), with Mark Harmon.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Die Hard" (†). From Sept. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Pascali's Island" (James Dearden), with Ben Kingsley, Charles Dance, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2: "The Year My Voice Broke" (John Duigan).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Hero and the Terror" (William Tannen), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.

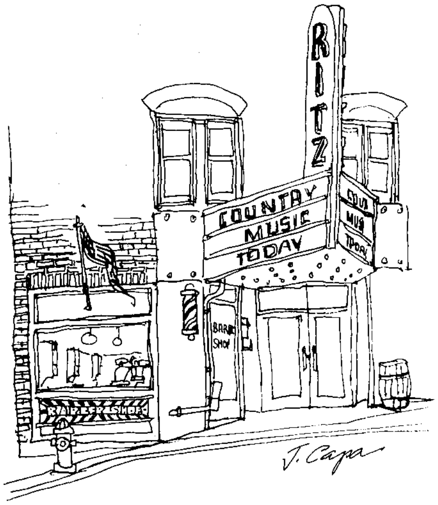
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Married to the Mob" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Mr. North" (Danny Huston), with Anthony Edwards.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 1: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
From Sept. 2: "Eight Men Out" (John Sayles).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Stealing Home" (Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis), with Mark Harmon.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master" (Renny Harlin), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy. From Sept. 2: To be announced.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "The Burglar" (1987; directed by Valery Ogorodnikov; in Russian). From Aug. 31: "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat" (1987; Christopher Rawlence).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "The Beer Drinker's Guide to Fitness and Filmmaking" (Fred G. Sullivan). From Sept. 2: (tentative): "The Wash" (Michael Toshiyuki Uno).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez. From Sept. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Stealing Home" (Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis), with Mark Harmon.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Hot to Trot" (Michael Dinner).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Big" (†). From Sept. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Midnight Run" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy. From Sept. 2 (tentative): "The Wash" (Michael Toshiyuki Uno).
Theatre 2: "A Handful of Dust" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alice" (†).
Theatre 4: "A World Apart" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master" (Renny Harlin), with Robert Englund. From Sept. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Midnight Run" (†). From Sept. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 1: (Matinées only) "The Big Blue" (Luc Besson), with Rosanna Arquette and Jean-Marc Barr; and (evenings only) "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue. From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 1: "Mac and Me" (Stewart Raffill).
From Sept. 2: "Eight Men Out" (John Sayles).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A Handful of Dust" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Sept. 1: "The Wash" (Michael Toshiyuki Uno).
From Sept. 2: "The Wizard of Loneliness" (Jenny Bowen), with Lukas Haas.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"A Summer Story" (Piers Haggard), with Imogen Stubbs and James Wilby.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bandits" (Claude Lelouch; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 1: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 1: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
From Sept. 2: "Eight Men Out" (John Sayles).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 1: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.
From Sept. 2: "Rocket Gibraltar" (Daniel Petrie), with Burt Lancaster.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.
Theatre 3: "The Big Blue" (Luc Besson), with Rosanna Arquette and Jean-Marc Barr.
Theatre 4: "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (†).
Theatre 5: "A Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master" (Renny Harlin), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 6: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Stealing Home"

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

(Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis), with Mark Harmon. From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Hot to Trot" (Michael Dinner). From Sept. 2: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (316-6660)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Run" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: "Die Hard" (†). *From Sept. 2: To be announced.*

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (directed by John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: "The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.
Theatre 4: "Hot to Trot" (Michael Dinner).
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 6: "Hero and the Terror" (William Tannen), with Chuck Norris.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Married to the Mob" (†).
Theatre 3: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"A Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master" (Renny Harlin), with Robert Englund.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Sept. 1: "The Big Blue" (Luc Besson), with Rosanna Arquette and Jean-Marc Barr.
From Sept. 2: "Freeway" (Francis Delia).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Stealing Home" (Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 2: "Midnight Run" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Aug. 29: "Daddy Long Legs" (1955; directed by Jean Negulesco), with Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, Thelma Ritter, and Fred Clark; and "The Belle of New York" (1952; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire and Vera-Ellen.
Aug. 30-31: "On the Beach" (1959; Stanley Kramer), with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, and Fred Astaire; and "Tight Spot" (1955; Phil Karlson), with Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, and Brian Keith.
Sept. 1-3: "Three Little Words" (†) and "Silk Stockings" (†). On Sept. 1 at 7:55, actress Arlene Dahl will appear.
Sept. 4-5: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†) and "Ziegfeld Follies" (†).
Sept. 6-7: "Royal Wedding" (†) and "Yolanda and the Thief" (†). On Sept. 6 at 7:55, composer Burton Lane will appear.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 30: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Story of Sin" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in Polish).
Sept. 2-3: "Maurice" (1987; James Ivory), with James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and Rupert Graves; and "A Passage to India" (†).
Sept. 4: "Last Tango in Paris" (†); and "Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider.
Sept. 5-6: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day.
From Sept. 7: "The Family" (1988; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Philippe Noiret; and "Three Brothers" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 1: A program of fantasy and science-fiction animated films.
Sept. 2: "These Are the Damned" (1962; Joseph Losey), with Macdonald Carey; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
Sept. 3: "Serialissima: The Great Cliffhanger Marathon."
Sept. 4: "Invaders from Mars" (1953; William Cameron Menzies), with Helena Carter and Arthur Franz; and "Flight to Mars" (1952; Leslie Selander), with Marguerite Chapman and Cameron Mitchell.
Sept. 5: "Cat Women of the Moon" (1953; Arthur Hilton), with Sonny Tufts and Marie Windsor; "Frankenstein's Daughter" (1958; Richard Cunha), with John Ashley and Sandra Knight; and "Missile to the Moon" (1958; Richard Cunha), with Richard Travis, Cathy Downs, and K. T. Stevens.
Sept. 6: "Galaxy Express" (1979), a Japanese animated film; and "Message from Space" (1978; Kinji Fukasaku), with Vic Morrow and Sonny Chiba.
Sept. 7: "The Giant Behemoth" (1959; Douglas Hickok and Eugène Lourié), with Gene Evans; and "Gorgo" (1961; Eugène Lourié), with Bill Travers.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Aug. 29: "I Married a Monster from Outer Space" (1958; Gene Fowler), with Tom Tryon and Gloria Talbott; and "Strange Invaders" (1983; Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat.
Aug. 30: "Suspect" (1987; Peter Yates), with Cher, Dennis Quaid, Liam Neeson, and John Mahoney; and "The Big Easy" (1987; Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid, Ellen Barkin, and Ned Beatty.
Aug. 31: "Carrie" (1952; William Wyler), with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert; and "The Divorce of Lady X" (1937; Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.
Sept. 1: "The Return of Frank James" (1940; Fritz Lang), with Henry Fonda; and "Western Union" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Robert Young and Randolph Scott.
Sept. 2-3: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
Sept. 4: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†); and "Engagement Italiano" (1966; Alfredo Giannetti; in Italian), with Rossano Brazzi and Annie Girardot.
Sept. 5: "Man Facing Southeast" (1987; *Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in* Spanish); and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.
Sept. 6: "House of Games" (1987; David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna; and "The Verdict" (1982 †).
Sept. 7: "The Animal Film" (1988), a documentary.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 29: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish).
Aug. 30: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert; and "The Man Who Laughs" (1928; Paul Leni; a silent film), with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin.
Aug. 31: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937; Louis King) and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938; James Hogan), both with John Howard as Drummond.
Sept. 1: "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott; and "The River" (1951 †).
Sept. 2-3: "Ministry of Fear" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Majorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.
Sept. 4: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
Sept. 5: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentieth Century" (†).
Sept. 6: "Le Corbeau" ("The Raven;" 1943; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc; and "The Wages of Fear" (†).
Sept. 7: "The Chase" (1966 †) and "The Night of the Following Day" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre I: Aug. 29 at 2:30: "The Love Light" (1921; directed by Frances Marion; a silent film), with Mary Pickford and Fred Thomson. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Ella Raines. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 2:30: "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941; Sam Wood), with Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "It's in the Bag!" (1944; Richard Wallace), with Fred Allen, Binnie Barnes, Robert Benchley, and Jack Benny. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 2:30: "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami" (1947; Albert Lewin), with George Sanders, Angela Lansbury, and Ann Dvorak. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6 and Sept. 2

at 2:30: "Tempest" (1928; Sam Taylor; with music and sound effects for reels 3 through 10), with John Barrymore, Camilla Horn, and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Victor McLaglen, and Warner Oland. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2: "The Saturday Night Kid" (1929; A. Edward Sutherland), with Clara Bow, Edna May Oliver, and Jean Arthur; and "Kellum Talking Pictures" (1921-23). . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 5: "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami." . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2: "Dishonored." . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 5: "The Saturday Night Kid" and "Kellum Talking Pictures." . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2: "After Tomorrow" (1932; Frank Borzage), with Charles Farrell, Marian Nixon, and Minna Gombell. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 5: "I Believed in You" (1934; Irving Cummings), with Victor Jory, Rosemary Ames, and John Boles. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2:30: "It Happened Tomorrow" (1944; René Clair), with Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "After Tomorrow."

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Aug. 31 at 12:15, 3:15, 6, and 9: "Letters from My Windmill" (1955; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Rellys, Robert Vattier, Henri Vilbert, Daxley, Pierrette Bruno, and Edouard Delmont.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Woody Allen: The Television Work," featuring "The Kraft Music Hall: Woody Allen Looks at 1967" and a compilation of performances by and conversations with Allen from 1962 to 1977. Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:05, 1:45, and 3:30. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 5:30: "Panama Hattie" (1954), with Ethel Merman, Ray Walston, and Art Carney; and a segment of "Hollywood Palace" (1966), featuring Ethel Merman and Fred Astaire.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Alice—The Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words. He animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. The landscape of Alice's imagination is a domestic maze of doors, drawers, stairs, hallways, cabinets, shelves, and doll houses. And in this world—the half-familiar, half-obscure territory of the shut-in child—everything has a heightened, shockingly vivid presence. The director—a self-described "militant Surrealist," who has been making short films since 1964—brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material, and his approach sometimes seems overly formal, a little rigid. But this is an extraordinary piece of work. There are sequences that are small miracles of stop-motion animation: the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. "Alice" is a brilliant demonstration of the connection between a child's imagination and the lonely, obsessive craftsmanship of a great animator. Alice is played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová; she's the only human being in the movie.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/8/88.) (Quad Cinema.)

Au Revoir les Enfants ("Goodbye, Children")—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (2/22/88) (Carnegie Screening Room.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Big—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. Also with John Heard, David Moscow, Jon Lovitz, and Mercedes Ruehl. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through Sept. 1.)

Boyfriends and Girlfriends ("L'Ami de Mon Amie")—The sixth, and last, in Eric Rohmer's series of "Comedies and Proverbs" is a light romantic comedy set in Cergy-Pontoise, an overdesigned and self-contained modern suburb of Paris. In this bourgeois Forest of Arden, four completely unremarkable young people—two women, two men—reshuffle their affections so that each winds up with the "right" partner in the end. It's essentially the same leisurely comedy of self-knowledge that Rohmer has been making for nearly twenty years, but this time he treats his themes with a frivolous, casual air. He takes pleasure in the cleanness and brightness of this world, in the contented buzz of shoppers and office workers and Sunday picnickers, in the forthright way his characters pursue their comforts. "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" is fluff: it's artificial without being oppressive—a graceful, friendly abstraction. With Emmanuelle Chaulet, Sophie Renoir, François-Eric Gendron, and Eric Viellard. In French.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. With Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) as a receptionist. Directed by Norman Taurog. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 4-5.)

Bull Durham—Written and directed by Ron Shelton, this sunny romantic comedy has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Kevin Costner plays the smart, hyper-articulate catcher Crash, and comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance; at his best, he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks. After playing for twelve years, Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and learns that he's been brought in to train baby-faced Nuke (Tim Robbins), a wild young rookie pitcher who is destined to move up. Susan Sarandon plays the beautiful, passionate Annie Savoy, a baseball fanatic who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." What you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles. (6/27/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Chase (1966)—Marlon Brando as the sheriff of a corrupt, blood-lusting Texas town in the mythical America of liberal sadomasochistic fantasies, a hellhole of wife-swapping, nigger-hating, and nigger-lover-hating, where people are motivated by dirty sex or big money, and you can tell which as soon as they say their first lines. Many people all over the world blame Texas for the assassination of Kennedy—as if the murder had boiled up out of the unconscious of the people there—and the film exploits and confirms this hysterical view, going so far as to provide a facsimile of Jack Ruby's shooting of Oswald, with a racist, who is, of course, a white, Gentile Southerner, as a substitute for Ruby, and a totally innocent hero (Robert Redford) as a substitute for Oswald. The producer, Sam Spiegel, said that it was about "the consequences of affluence," and it does suggest "La Dolce Vita" on the range. Lillian Hellman, who wrote the screenplay (from Horton Foote's material), publicly expressed her dissatisfaction with the results, and it was generally acknowledged that the director, Arthur Penn, didn't have artistic control over the production. But the picture affects some people very strongly, and it has a considerable reputation, especially in Europe. With Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Marshall, Robert Duvall, Janice Rule,

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

James Fox, and Henry Hull. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7.)

Die Hard—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire—all in 70 mm. and bowel-rumbling Dolby sound. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). By the end, there has been so much onscreen applause for McClane that the picture's "humanity" seems narcissistic and fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. Also with Alan Rickman, who gives the character of the terrorists' leader a wonderful slimy elegance.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 86th Street East Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Olympia; through Sept. 1.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Sept. 1.)

A Handful of Dust—The filmmakers who have brought Evelyn Waugh's sharp, satiric 1934 novel to the screen treat it as if it were one of the writer's ponderous later works—as if it were "Brideshead Revisited." In fact, the producer, Derek Granger, and the director, Charles Sturridge, were also responsible for the plodding TV miniseries of "Brideshead" several years ago. Waugh's novel traces the decline of Tony Last, a naïve English landowner, husband, and father who is betrayed by everything and everyone he believes in—especially by his charming, shallow wife, Brenda. Although virtually all the dialogue is lifted directly from the novel, the polished cruelty rarely sounds witty. The filmmakers give the appearance of being perfectly faithful to the novel, but they're constantly betraying it. In the last half hour, though, we're treated to a brilliant performance by Alec Guinness, as the alarming Mr. Todd. Playing Tony's final betrayer, he hits the tiny notes of menace and ruthless self-interest in the lulling tones of polite English discourse: his sly, precise effects are an actor's equivalent of Waugh's sneakily devastating prose. With James Wilby (as Tony), Kristin Scott Thomas (as Brenda), Judi Dench, Rupert Graves, and Anjelica Huston. Screenplay by Granger, Sturridge, and Tim Sullivan.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. Brando and the director, Bernardo Bertolucci, achieve realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. In French and English. (Cinema Village; Sept. 4.)

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The Last Temptation of Christ—With Willem Dafoe, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Married to the Mob—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. The script, by Barry Strugatz and Mark R. Burns, is fairly conventional, but it gives Demme the opportunity to juxtapose the crass opulence of suburban "family" life with the multi-ethnic funk of the Lower East Side, and to make grubby Rivington Street the locus of the movie's values. As usual, he's great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne and a couple of dozen songs by a diverse bunch of performers) and a superbly eccentric cast. (Stockwell and Ruehl are particularly wonderful: they're a hilariously demented couple.) Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. Also with Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest). The vibrant cinematography is by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Midnight Run—At first, Martin Brest's new film is content to be a pleasantly flaky buddy movie and to lean on the talents of its two stars, Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin. De Niro's Jack Walsh, an ex-cop who works for a weaselly L.A. bail bondsman (Joe Pantoliano), goes to New York to retrieve a white-collar crook named Jonathan Mardukas (Grodin), an accountant who upon learning that the corporation he worked for was an organized-crime front embezzled fifteen million dollars and gave almost all of it to charity. They travel across the country in a succession of vehicles, dodging federal agents, hit men, and a profoundly stupid rival bounty hunter (John Ashton). De Niro gets marvellous effects by seeming to be constantly suppressing anger and powerful physical energy. Grodin, a minimalist and a miniaturist, does all his acting with sneaky looks and minute variations in the tone of his flat, dull voice, and he creates a memorable comic character—a placid solid-citizen type who's much wilier and crazier than he appears to be. The two actors look as if they were genuinely enjoying each other. But as they get close to L.A. Brest starts pumping up his sweetly funny road movie with large-scale action scenes—it's as if he were afraid that a pair of superlative actors doing low-key character comedy wouldn't be enough entertainment for us. Also with Yaphet Kotto, Dennis Farina, Richard Foronjy, and Robert Miranda. Screenplay by George Gallo.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Sept. 1.)

The Night of the Following Day (1969)—Fancy kidnapping-for-ransom movie, with the production designed in gold and brown and blue and black, and the characters silhouetted against white walls and talking in pseudo-casual gangster jargon. Playing cardboard-cutout thugs, Marlon Brando and Richard Boone have an edge of irony that makes the bad movie seem a joke we're all partly in on. With Rita Moreno, Pamela Franklin, and Jess Hahn. Directed by Hubert Cornfield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7.)

A Passage to India (1984)—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose effort to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified or that it's like a well-cared-for, beautifully oiled machine, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so. The concluding scenes wobble all over the place. With the exception of Alec Guinness, the cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (Cinema Village; Sept. 2-3.)

The River (1951)—Jean Renoir's first color film, made in India, in English, was adapted from Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India. It's a poetic study of the contact of two civilizations. Renoir sees India with Western eyes—eyes so sensitive and highly trained that his vision of India is a mythic poem set in the midst of the Indian river of life. This river encompasses death in a way that American audiences tend to find disturbing. Godden's themes and story line are part of the texture, interwoven with the ritual feasts, the festivals, and the rhythms of native music. The theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With the dancer Radha, Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1.)

Royal Wedding (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times, but not more than that. The script, by Alan Jay Lerner, is weak and the songs, by Lerner and Burton Lane, are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 6-7.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—A paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, and Jules Munshin. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 1-3.)

The Thin Blue Line—Directed by Errol Morris. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Three Brothers (1982)—Three Italian brothers who have immigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. It's a wonderful film that moves on waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, it's about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. With Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido. In Italian. (Cinema Village; starting Sept. 7.)

Three Little Words (1950)—A big M-G-M musical bio of the songwriting team of Bert Kalmar (Fred Astaire) and Harry Ruby (Red Skelton). It's a rags-to-riches-and-contentment story, with few opportunities for Astaire to dance and with no more drama than the screenwriter (George Wells) can squeeze out of Kalmar's infatuation with magic and Ruby's obsessive enthusiasm for baseball. The two men have a childish quarrel and the team breaks up, but their devoted wives (Vera-Ellen and Arlene Dahl) soon put that to rights. The movie is witless and totally uninspired but good-natured, especially during the fourteen Kalmar-Ruby songs, which include "Nevertheless," "I Love You So Much," "Who's Sorry Now," and "Hooray for Captain Spaulding." With Debbie Reynolds, Gloria De Haven, and Keenan Wynn. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 1-3.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man (1981)—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on the father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force-and-peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Screenplay by Bertolucci. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 4.)

Tucker: The Man and His Dream—There are marvellous moments throughout Francis Ford Coppola's biography of Preston Tucker (Jeff Bridges), a Midwestern inventor/entrepreneur who tried, and failed, to manufacture and market an innovative new automobile in the late forties. But both the people and the objects in this movie seem overbearingly *designed*, so that everything has a single, programmed significance. The style of "Tucker" is hyped-up forties Hollywood, and we believe, at first, that its intent is ironic, that Coppola is playing with America's optimistic, movie- and magazine-fuelled vision of itself in the postwar years. Bafflingly, this style doesn't change, or even modulate, when Tucker's bold enterprise starts to come apart, undermined by pressure from the government and the big three auto companies; the movie remains grandiose and artificial—all golden lighting and low, heroic angles. "Tucker" collapses in nostalgia, bad faith, and Capra-style populism. By the end, Coppola seems to have drifted into fantasyland right alongside his hero. Also with Joan Allen, Martin Landau, Frederic Forrest, Mako, Lloyd Bridges (uncredited), and Dean Stockwell, who does a lovely, mysterious cameo as Howard Hughes. Screenplay by Arnold Schulman and David Seidler; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro—T.R. (8/22/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée that established her as a comedienne. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. Howard Hawks directed, in a fast, entertaining style, punching up the lines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5.)

The Verdict (1982)—The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. Lest anybody miss the point, the director, Sidney Lumet, puts dirges on the soundtrack. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. (There's plenty of drizzle and brown gloom.) Newman plays his role for all it has got, making himself look soft and heavier, and even a little jowly, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, and Milo O'Shea. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (Thalia SoHo; Sept. 6.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything for the money to get out. An oil well three hundred miles away has caught fire, and the oil company offers four of them two thousand dollars each to drive two trucks loaded with nitroglycerine (to explode out the fire) over primitive roads. The four are a Corsican (Yves Montand), a Frenchman (Charles Vanel), an Italian (Folco Lulli), and a German (Peter Van Eyck), and the film is about their responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks. When you can be blown up at any moment, only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. Clouzot's most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Vera Clouzot and William Tubbs. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 6.)

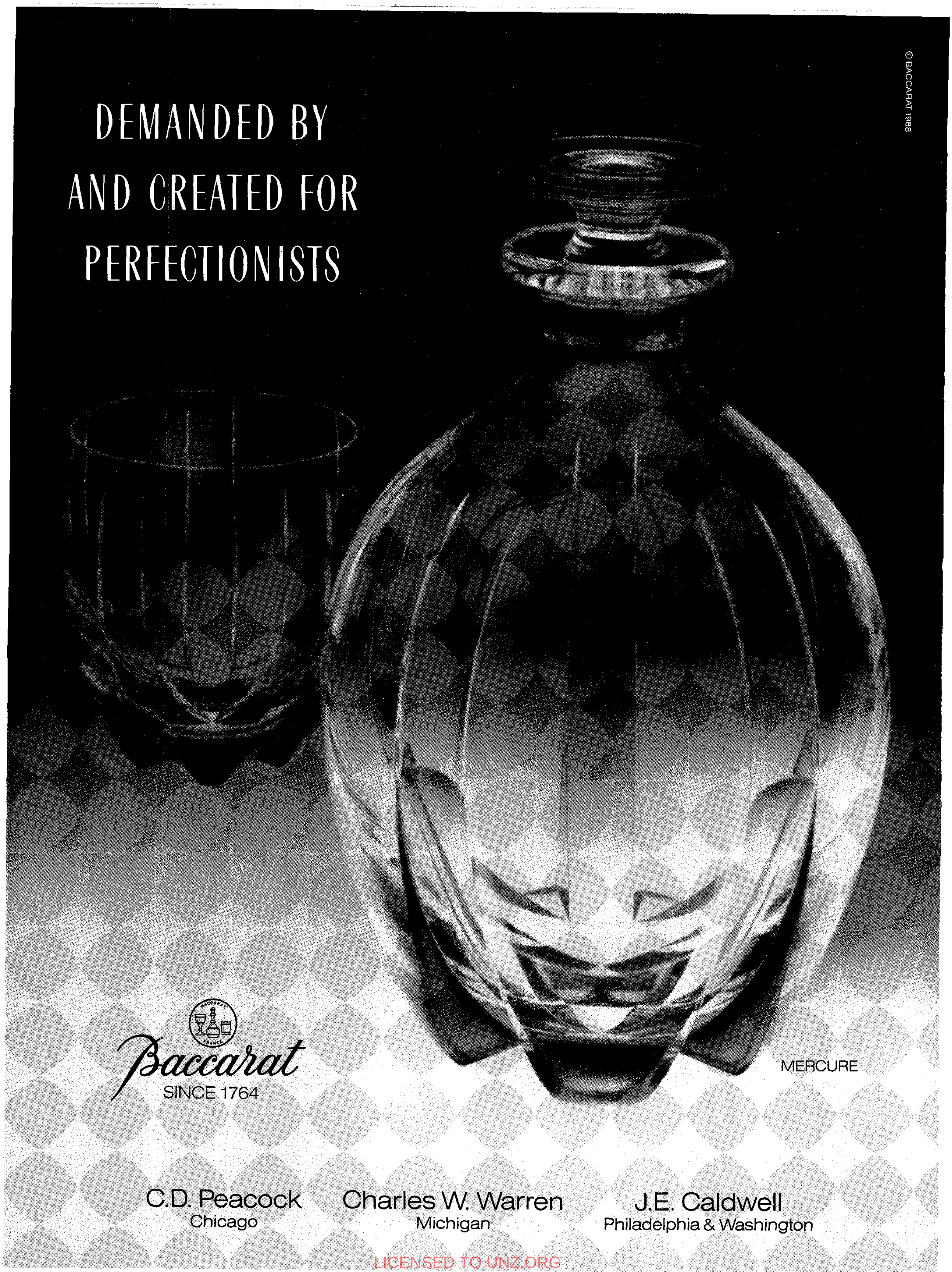
Who Framed Roger Rabbit—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye (Bob Hoskins). The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties, but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams. Adapted, very loosely, from the novel "Who Censored Roger Rabbit?," by Gary K. Wolf.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Columbia Cinema, and Embassy.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

A World Apart—Set in 1963, it's about a thirteen-year-old girl (Jodhi May) who lives a well-ordered, ruling-class life in a fine home in suburban Johannesburg until her father (Jeroen Krabbé), who's a Communist, flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest, and her mother (Barbara Hershey), the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. Based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, the movie deals with the girl's feeling confused and resentful—the fight against apartheid is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reason for it. Shot in Zimbabwe, this remarkable first feature directed by the noted cinematographer Chris Menges has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. And though, toward the end, it falls into chanting slogans, it has a radiant intelligence. The cast includes Linda Mvusi, who shared the best-actress award at Cannes with May and Hershey, and Tim Roth, Yvonne Bryceland, Albee Lesotho, David Suchet, and Nadine Chalmers. (6/13/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what its director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. The picture is the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes of the forties; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, Mary Nash, and Leon Ames. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 6-7.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1944)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this plotless, often tedious M-G-M musical revue. Some high spots: Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number "A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Jimmy Durante, Lucille Ball, Hume Cronyn, Edward Arnold, and William Powell as Ziegfeld up in Heaven dreaming this big bash. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 4-5.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND from New Jersey writes:

In the summer of 1950, Washington Avenue was one of those streets that seemed, in the eyes of a ten-year-old, as big as the yet to be built Garden State Parkway. I mean, it was a street that actually went somewhere. It connected downtown Chatham, New Jersey—the center of civilization as we kids knew it—with Chatham Township, the frontier. It was a tree-lined street—dogwoods and oaks, as I recall—of two-story houses from which commuters caught the 7:46 or the 8:17 to New York each weekday morning. The Lackawanna station was just a mile from our house, which was on Greenwood Avenue, at the foot of Washington. From there the world opened up. You could get anywhere from the foot of Washington Avenue.

Strictly speaking, Washington ended just beyond Greenwood, at Longwood, a half-paved, half-dirt road. Beyond Longwood were large stretches of fields and woods, with paths here and there. One of the paths led to an abandoned farmhouse that we all knew was haunted. We made several trips to the farmhouse that summer—my sister and I and any number of our neighborhood friends. Sometimes we'd take our lunch, and canteens of water, all of us knowing that we might never return.

Probably a couple of dozen kids lived on that last block before Longwood, and the summers were filled with the adventures and games that kids back then created for themselves. The long summer days were divided into three parts by compulsory breaks for lunch and supper. Everybody had supper back then—not dinner, except on holidays. We would play all morning, or canvass the neighborhood on our bikes to see who might have good ideas for what to do that day. At noon, when the siren went off at the firehouse downtown, everybody rode home for lunch. As we pedalled into our driveways, we'd yell to our friends, "See you this after!" "This after" was the start of the day's real activity, sometimes the result of careful planning during the morning. Over the summer, there were ballgames, circuses, rodeos, war games, cowboys and Indians, house-under-construction explorations, expeditions into the trans-Longwood wilderness, and, occasionally, dog shows. Everybody had a dog, so the list of entries was always extensive. That summer, we had a dog show in our back yard. Signs were made and nailed to the telephone poles on Washington. Ribbons were made for best in show, biggest, smallest, cutest, and shortest legs. This last prize was created for Teddy Gleichmann's dog, Tippy, because we all knew that Tippy would never make it as a show dog. There were no losers at our dog shows.

Our dads got home at 6:09 or, if they were late, at 6:28 or 6:46. We kids would ride down to the station with our mothers to pick up our dads, and would crowd the railing to watch the train come around the curve into the station. The train was always on time and always stopped at precisely the same spot on the platform, and my father—like, I'm sure, everybody else's father—always came out the same door of the same car. Probably all the fathers always sat in the same seats. This was a marvel that I didn't really appreciate at the time; later, I decided that it had something to do with male territoriality.

When supper was over, the neighborhood kids would congregate in the dusk at the Gleichmanns' mound, on the corner of Washington and Greenwood. The Gleichmanns' mound rose about two feet higher than the rest of the Gleichmanns' lawn. It was about ten feet wide and about fifteen feet long, and was flanked by two enormous oaks. We would tell ghost stories on the mound until it got dark and the street light at the corner came on and we were called home—first by our moms and then, ten minutes later, by our dads. Great stories were often ruined by hastily fabricated endings.

The best of the ghost-story tellers was Jack Shepherd, who lived just three houses from Longwood. He was a few years older than I was, and was the acknowledged leader of most of the neighborhood activities, but in my mind he was, above everything else, a great athlete. Jack had much to do with organizing the neighborhood boys into a "hardball" team. He would arrange games with teams from other parts of town, and we'd all bike down Washington to the high school for our big games. Jack even had real canvas-covered bases. Nobody knew just where this equipment came from, but everybody knew that when you played our team you got to play with real bases.

If you turned right on Longwood and went about a quarter of a mile, you came to Mr. Cole's farm, on the right. The property stretched way back from the road. None of us really knew a lot about Mr. Cole. He was not a commuter; he was a farmer. You didn't see him much, and if we cut across his land on any of our expeditions we did it stealthily. I remember that my friend Skipper Johnsen and his sister got a chick at Easter that year and named it Henrietta. Over time, Henrietta grew rather large, and used to run around their yard pecking at everyone. She really wasn't much of a pet. One day, Skipper's dad took Henrietta up to Mr. Cole's farm, because Mr. Cole had chickens. Whatever Mr. Cole did with Henrietta, the Johnsens ate chicken that night.

Word got around that we had a neighborhood ball team, and, the next thing you knew, old Mr. Cole offered us part of a field off Longwood for a diamond. One Saturday morning, the neighborhood dads were mustered by Mr. Cole with the threat that if you didn't help out, your kid couldn't play. The thought of their sons' being ostracized, and perhaps even missing a chance at baseball immortality, was more than any of them could handle. A corps of dads armed with steel rakes, and Mr. Cole with his tractor, descended on that field like the invasion of Normandy, raking and levelling until every rock down to the size of a pea had been removed. A backstop was made with chicken wire, a plywood home plate was nailed down, the baselines were drawn, and Jack Shepherd's bases were put in place. It was two o'clock, and game time. Our fathers were proud, and we were ecstatic. Mr. Cole said that if any of us broke one of his windows he'd give that boy a quarter. We never did, and I don't think DiMaggio could have, either.

The field is gone now—probably serving as rock-free back yards for a couple of the half-million-dollar three-bedroom ranches in the development that sprang up a few years later. In 1953, the Little League arrived in Chatham. We all played, but the home-field advantage was lost forever.

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Pogies

THE Soviet factory ship Riga, out of Murmansk, recently dropped anchor off the coast of Maine, in Muscongus Bay, near the fishing villages of New Harbor and Round Pond, and we went up to find out what was going on. The ship's mission, we learned, is to buy forty thousand metric tons of dead pogies from local fishermen and render the pogies into meal and oil to be loaded into transport vessels bound for the Soviet Union. Whenever a moist wind blows from the Riga toward the shore, a plume of pogy gas slides inland for about two miles. The first time that happened, there were vacationers in the area who thought that something had gone wrong with their septic tanks.

Pogies, also known as menhaden, make up by far the largest catch from American waters—it averages a million tons a year. Bluefish, which love the taste of pogies, drive them north during the summer into Maine coves and bays, and the fishermen there catch them in purse-seine nets. Frank Perdue's chickens eat pogy. Pogy oil goes into paints, soaps, and cosmetics. (Americans put a fair amount of pogy oil on their faces.) The Soviets use pogy meal for animal feed and for fertilizer.

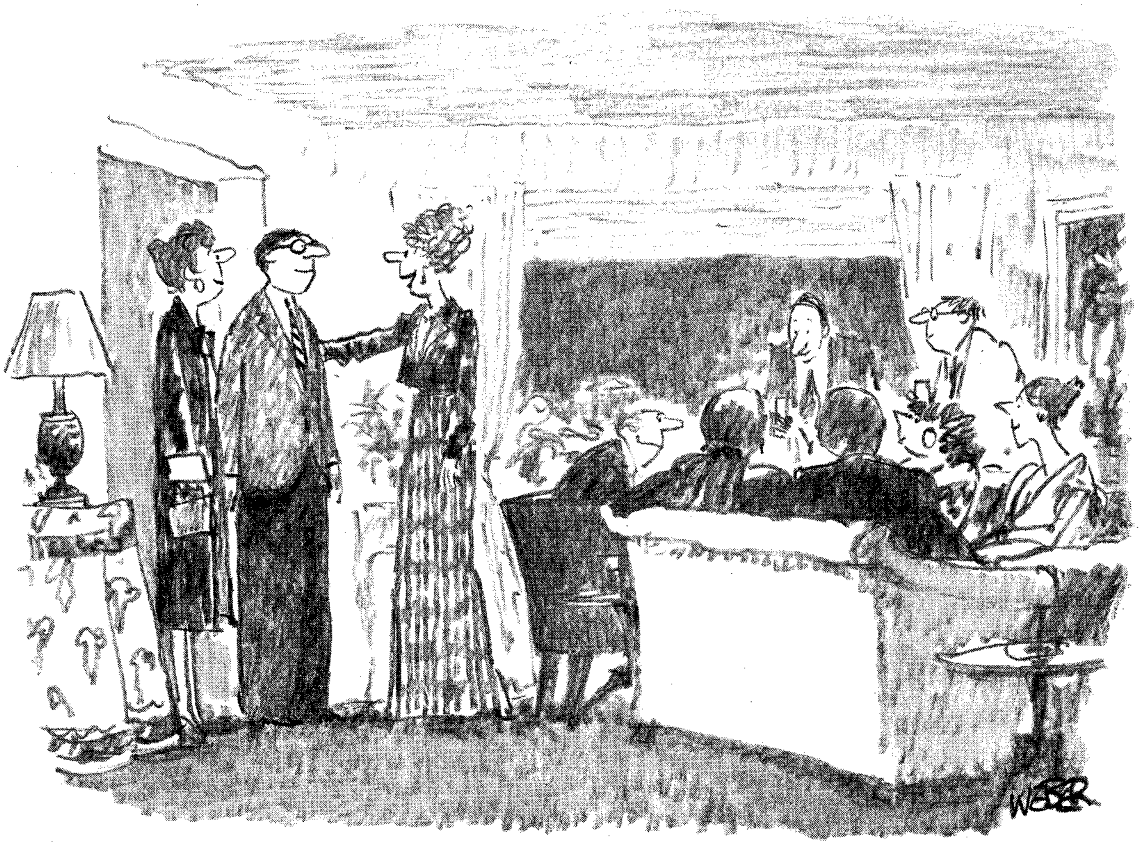
Just about every little harbor in Maine used to have a plant to prepare all kinds of fish for market, but as summer people and salaried professionals moved to the harbors the plants went. There were also three large factories on the New England coast which used crushed pogies for fish meal, and the last one of these, owned by Seapro, Inc., in Rockland, will close in October. "The same people who want to live on a harbor are objecting to the sight, smell, and sound of the fishing industry," we were told by Tom Dowling, the managing director of a firm of seafood exporters known as the Resource Trading Company. It looked for a while as though the fishermen would have nobody to sell their catches to, but then Resource Trading found someone willing to pay top ruble for pogies.

The Riga is enormous—five hundred and eight feet long—and carries a crew of a hundred and twenty-six, including eight or ten women. It has a hospital, with a surgeon, and it has a dentist, who lavishes precious metals on the crew—their mouths gleam piratically with gold. At night, when the wind dies, you can hear a whine from the ship's machinery as it endlessly grinds up pogies. The sound carries for miles over calm water, and the ship glows like a monument under *son et lumière*. The Russian sailors, who haven't been allowed ashore yet, have erected a tent made of fishnets on top of the stern deckhouse in order to pass the time playing volleyball. On sunny days, you can see their nut-brown bodies leaping around under the netting.

Steve Young, who sells lobsters from a barge in Round Pond, wanted to get a volleyball game going with the Rigans. He had worked as an observer, monitoring the catches, on a Soviet factory trawler named the Eighteenth Congress of the Young Communist League, off the coast of Oregon, and had learned a little Russian. Young and Martin Moses, a real-estate broker, took Moses' speedboat out to the Riga one evening and shouted up to the bridge for permission to come aboard. Somebody threw down a Jacob's ladder—a rope ladder—and Young and Moses climbed up it. They met Captain Nikolai Kravchuk, a smiling man with curly black hair and an alert gaze, who was wearing boat slippers. "The ship has a Gorbachevy tone, pretty relaxed," Young says. "When I proposed a game, the captain invited us back to play. But he told us we couldn't bring any alcohol, women, or journalists."

The Americans understood about the booze and the reporters, but they complained about the ban on women. "Our wives will be visibly shaken, I will say pissed off," Moses told the captain.

Two weeks later, sixteen men from Round Pond, carrying a bottle of vodka—for Captain Kravchuk himself—and accompanied by a six-foot-four ringer who is a television reporter named Bob Elliot, from Portland's Channel 6, boarded the Riga to play volleyball, while a number of Round Pond wives, less than pleased to be excluded from the game, hovered off the Riga in a lobster boat. As for us, we circled the Riga in a small Boston Whaler, taking notes. Bob Elliot turned out to be a good spiker on a setup, hammering the ball into the Russian melee. The wives shouted "Go, Round Pond!" while the reek of pogy made our eyes water. Round Pond lost, two games to five. Then the teams were mixed up—Russians playing alongside Round Ponders. Afterward, the captain gave the Round



"Come meet Avis Woodbury. She and Michael Dukakis made eye contact."

Ponders permission to go anywhere on the ship, and some of them ended up in its movie theatre watching what the Russians called a Western. In the words of a Round Ponder, "it concerned exposed breasts somewhere in Kazakhstan."

That evening, we found some of the Round Ponders and their families at the town's Anchor Inn, drinking beer at picnic tables strewn with Soviet trinkets. There had been a potlatch after the game. "We gave them old license plates and some U-Haul caps," Martin Moses said. The Soviets responded with handfuls of Zuvintas chocolates. The Round Ponders gave the Soviets packs of Bazooka bubble gum with comics. The Soviets responded with TU-134 cigarettes and a plastic model of a MIG fighter. The Round Ponders handed out Tootsie Rolls, and received Spalis cookies, Lenin badges, and an aluminum trophy cup. The Round Ponders distributed felt-tipped pens, postcards, Ping-Pong balls (the Soviets had broken most of theirs), and a floorcloth painted by Kathleen Mack, the wife of one of the players, which depicted a volleyball superimposed on the Soviet and American flags. The Riga's chief mate proclaimed himself a George Bush man. The Soviets handed out Pogony cigarettes and a red satin banner declaring the holder of it to be a worker-hero of the state.

A fishing boat wallowing with a load of pogies passed the harbor mouth, heading for the Riga. Marty Moses lit a Merit cigarette for himself and handed a pack of Pogonys around the table. "These have got to be made from ground pogy," he said.

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Hay

A DOWNTOWN friend writes:

Most of my neighbors are artists. There are actually a few scattered loft buildings left on the southern fringe of SoHo which are still inhabited not by lawyers and doctors and stockbrokers but by people who need large, useful spaces in order to make large, useless things, and the building I live in is one of them. Last Monday night, I was lying awake at three in the morning and heard a funny noise. At first, it sounded to me like some small animal scratching. (All noises at night sound to me like small animals scratching, because I am terrified that some night a small animal will get into our loft and scratch.) I got up, without waking my wife, and, taking the flashlight that I keep by the bed for emergencies, which before that night had never arisen, I went to look for the source of the funny noise. I found it near the front door. Water was coming through the ceiling, like blood in an old Vincent Price movie—slipping spookily down the wall in sheets, and puddling on the floor. There was already quite an accumulation. At the age of thirty, I still don't know what to do about leaks. I remembered that in an old "Honeymooners" episode Alice had taken a pail and put it under a leak. We don't have a pail, so I took a copper stockpot that my parents had given us when we got married, and put it under the leak. Then another part of the ceiling started to leak, so I got the pasta pot and put that out, too. Together, they worked pretty well. I was encouraged, but then I realized that at the rate the water was filling the stockpot and the pasta pot I would be up all night emptying them, so I figured that my next move was to get the super to do something. I called him up (he doesn't live in the building) and, speaking softly but forcefully, gave him such a strong, *vivid* image of what was happening—the water slipping down, the paint ruined, the beams rotted (word painting, we call this in SoHo)—that he said, wearily, that he would come down and look.

Just the same, I decided to go search for the source of the leak, so I went upstairs in my shorts and banged on the door of the artist who lives above us, with her husband, a lawyer. She came to the door immediately; she was already up. She had heard the funny noise at the same time I did, and had discovered the leak, too: it was coming from the loft above hers. She had on her nightgown—a nightshirt, really—and through the half-open door I could see some of her work, suspended from the ceiling. She is a sculptor, a very good one, who makes mobiles out of bundles of what looks like lacquered twine. I had never seen the inside of her loft before. There was a wonderful wholesome scent coming from it, which I couldn't quite identify. We figured that the source of the water must be the loft on the sixth floor (I live on the fourth floor), where a landscape painter named Marcia lives. Marcia, I knew vaguely, specializes in big, loosely painted, disquieting images of contemporary beach scenes. We decided to go and wake her up.

A bunch of Marcia's canvases were propped outside her door. We called to her, but there was no answer. "Maybe the air-conditioning is on and she can't hear us," my neighbor said wistfully. Marcia is the only one of the artists in the building who can afford air-conditioning. (You need a big unit to air-condition a loft, and it costs a lot of money.) We were silent as we imagined Marcia cocooned in the roar and comfort of twenty-eight thousand B.T.U.s. Then, looking down, we saw a little trickle of water coming out from under her door, and my neighbor said, "Maybe the air-conditioner has *exploded*."

We started pounding on the door. Suddenly, my neighbor put a hand to her mouth and gasped. "My *hay!*" she cried, and she rushed back to the stairs. I followed her down into her loft, looked around, and discovered the source of the wonderful scent. Along the wall nearest the door, behind some of the mobiles, towered an immense haystack—a pile of bales at least fourteen feet high and about twenty feet long. The hay, I realized, was her material, her clay and plaster; it was what all the mobiles were made from. She wrung her hands. "My hay!" she moaned. "If it gets wet, it's going to *fester.*" I didn't know what happens to hay when it festers, but the idea appalled me.

"Get a ladder," I said, with a note of grim decisiveness that I had never before achieved with a woman. "We'll shift the bales."

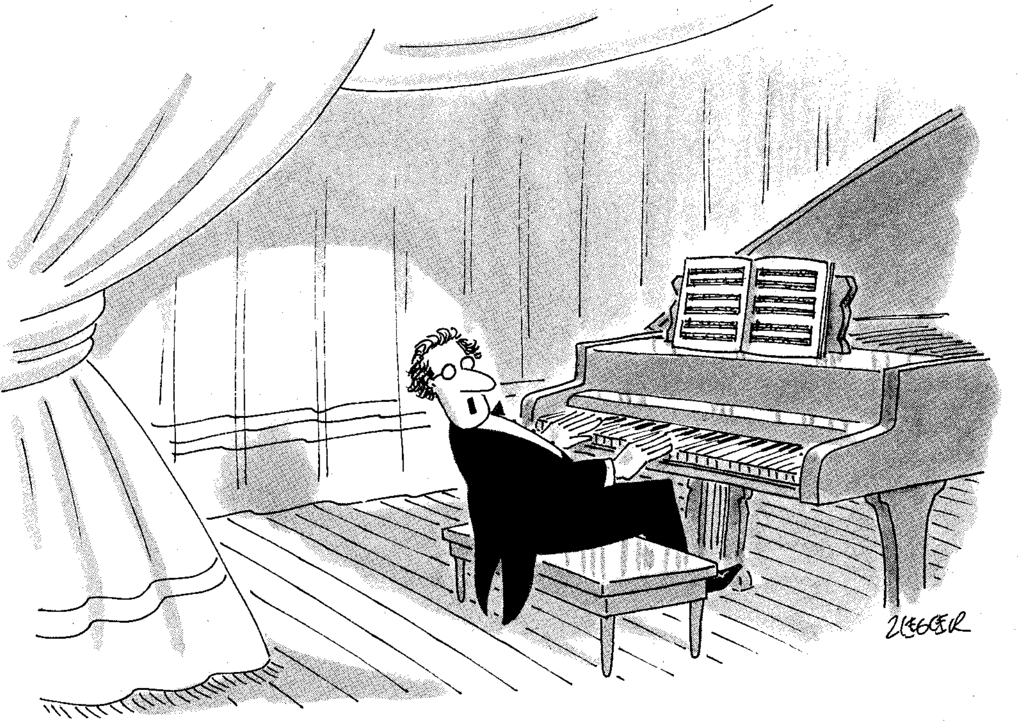
We sprang into action. She had a ladder—I guess she uses it to get hay down. I mounted it, and began grappling with the bales of hay. I had always thought of hay as something silky and homogeneous—something that looked and felt the way it smelled—but as I hefted first one bale and then another I discovered that the hay was as dense and as varied as the meadow it had once been. It was filled with thistles and burrs and small dried flowers, and scratched your hands as you picked it up.

Up close, the smell was still good, but thicker and duskier than it had been at a distance. Once we had shifted the first, highest shelf of bales, my initial rush of adrenaline and determination waned. It seemed to me that I was likely to be restacking hay for most of the night. For one ungallant moment, it even occurred to me that the fate of my neighbor's hay was, after all, not my problem. But then her husband came down from their little sleeping loft, rubbing his eyes. He stood and watched us. I guessed from his passivity that he considered hay-shifting in SoHo an unusually delicate job—a *specialist's* job. I kept on with it.

It took us about an hour and a half to move all the hay from one side of the loft to the other and pile it up again. When we were finished, we sat together at the bottom of the new haystack (the husband had gone back to bed) and panted in the heat. It was a pleasant, oddly intimate moment; we brushed some burrs out of each other's hair. Meanwhile, the flow of water had eased up. (We found out the next day that the tank of Marcia's toilet had broken—she was out of town—and all the water had sprung from that little well.) Just as we agreed that our worries were over, we heard a siren outside. A fire truck pulled up. The super, apparently, had done the logical super thing. He had called up the Fire Department, told it about our problem, and gone back to sleep. We shouted down to the firemen that everything was O.K., we had saved the hay from festering. They gave us steady, opaque looks and got back in the truck.

After that, my neighbor and I shook hands, a little formally, and as we were saying good night at the door she told me, "Peter has a bad back, you know. He can't pick up anything heavy." That explained a lot.

When I got back downstairs, I looked at my watch. Five o'clock. I didn't try to clean off any of the hay that was clinging to me—I was too tired. As I slipped back into bed beside my wife, all I could think about was how I would tell her in the morning everything that had happened in the last two hours: my ingenuity with the pots, my forcefulness with the super, and the hour and a half I had spent, one floor up, while she slept, doing . . . *farm chores*. How pleased she



"Hey, how about those darn Mets? But seriously, folks—Liszt's Sonata in B Minor."

will be with me, I thought, and how wonderful I will still smell!

* *

Four Guys and a Concept

Background of the Concept: Summer, 1985, in the Hamptons. Brad LeBeau, a young and aggressive record promoter, comes up with a concept while reclining on a chaise longue: in the sixties, the hippies said things with flowers; in the seventies, people sent balloon-grams and stripper-grams; so, in the eighties, why not sell bags of dirt and make a million dollars? Some time later, he calls up three other young and aggressive guys: Elliot Horowitz (accountant); Jan Stollerman (graphic designer); and Vijay Kapahi (fashion-industry marketing consultant). They love it.

More Recent Background:

A muggy mid-August morning on Eighth Avenue. At the National Improvisational Theatre, in Chelsea, Mr. LeBeau unveils the Dirt Bag. Dirt hermetically sealed in a clear-plastic bag, inside a white box about five inches square. Retail price: twelve dollars. Stage right, a podium and a poster of a grizzled, grinning guy above the Dirt Bag's motto, "Show 'em what they're made of." Lots of people in the audience wear chartreuse, the color of summer, 1988. A Billy Joel song plays in the background. The room is abuzz with post-press-conference activity. A large round of applause as Morton Downey, Jr.—the television-talk-show host who has built his reputation on harassing his guests—exits after endorsing the Dirt Bag.

The Four Guys:

Brad: thirty-one; curly hair cut short in front with a ponytail in back; black-and-green checked jacket. Speaking quickly and gesturing a lot, he says, "All of us have ideas about things that'll make us a million dollars. But this is more than money. The Dirt Bag is the most expressive product of 1988. You give it to someone you know to let him or her know what you really think. I'm someone who buys gag gifts, and, believe me, I wouldn't offer something I didn't love. People flip out over this. We expect to blow this product out of the water. The pet rock didn't make a statement. Did *you* buy a pet rock? The story about how the Dirt Bag originated is true: I was lying on a chaise longue in the Hamptons and I *literally* got up, ran to the back of the house, and put dirt into a Ziploc sandwich bag. I called my accountant. 'Elliot, I have an idea,' I said. 'What do you think?' Elliot, who's done my taxes since the twelfth of never, said, 'I love it.' 'Would you buy one?' I asked him. 'Buy *one*?' he said. 'Why, I'd buy a case.' But how do you get something like the Dirt Bag into the stores? The most influential guy in that capacity was Jan Stollerman. He's amazing. He's the youngest of the team. We made him a partner. This is the fellow who took the concept and found the sealable bag to put in the white box. This is the man who turned my dream into a reality."

Jan: twenty-eight; thin; dark hair and eyes; speaks only when spoken to; broad-shouldered Italian-cut suit. On being asked what he did, he says, "I took care of all the visuals—the four-color graphics. I designed a prototype and sent it to the stores through a merchandiser."

Elliot: thirty-four; handsome; receding hairline; dressed downtown-hip in a dark-gray silk suit; carrying an impressive pile of orders and invoices. He says, "I thought the concept was wonderful. I'll be taking ten per cent off the top for myself. Just kidding. We'll reinvest the profits and develop new products—Dirt Bag T-shirts, Dirt Bag hats."

Vijay: thirty-seven; broad, open face; dark hair and suit; gold ring. He says, "I'm looking after the sales, marketing, and merchandising."

Brad says, "Hot 103, the radio station, will feature the Dirt Bag of the Day. Its music director, Steve Ellis, thinks this idea is great. He's supporting it to the max."

Elliot says, "Employees can give the Dirt Bag to their boss."

Vijay says, "It's a way to tell people you love that you're annoyed with them. It's a little bit of hurt, but you do it with a smile and nobody gets upset."

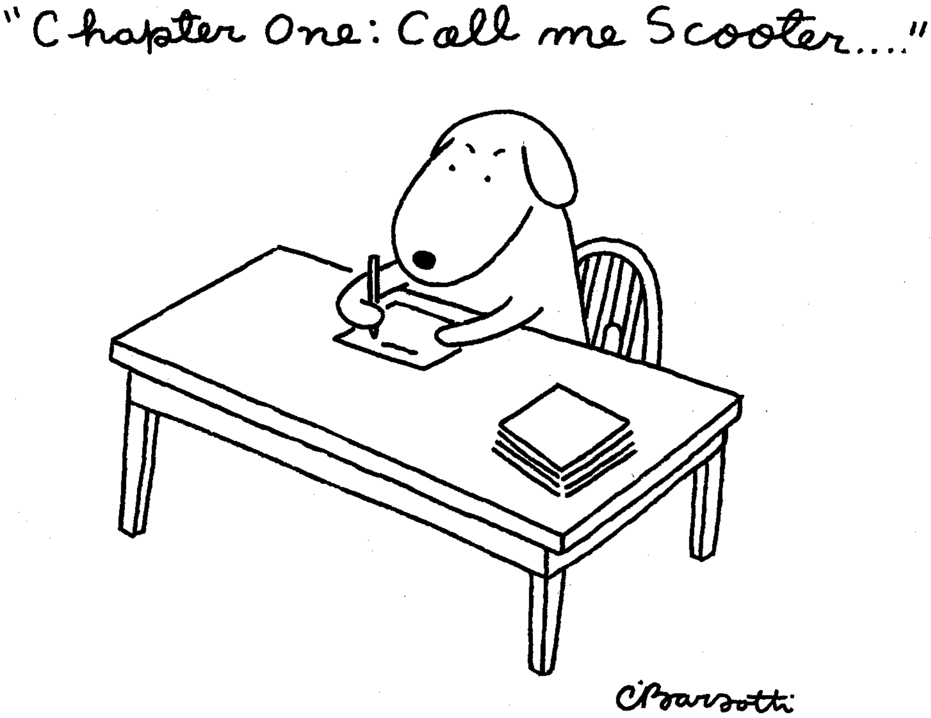
Brad says, "Once we break even, we'll consider offshoot uses of the Dirt Bag, such as giving a couple of boxes to the Rudolph Giuliani for Mayor campaign. You know, to clean up the dirt of New York."

Vijay says, "Actually, we've just turned over production to the Goodwill Industries."

Brad says, "I have no problem giving back to the community."

Vijay says, "I hope it will also make people think about all the dirt on the beaches, in the cities. It's time to clean up the world."

Finally, Brad says, "In the eighties, if you think someone's a dirt bag it's O.K. to say it. We can say how we feel much more now than in the sixties. Bruce Weitz, of 'Hill Street Blues,' was the first person I ever heard use the phrase. People have used it on me. Hey, *everybody* uses it on me."


"Chapter One: Call me Scooter…"

TWELVE MEDIEVAL ARABIC POEMS

REFLECTION OF WINE

Light will pass
Through wine
A red
Shine
On fingers
Forked at the stem
Of the glass they bring

To antelope horns
A juniper pins down
I liken them

—Abul Hasan
Ali ben Hisn

SATIRE

Chez toi, Mahmout,
What humdinging
Musical *soirées—écoute:*

To singing
Flies mosquitoes flute,
And all the whirling girls are fleas.

—Ben Jaraf of Cairuán

GALLEY OARS

Below deck
There must be serpents

There since Noah's day
Fearing the Deluge

So now sensing
A rise in the water level

Out through the holes
They push their tongues

—Ali ben Hariq
of Valencia

HONEY RIVER

Next time you're passing Honey River stop
And ask about the night I spent there once
Till break of day, confounding the police
And drinking wine, from mouth to mouth it flowed
And cutting roses (as we say)

As branches interlace across a stream
So we embraced and drank fresh cups of wine,
Our intertwining limbs, ask too of them
And what it meant the cool word *aquilón*
Upon that flowery riverbank

Where neither fire burned nor brazier stood
Yet what aromas all the flowers dispensed
Of aloe, and ask about the candle flames
Aflicker in the river like the tips of swords
For so we loved without

Pause through the honey night until the cold
Necklaces we wore drove us at last apart
And all
I knew of melancholy or would ever know
Called in the last dawn song of a nightingale

—Ben Ani Ruh of Algeciras

THE DOVE

The surprise of my life:
On a bough between
Isle and river a dove

Cooing, his collar
Pistache green, lapis his breast
Neck shimmering and maroon

His back and wing tips.
Pupils of ruby, over them eyelids
Of pearl flitted, trimmed with gold,

Black the point
Of his beak, like
The tip of a reed

Dipped in ink. On the arak bough,
His throne, throat now hid
In the fold of a wing, he rested.

But he saw me weep.
Scared by a sob
On the bough he stood,

Spread wings, beat them,
Took as he flew my heart
Away. Where? I know not.

—Abul Hasan Ali ben Hisn

THE QUINCE

Yellow its color
As if it wore
A daffodil slip
A perfume
Penetrating as musk

Perfumed and hard of heart
As that woman I want,
Mine its color, lover-color,
Passionate, strong

It is pale with a pallor
Loaned from the midst of me
And when she breathes
She breathes its deep odor

It had grown on a branch
Ripe in its odor
And leaves by then had woven
Brocade for its mantle

Hand outstretched
Gently I picked it
In the middle of my room
I placed it with reverence
A censer
Rolled
In ashes, fuzz
Its golden body

Naked in my hand
Under its daffodil slip

It made me think of her
I cannot speak to
I was breathing so hard
My fingers crushed it

—Al-Mushafi

THE GUADALQUIVIR IN FLOOD

A squall came over the river
Tearing its tunic

And the river burst its banks
To catch and thrump the culprit

But laughing doves poked fun
At its thick froth overcoat

And back to be veiled in its bed again,
Abashed, the river shrank

—Ben Safar al-Marini
of Almería

THE ROOSTER

Up he stands
To declare the darkness done for

The bird trimmed with a poppy
Who rolls his lustrous eyes for us

With song he calls to prayer
And he complies with his call

Beating his great plumes
Flexing his shoulder knuckles

The Emperor of Persia
Perhaps wove his crown

Personally Mary the Copt
Hung pendant rings from his ears

He snatched from the peacock
His most attractive cloak

And still not comforted took
His strut from a duck

—Al-Asad Ibrahim
ben Billita

ARTICHOKE HEART

Of earth and water, daughter
Yielding her abundance

Only if you wait
Finger-licking at her castle gate

Pale she seems, her haven
Hard of access, a Greek

Virgin who lingers
Behind a curtain of lances

—Ben al-Talla of Mahdía

A POOL WITH TURTLES

Eyelashes thick
And a pupil
Among flowers
The secluded pool
How beautiful

With turtles in it
How they leap
In fun and pop up
Clad
Moss green

Squabble
For places at
The pool's rim

But come winter
Plunge deep

Down and stay
All hidden
At any time
When they are playing
Watch them flip

And peer around
For all the world
Like Christian
Soldiers with
Shouldered shields

—Ben Sara of Santaren

THE PROCURESS

The procuress, said to be a bad lot
and she's proud of it
More close than night a man on the road
she'll hug a secret
Tiptoes into anyone's home,
how far inside, nobody knows
Polite, with a nod for everyone
and a kind word along with it
Back and forth she scuttles,
no bother to folks next door
Never a second to fold her cloak,
it outflaps any battle flag
As soon as she found her usefulness
she knew a crime from a crafty trick
No idea where the mosque is
but knows the taverns inside out
Forever smiling, very devout,
jokes and tales up every sleeve
Arithmetic at her fingertips,
abracadabras, horoscopes
Never a cent for shoes of her own
but well-off where most are not
Her palaver *so smooth*
she'd matchmake water and fire in a wink

—Abu Jafar Ahmad ben Said

ABSENCE

I search the sky
What if by chance
I find up there
A star you see

Travellers pass
What if I ask
If one of them
Inhaled your fragrance

Wind on my face
I feel what if

By chance it might
Bring news of you

On roads I drift
Hearing song on song
What if by chance
One breathed your name

Face after face I meet
Only to look away
What if in one I see
Your beauty's trace

—Abu Bakr al-Turtusi

(*Arabo-Andalusian poems of the ninth through the thirteenth centuries, translated, from the Spanish versions of Emilio García Gómez, by Christopher Middleton and Leticia Garza-Falcón.*)

FAT CHANCE

A FINE Saturday evening in the London docks. Amanda's out-of-work father had taken his nine-year-old to a Chinese restaurant to brace her for Sunday. It was the first time they had ever been out to dinner together. Too quickened by his company to eat, she pushed her food to a side of the plate.

"Are you full?" he said.

"They gave me a ticking-off at school for saying that. The French mistress said it was rude, but it isn't if you say it."

"I daresay she was remembering the war. One never left anything on a plate then."

"She turned purple. No, more mauve. She said it meant I was expecting."

He drew an exclamation mark on a paper napkin and passed it to her under the table as if it were a note in code. "Have a Chinese biscuit. They're free. Go on. It's called a fortune cookie."

"Fortune money or fortune luck?"

"Luck. Telling the future isn't true, but the spellings and the sayings are sometimes fun."

She read the scrap of paper to herself and shook her head. "It's all money."

ON the shabby buff Sunday morning, Amanda painted the shabby buff ceiling of her room brilliant blue by pressing the back of her neck against the top slat of the headboard and concentrating. Sunday school lay ahead. Her mother, Natasha, a woman born to privilege and by nature sunny and fond, was at the end of her tether and had lately become a member of a school of metaphysics called the Science of the Divine Presence. The fortune cookie's words rang to Amanda:

> Politeness to a superior will accrue to your benefit. Through prudence your circumstances will be advanced.

AMANDA dressed fast. Then kippers, and the long lope to church, the fortune cookie's counsel still rattling in her head as though there were meaning to be shaken out of it.

"And what is your thought?" Amanda, abstracted, was asked by Miss Nibthwaite, her Sunday-school mistress.

Amanda stayed still. The message from wise China: a job and money for Daddy made fine news, but worth sucking up?

"The others are waiting, dear."

Amanda emptied her mind and left in it only her fascination with Miss Nibthwaite's gray stockings and the red ink blot on the left one. Each Sunday for months the blot had been on the left stocking. Amanda took it to be a matter of conscious steady decision and ran a weekly betting book about which leg the blotched stocking would be on. The rest of the fastidious class kept changing its bet, unready to believe that the stockings were never taken off to change sides in the wash. Amanda, being unwavering, had been the sole winner eleven times in the last three months.

"Amanda, as I asked you, give us your thought. Divine Presence embraces sharing. Your thought. It comes for all of us from Father-Mother God."

"It is in the matter of God that thought has given me most disappointment," said Amanda, who had the run of her father's encyclopedias and found an entry under "Atheism" keenly to her liking.

"Father-Mother God does not hear rudeness," said Miss Nibthwaite, holding her nose at the top of the bone.

"I was also thinking that it's slightly burgling when people try to get into other people's heads," said Amanda.

"When you speak like that you can't be heard, because we are all wrapped in the Divine Presence, which deafens us to erroneous statements."

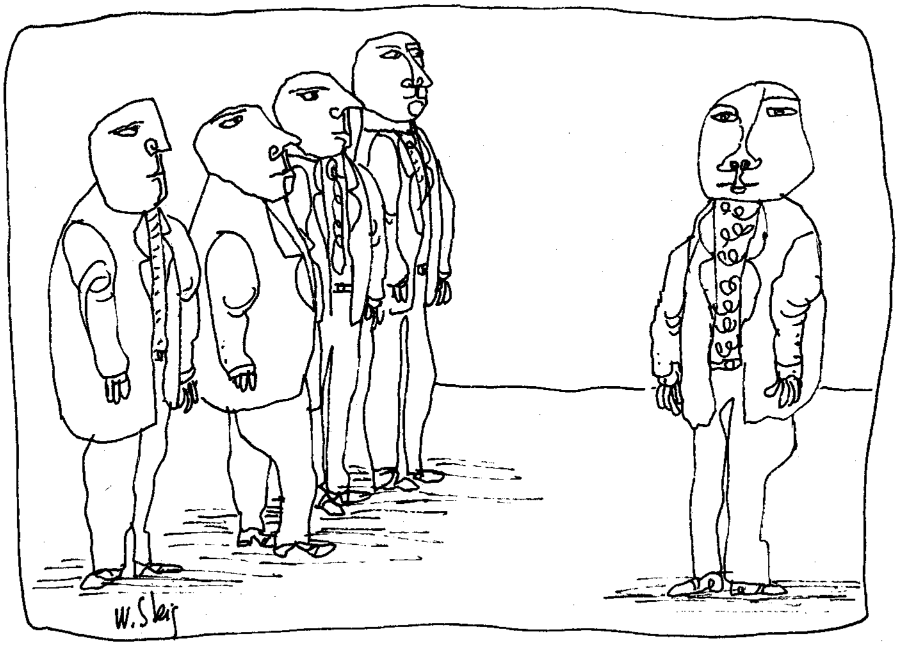
"I wasn't being erroneous, honestly. I was telling you the truth," said Amanda. "Why are you holding your nose? If it hurts, don't you need to go to bed? It's beastly having a cold on Sunday." Not one to be provoked, she was being as polite as the Chinese fortune cookie had advised. The class listened carefully to the disputation, without wriggling.

"I have not got a cold, dear. I am simply holding the right thought."

"But you're not. You're holding your nose."

"You are voicing error. The real Amanda cannot be rude. In Divine Law you are the reflection of Father-Mother God's presence. I want you to leave now, repeating the theorems of the Divine Quod Erat Demonstrandum."

Amanda ran out of the door. It was miles too long after clothes rationing to think that Miss Nibthwaite's unchanged stockings were Army surplus. Perhaps she was badly off. Stockings in bed saved fuel. Amanda's family had no ready money for clothes themselves. Her mother had taken up the Science of the Divine Presence because it held that prosperity was one of the attributes of Father-Mother God, of whom



Candidate for Membership

everyone was a reflection, especially the advanced in the Science. For Amanda's part, she loathed Things, which were what prosperity seemed to lead to, but the sight of her father once weeping about the engagement ring her mother had sold to buy him an overcoat made her wonder. She ran most of the way home, to a poor part of London south of the river, and found her mother already back from the grownup service. She was working away at her old Singer sewing machine with her churchgoing hat still on. She looked up and said, "There are sausages for lunch. Though I'm afraid you must be bored silly with them, darling."

"I love them!" shouted Amanda.

"And mash, and I swear it isn't margarine."

Amanda asked Natasha which way she spelled "hurrah," because everyone seemed to do it differently, like "hello."

"Any way except 'hooray,' which was what a boorish and frightfully rich cousin once removed very pronouncedly said whenever I wore a seasick-green coming-out dress I looked particularly awful in," said Natasha.

"Uncle Herbert," said Amanda.

"You are quick. You haven't even seen him since your christening. He typically topped the bishop by dousing your poor head in Château something or other before I could stop him. He was always older."

"We'd protect you from him now," said Amanda.

She went to her father, Stephen. He was sitting in front of the gas fire playing a game of cards by himself to take his mind off his wife: her dressmaking to make a little money for them, the hope she sought in a Pollyanna fad religion. The jacket of his Sunday suit was hung over the back of the chair as usual to save it from getting shiny, meaning that it less and less matched the trousers.

"How much does a new pair of trousers cost?" Amanda asked.

"It depends."

Her winnings on the red-blot gambling book, amounting so far to nearly two pounds, were in a pocket of her own coat, too short for her. She was tall, like him.

"What would be the cheapest?"

"For a man or a boy?"

"Someone tall."

"Too much. Play a game of cards with me before lunch, yes?"

"More than two pounds?"

He twisted his head away and she suddenly remembered that he had made the same movement when she had asked as a small child, hearing that his eldest brother had been drowned in a naval battle at the end of the war, how many men were killed in a war altogether. He had waited for her to make her own guess and she had said, "Would it be as many as twenty?"

NEARING her teens, and again on a Sunday, Amanda was asked by her mother to come for a walk. As all three walked everywhere possible anyway to save fares, Amanda said, "Yes, but why?"

Natasha was silent, and glanced toward the little room where Stephen was sitting.

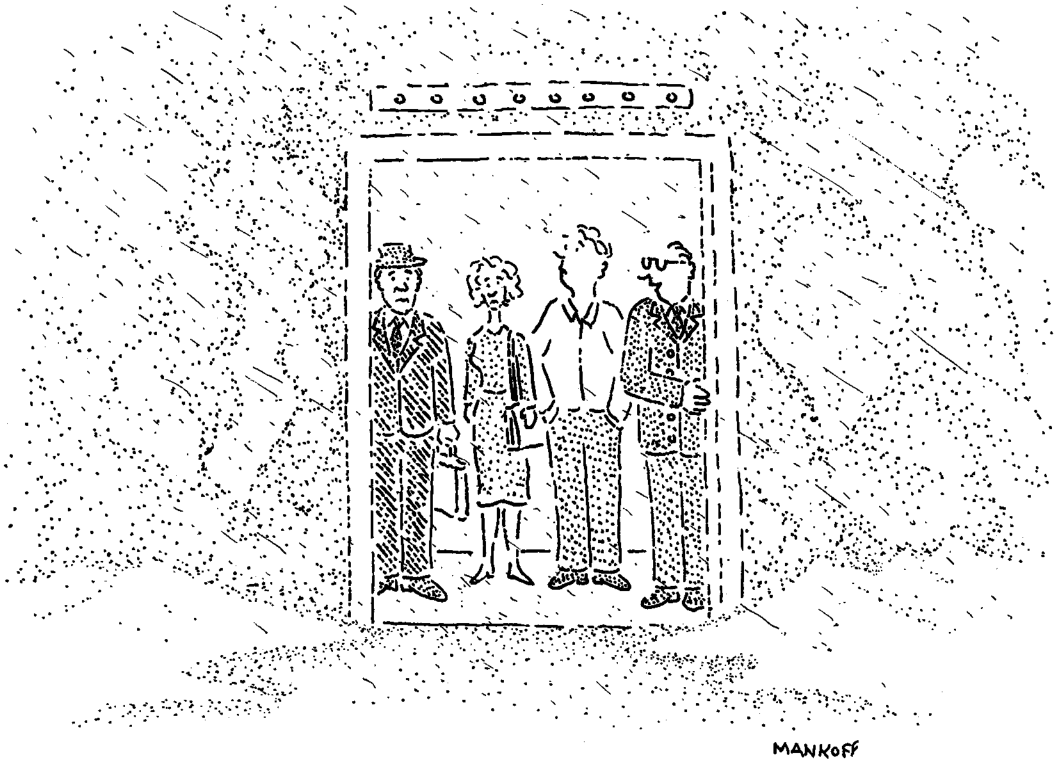
"Not to walk off lunch?" said Amanda.

"Wasn't there enough?"

"You always give us masses." Amanda saw her mother's nose turning pink at the end as though she were going to cry. So Amanda said, "Walks!" in a ghoul's voice to cheer her up, crossing her eyes as she was celebrated for doing at school when something was considered dopey. After swift thought, she discarded the cross-eyed face and said in a voice as normal as she could manage, "I only meant walks in general. Crocodiles and so on." Something was very wrong. "I meant it was a bit loopy to eat too much and then have to go for a beastly walk that makes you hungry all over again. But not if it would buck you up."

Natasha held out her hand and said, "Come on. It's not raining."

"That's a start, considering Sunday weather," said Amanda for alliance, but her mother's hands were still shaking. "Maybe you want to begin going to church again. I'd come too if you liked. I only hated it when I was young." Natasha shook her head. They went to the river. Amanda



"North face of Everest: howling winds, sub-zero cold, insufficient oxygen, menswear."

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chose some flat pebbles to throw at the water in the way that makes them skip.

Her mother kept her eyes on the Thames. "Darling, I've fallen in love with someone and I'm going to marry him when the divorce comes through."

She can't mean it, thought Amanda, concentrating on throwing stones to give her mother time to say she was teasing. No word. So maybe she did mean it.

"Darling?" said Natasha.

"You're not a leaver," said Amanda.

Natasha said, "I'm not doing you any good. Either of you. I'm such bad company in that pinched place making ends meet. You'll like Jim. He's got a beautiful big house with a garden and he loves children."

"He's not *good* with them? Like a dentist?" Amanda screwed up her face then at what she had said. "Sorry." There was a long pause.

"What are you thinking?"

"Dunno."

"Darling, you're old enough to choose. Who do you want to live with? Me or Daddy? Jim wants you very much."

Amanda stared at her. "Daddy, of course. He'll be without you." Mummy might never forgive this. Amanda pelted stones at the water.

WHEN they got home, Natasha left again almost at once, hugging her daughter awkwardly. Stephen and Amanda played cards. He looked at his watch, thinking of her finals music exam next day, and said, "Is it all right wasting time or should you be practicing?"

"It's enjoying time, more, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"When it's us. But perhaps you want to go fishing."

"Both."

"We'll both do both."

He played a trump and reached for his fishing rod. He thwacked his cork leg, which he had preferred to a plastic one when the real one had had to be amputated years ago after a determinedly ignored accident.

"There's a dull ache in the gap," he said. "Doctors say that when they ask anyone to describe a pain there are only two answers: 'Dull ache, Doctor,' or 'Searing agony, Doctor.' "

"The gap. Mummy?"

"No. The leg. Wanting to tramp toward some fish. An all-pleasure ache."

"I've got a searing ache. No, more slight than that, but not dull."

"Mummy?" he said.

"No, in my neck. It started before the searing walk. Actually it wasn't really bad, because I think she was excited about seeing Jim."

"She said she was going to ask who you wanted to be with and I thought it put you in an impossible position. But she did believe it was right."

"Yes, she did, and I hurt her, I'm afraid."

"You don't do that."

"The other thing is that he sounds rich and I'm an expense."

"Darling girl, you're Amanda. What did you say?"

"I asked to stay with you. Would that be all right?"

He whirled her round in the air and said, "What luck. What excellent luck. Though you're out of your mind, of course."

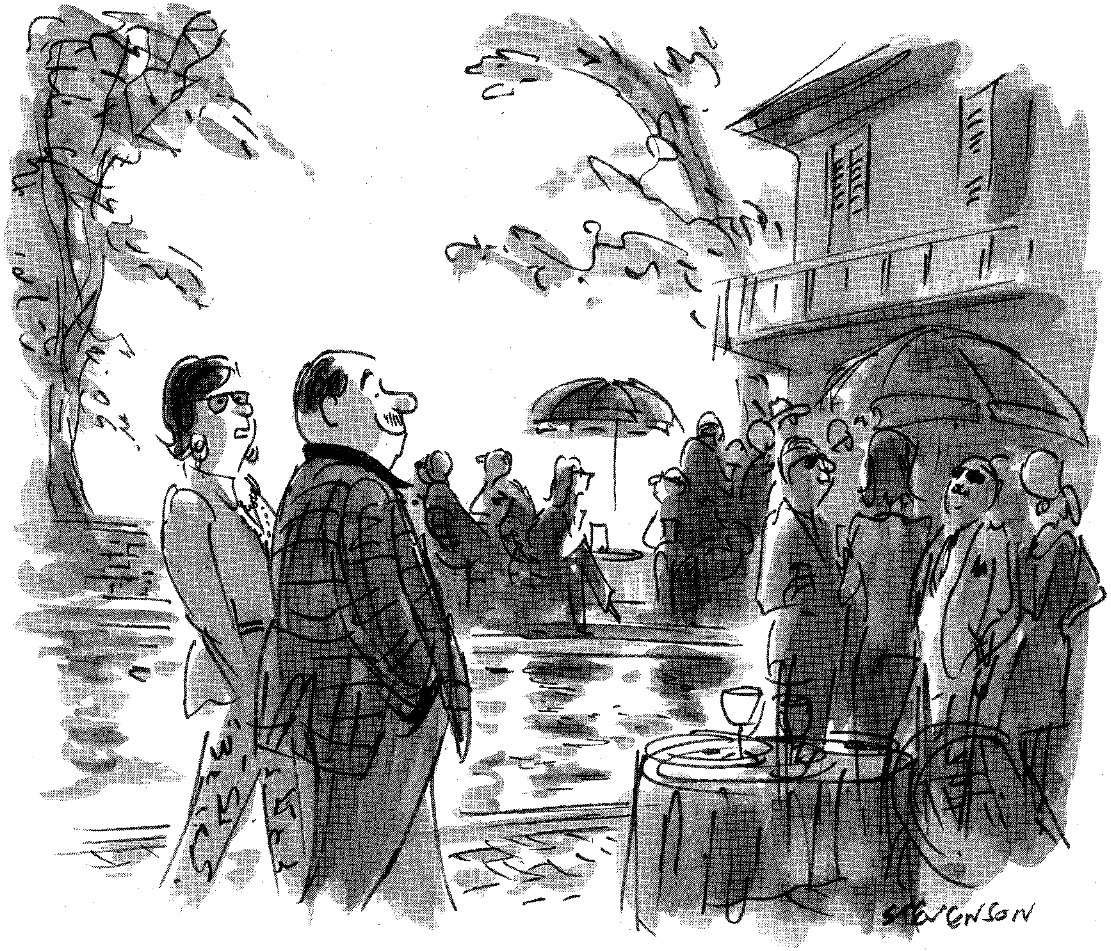
"You do find things lucky."

He set her down and turned her cards face upward. "So could you. Look at that. All trumps." She thought about his fishing, which he had always loved. He still did it with ease, catching his favorite brown trout in the Grand Union Canal in its stretch at not that distant Watford.

"Is the canal coming up trumps?" she said.

"Always the possibility of a four-pound whopper."

He went out fishing and she started practicing. When he came back, four hours later, she was still at it. He said from behind her, "I caught a particularly long one and it put up such a fight I hadn't the heart not to throw it



"Stick to the script, Larry."

back into the water." She turned her head to look at him, knowing he would have his hands stretched out to show her the length of the fish, and yelled at the stab in her neck.

"Where's the ache?" he said.

"Down the side and the shoulder blade and everywhere."

"You needn't have turned round."

"It was worth it to see the fish. Gosh. That long."

"I've got some stuff for stiff muscles that your mother used for riding when she was a deb and lots of her colossal family were rich."

"It's an antique, then. It'll have turned to concrete."

"I top it up every now and then with rubbing alcohol."

He smoothed it into her neck. "Go on with the scales."

"I smell like a horse. Do you want me to wash it off before dinner? I made some steakcakes eked out with sausage meat that the butcher gave me for nothing. I don't expect it's eatable."

"I like your cooking," he said.

"I like yours better."

They shared the job.

"I learnt all I know from you," said Stephen. "I can't do it from cookery books. I once—I've never told you this—did some frozen beans. The packet didn't say drain off the water and I thought it was gravy. So I had to start again and fob you off about the delay by saying I'd burnt the saucepan."

"I guessed. You'd never have burnt a saucepan. I didn't guess the not-draining-off-the-water part, but I knew it would be something sensible."

They had dinner. Amanda said, "Daddy, I can't do the music exam. It's hurting too much. I won't be able to turn round and see what the examiner's thinking and I won't be able to bend down to see the notes. Could you make excuses for me?"

He looked at her. "No."

"I knew you'd tell me that."

"It'll be much better if you don't see the examiner's face, and you never look at the notes anyway. You touch-play, you goon. Like touch-type."

"I *suppose* I was only *trying* to get you to tell me I had to. Fortifying, like Ovaltine. According to the advertisements. Which is the more

disgusting, Ovaltine or Horlicks?"

"Oh, Ovaltine. Nice of you not to say saltwater gravy."

"Saltwater gravy could be the start of something, but Ovaltine leaves you nowhere to go at all." She hesitated, and then said, "I always used to think as a small child that Mummy wouldn't understand, so I poured it away secretly. But she stopped making it anyway. For some reason."

"Because she knew you were hating it."

Amanda closed her eyes against her misjudgment for a moment. Her father was whipping his head away at the thought of his Natasha's wondrous fugitive insights.

AMANDA passed her finals with distinction just before she was fourteen. Rejoicing. Her father gave her a leather-bound volume of Mozart's letters, and picked out "Yankee Doodle" on her piano.

"Feather in his cap." She turned the pages, realizing he meant her cap, hoping it was also her father's. "Why would anyone call a presumably nice horse Macaroni?"

"It's the cap, not the horse, dolt. Etymolo-whatnots hold, I *think*, that it's because of the macaronies. Rich English twits who put on foreign ways. Dandies. Yankee Doodle."

"What a peculiar thing to want to be. A dandy macaroni."

"Well, 'dandy' means 'super' in Yankeeland now and the tune must always have been swell." So they whistled it in canon.

HIS words about touch-typing had instilled a plan. By fourteen, she had not only learnt (after hours) how to type on a school typewriter but also written a play that was bought by the BBC for radio. The leather-bound volume must have cost him all he had. And he still needed warm new clothes. She noticed he had stopped buying cigarettes, and even wondered if he was selling his catch to supplement his pension.

"Those trout. You're not bringing them back any longer," she said one night.

"I never surmounted the cooking problem. They always came out dry. I've given up fishing as a hobby."

"Are you *selling* the catch?"

"Do stop practicing to be a mind reader. You're a pianist."

She was pining to say "Wage earner," but kept the secret until there was enough saved to be worth talking about. There was still shorthand to go.

Her father insisted that she stay at the comprehensive school until she had done A-levels, two years ahead. He managed to land a job at last, as a night watchman. His hours were from eight to eight.

"We'll only be seeing each other from six to half past seven," he said.

"It means you really will have to give up fishing, because of sleeping in the daytime."

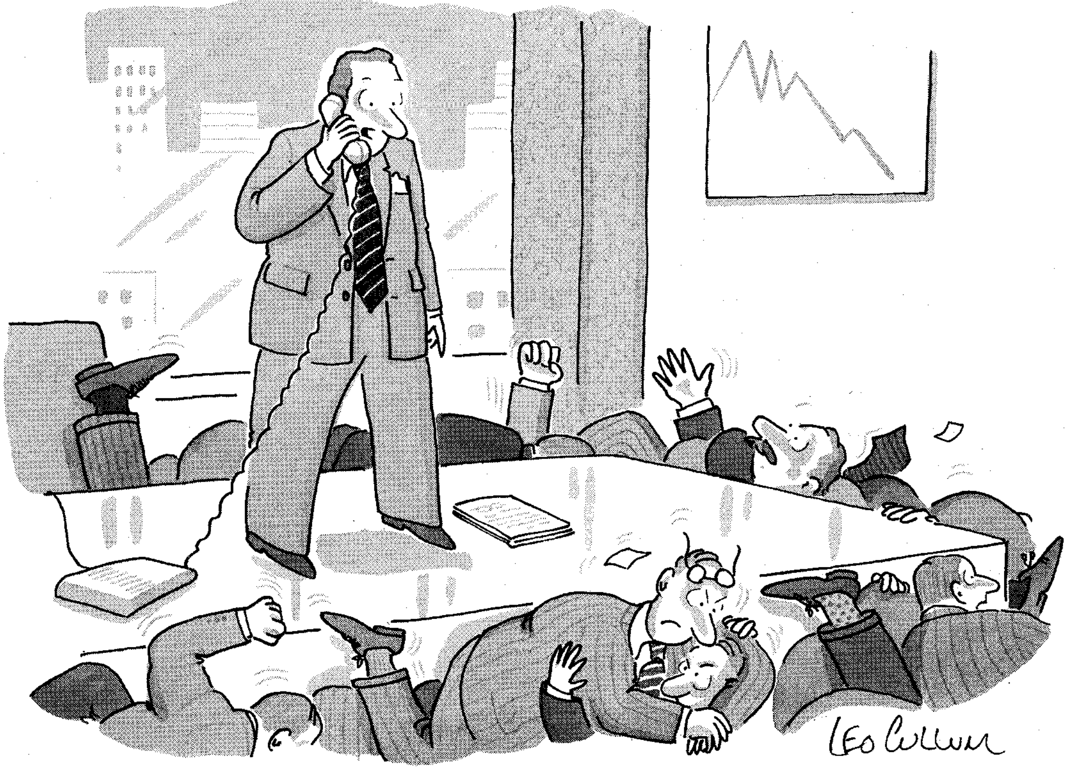
He nodded. "But I can still do it—if I *want* to—on days off. Weekends. I'll be the first non-traveller with jet lag."

"Whoever heard of a fisherman with jet lag?" she said. "It doesn't go together. Fishermen aren't agitated."

He nodded. Talk between them was graphic and lenient, like a shrug.

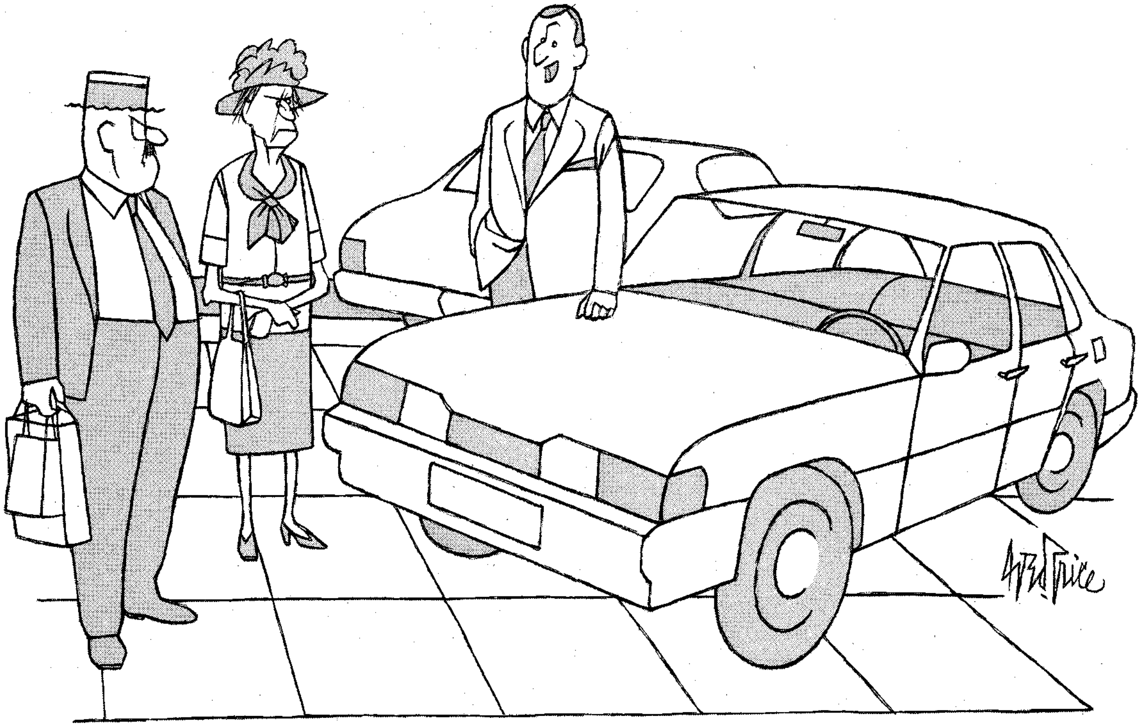
AMANDA took to babysitting as soon as her father had started his job. She thought hers would give her time to learn shorthand and start earning after taking her A-level exams, though she knew her father was cherishing hopes of her going to the Royal Academy of Music. The parents of twin babies she worked for so took to her that they asked her to come every night of the week and Saturdays as well: "To free us for theatres and a weekend evening on our own." The pay was too steady and too good for her to refuse, though the twins were demanding enough to rule out her hopes of studying. So she worked on shorthand in time won at home from mounting study that she did from 1 A.M. till five, setting the alarm for a quarter to eight. She was afraid her father would notice signs of her sleepiness, but he didn't, and after a while they abated anyway.

Though one night, at the babysitting place, she dozed off while she was rocking the currently more howling twin in her arms, and terrified herself by finding that she had dropped him: so terrified herself that she came awake as the weight left her arms, and in time for her to catch him before he hit the floor.



"Well, so far I'm managing to stay above the fray."

The picture of a baby-sitter as much in need of sleep as the babies struck her as untellably absurd. And the dropping of the baby appalling, the quick save a miracle. She had often wondered whether a whole world of "Alice" lovers was as alarmed to recall the Duchess's game as she was.



"Zero to sixty in seven point eight seconds."

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IN spite of everything, she got her homework ably done and sat her A-levels. On the last night, she had a call from Natasha. Dick was with Amanda: a quiet friend from school who wore a punk bald wig with a stiff lilac mane as high as a cockatoo's crest. The wig went over his own hair in the evenings at dinner, in alliance with his two brothers, but he took it off when he was doing homework. He said it made his brain hurt. He sat now on the one spring left in Stephen's sofa, and then moved away from it into a dip.

The telephone went.

"How did it go?" said Amanda's mother.

"I can't tell, Mummy," said Amanda.

Shy in the company of even the voice of the mother of Amanda, whom he loved, Dick took off his lilac wig as if he were in her presence.

"Really? You usually know," said Natasha.

"The questions weren't at all like the mock ones and it threw me."

"Did it make you long-winded?"

"No."

"Oh darling."

"I thought windiness was bad."

"I shouldn't think examiners are keen on brevity."

"I expect you're right. A professor did once tell me that they think succinct means perfunctory."

"I'm no judge, Amanda. I never did even School Certificate."

"You were at that finishing school where the headmistress presented you with the Tidiest Bride-in-Prospect Silver Jug."

"Which made me horribly untidy the whole of my married life. Sorry. That was insensitive. Married lives."

"It's all right," said Amanda.

"Oh dear, I can hear you thinking and I'm interrupting, but I wonder if you could spare the little television set? Neither of you ever watched it much and Jim's said that as the world's worst insomniac he thinks it would get him off to sleep."

THE results of the A-levels came by phone and Amanda had done triumphantly. The phone was ringing as she came back from a word-processing course and she answered it, not knowing her father was in. He looked startled. Though it was hot, he had his coat on. She didn't ask why. Not in the jubilance of reporting the news. "Let's go out for dinner to celebrate," he said.

"I've got some cauliflower for cauliflower cheese."

He made a face, pretending recoil. "We could go again to that festive Chinese place where we went when you were small."

"You *already* had your coat on, though."

"I was cold." Even in June? Perhaps he got colder because of his leg. "Do you want to telephone Dick to come? I shouldn't hog you."

"No. Let's be alone."

Upstairs to change, Amanda made a quick call to Dick and asked him if he could book a train ticket to the Lake District and a room at a hotel she knew of. For the ten days she knew her father had ahead for holiday.

AT the restaurant, while Amanda and Stephen were waiting for their orders to come, both of them suddenly went to sleep. He had been talking to her interestingly, with his strong, short-fingered hands over hers on the table. Sleep caught them in mid-sentence and only the waiter's goldfish presence five minutes later wakened them.

"Oh good. So that's what 'Duck Cooked Over Green Tea' looks like," said Amanda. "Which sounds like a film. Japanese or Russian at the far-flung flea house." It was what he called the enterprising cinema he had been taking her to since she was seven: "Not only for the excellence of the films but also to escape that sofa. The far-flung ant heap having upholstery of unsurpassable excellence."

"Or a breakthrough Chinese pic, even. Anyway, a film we'd want to see. Why are you so tired, darling?"

"Why are *you*? I thought most night watchmen drowsed nearly all night."

"This job is rather strenuous."

"What are you guarding, Daddy? Why haven't I asked before?"

"I headed you off, because it's tacky. Also absurd, as I've stopped smoking and the fringe benefit is all the cigarettes you want."

"What?"

"There are six of us guarding millions of pounds' worth of cigarettes and we make the rounds of the warehouse each hour with a time clock that has to be punched at each entrance to a storeroom. A time clock strapped to a leg. Or in my case the leg. There was a giant robbery just before they took me on, so the owners are agitated about the insurance. They ring us up endlessly, as though they were worried parents with a babysitter instead of cigarette tycoons. Pests. What is it?"

"Only that I've been doing some babysitting while you were out. Except that the parents aren't at all pests. It's the children who make rather a noise. Twins."

"Amanda, darling, to tell the full truth, I have indeed given up fishing as a hobby but I still do it. Two jobs are nothing to sneeze at, and I've never missed sleep in the slightest before tonight. I think it was the sight of your eyelids drooping. Why was that?"

"On top of school there's been not only the children but also shorthand."

"So how many hours' sleep have you been getting?"

"At least three," she said.

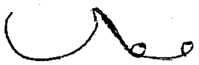
"I pack in two and a half, formally speaking, and then there's another thirty-odd minutes on the tube each way. What about this shorthand?"

"It seemed an idea, instead of leaving off at just typing. Typing was easy, maybe because of scales and arpeggios. And now I'm taking a word-processing course. I'll be vastly employable. Hurrah! We'll have time to go to the flicks again *and* the loot for two grown-up tickets."

"Hurrah! But you're going to the Academy of Music first. That's an agreement. I've got a hunch you might be going to be a composer in the end. What are you writing on the paper napkin?"

"It's a shorthand outline. Shorthand's the most maddening thing to learn. You make outlines in your head of every word you hear or think of."

"What does that say? It's pretty."



"Meaning fishy business," she said.

"What is?"

"What we've been up to, slightly, but mostly I wrote it because I liked the shape when I thought of the words. And the sight of you fishing. How fat was that fish you threw back when I was in the middle of music finals? You showed me the length."

He demonstrated plumpness with his hands and she said, "Blimey."

"But it was such a freak catch, and I don't like owning things that much, especially trophies." He asked her to invent an apt face for an admirer of making a killing.

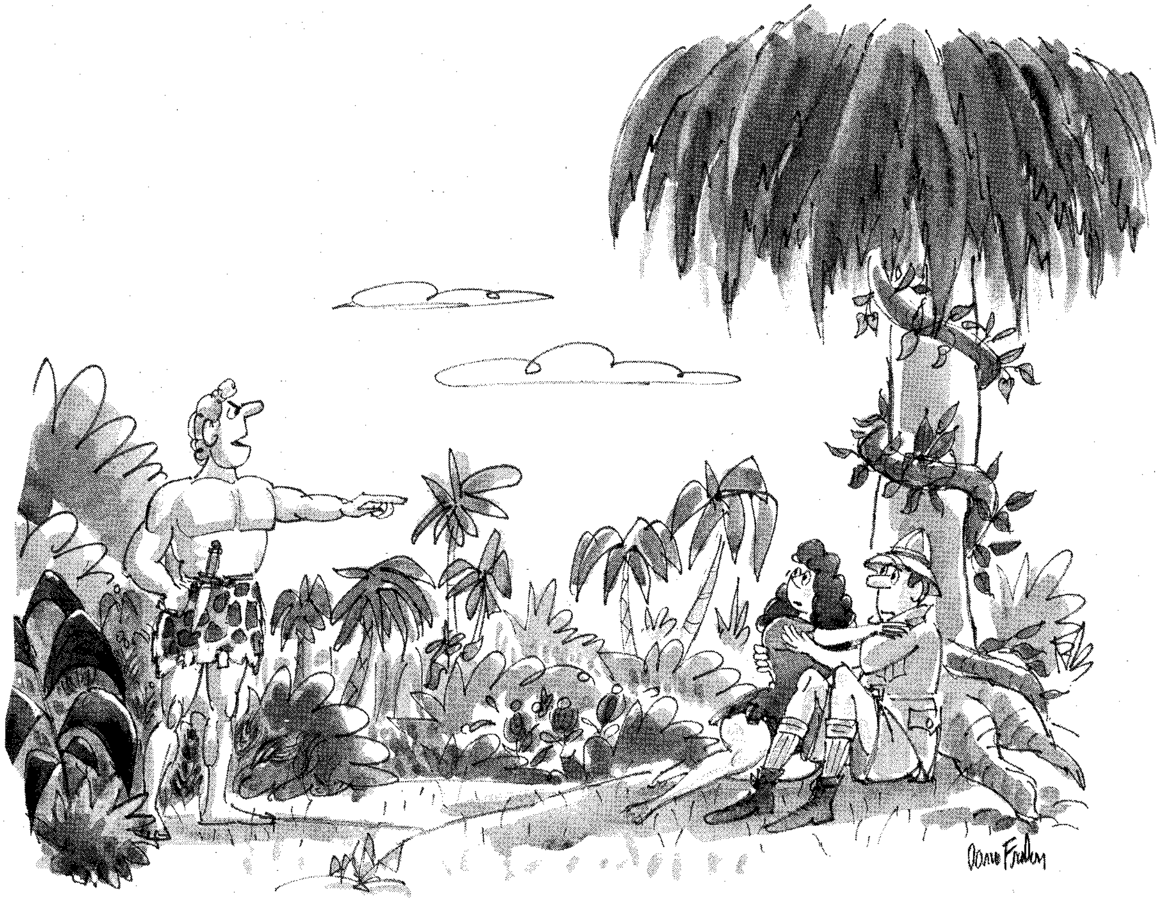
She obliged, then said, "That was a stockbroker hellbent," shaking her head hard to be rid of the thought. "They're one of the troubles I have about taking to economics. The headmaster's trying to get me to do economics, because I'm supposed to be good at maths, but I can't make myself get it. When a professor started talking about cheap money I hit a block."

"What?"

"All money's expensive."

"Yuh. I just hadn't heard the phrase."

"Another snag is that economics is supposed to be a science



"Me Tarzan, you Jane, who he?"

but it's superstitious. All about faith in pork-belly futures. Imagine suddenly getting hit by Doubts about that. A friend of mine at school, a Roman Catholic, said she got hit by Doubts about the Immaculate Conception in the middle of basketwork. Suppose it happened when you were lugging ingots of gold around the vaults of the Bank of England."

Stephen and Amanda both thought of Natasha and the metaphysics of belief that had aided her in her dismay. Both knew what the other was thinking, so Stephen said, "However much Mummy's missed by us, she's typically loyal to the past and she's not in Jim's pocket."

"Is he possessive, then?"

Stephen said, "I do hope not. If at all, only about property."

He went on pondering. Amanda brought him back. "Talk to me about Shaw's ideas for a reformed alphabet."

"Among other things, he wanted to do away with apostrophes."

"Oh good. Then nothing would belong to anyone." Stephen nodded vehemently and left her understanding at that.

After a confirming fortune cookie that read

> One is not wise to think the world is hi's oyster

Amanda said, "I'm relieved you weren't keen on the economics idea." She cleared her throat. "As distinct from economical. How much do you think I've saved?"

"Not as much as me."

"I bet I've saved more."

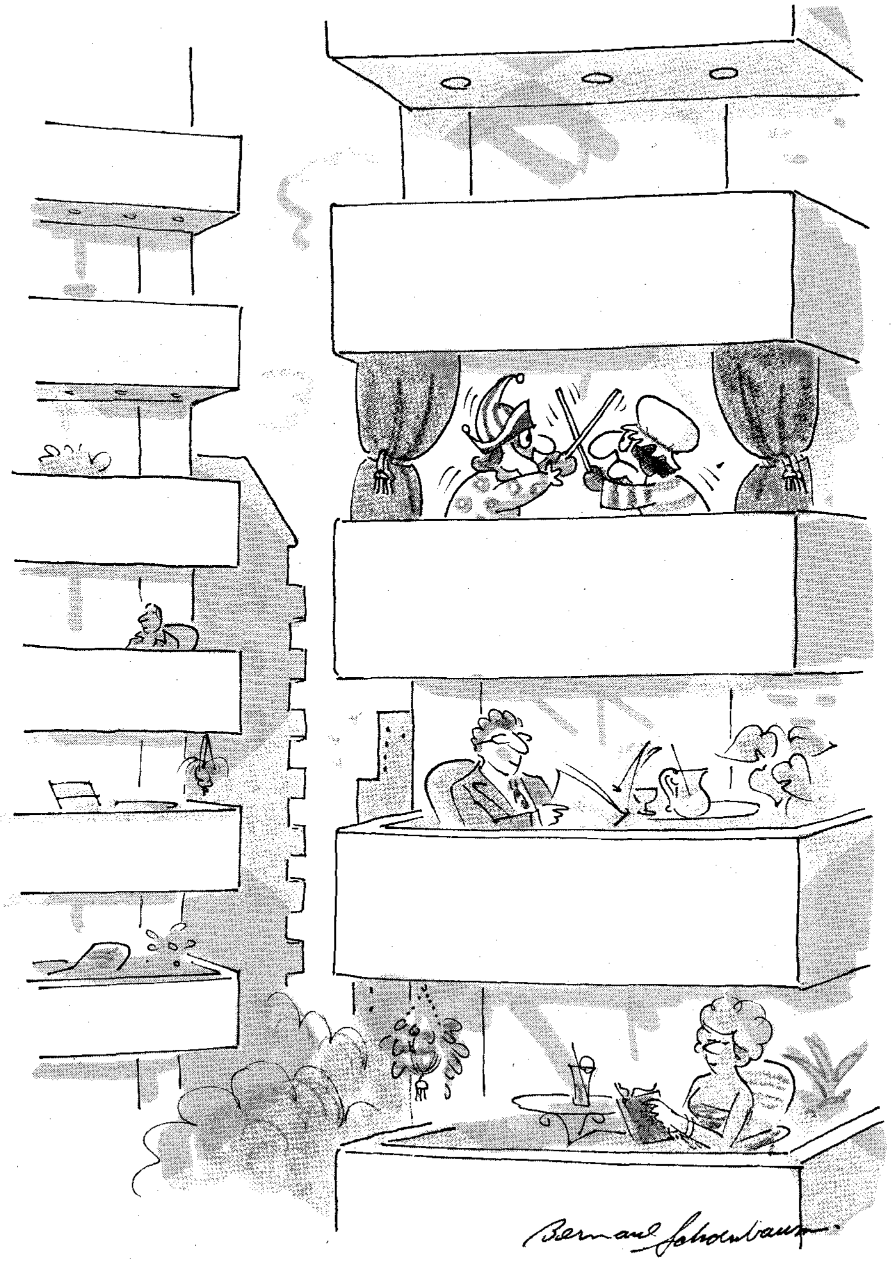
"Do you think we could enjoy ourselves and debate that later, if ever?"

"That's what I was working up to. Daddy, would you please let me send you to the Lake District for your ten days?"

"Only if you'd come."

"I thought you'd say that. Wouldn't you rather be on your own?"

"You're the sanest person I've ever known, but you must be mad. Dick's coming?"



LAKE GRASMERE. Dark-green shadows chased across the waters, thrown by mountains that were sun-steeped only at the peaks. Amanda and Dick were enticed by the light to swim in the brilliant icy center of the lake. Then she taught him how to tickle trout. They lay quietly for a long while on the bank of a brown beck with their fingers chilling to the temperature of the water in wait for an inquiring fish.

Amanda's head then suddenly pulled up to see through the trees her father in the lake at the far side. He was waving his cork leg for help with one hand, his fishing rod in the other, standing on his one real leg in water up to his waist. He yelled, "The bloody thing came off. Bring a boat."

They rowed to him in a panic he didn't approve of. "Well, that was nearly a catch for the history books," he said. "There was a pike nosing around I'd have given my eyeteeth for. Never seen such a big thing in these waters. He was a bumper, unfortunately. Quite ready to give his eyeteeth for a bite of my cork leg. Lucky it floated. I'm not one to count on luck, but you've got to give credit to a stroke of it like that. First encounter between pike and cork."

He shoved the young couple off to the stern and gave them an oar to scull with, using his false limb as his second oar to row them to shore and cursing any manufacturer of a cork leg who failed to make it fit a rowlock.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

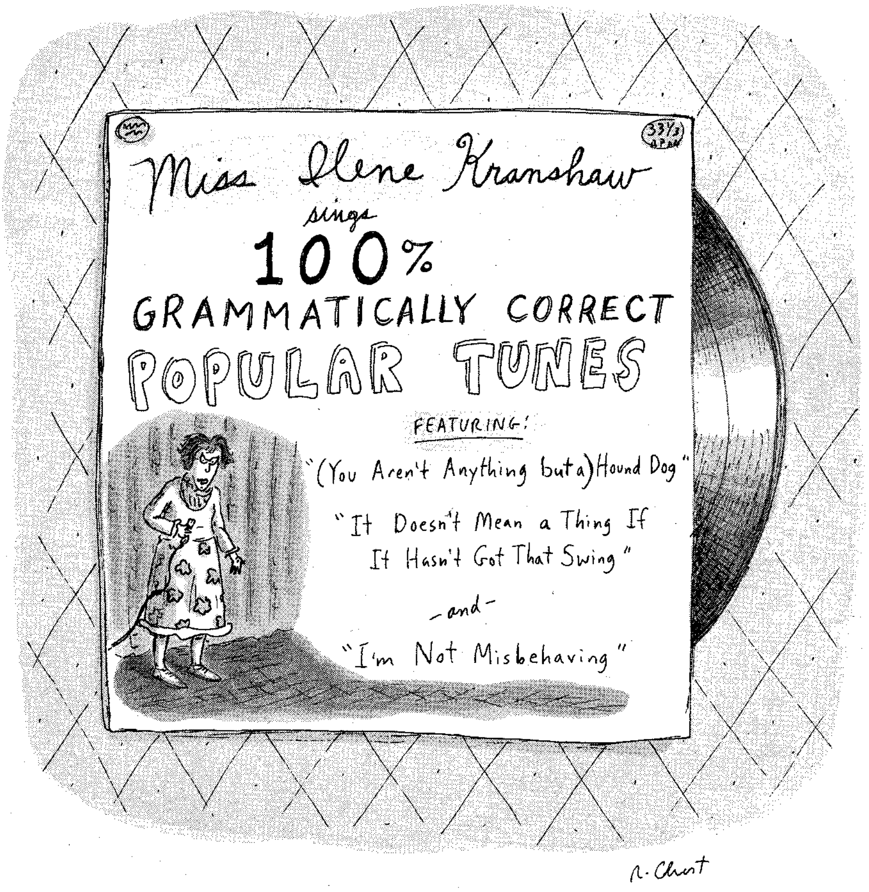
A REPORTER AT LARGE

TEHERAN SUMMER

FOR many Teheranis, particularly the middle and lower classes, Friday, the Muslim Sabbath, often begins with a visit to Behesht-e Zahra, or Paradise of Zahra, a cemetery named after one of the Prophet's daughters. Since the war with Iraq began, in 1980, Behesht-e Zahra has also been a good place to judge public morale. On the southern outskirts of Teheran, along the road to the theological center of Qom, it stretches for miles and miles. A man whose father-in-law was buried in its soft yellow clay shortly after the cemetery opened, in the mid-nineteen-seventies, recalls musing at the time, "They'll never be able to fill this." Indeed, he says, he then thought Teheran might never need another cemetery.

The Ministry of Islamic Guidance, which oversees foreign journalists, has for the past two years actively discouraged visits to the cemetery. I was told that, because emotions tended to run high at funerals, the presence of a foreigner, and especially an American, might lead to an incident. A more cynical Iranian suggested that the cemetery's tiered fountain, famous for spewing red water that looks dreadfully, and intentionally, like blood, might be broken, and it was because the government could not get the spare parts to fix it that journalists were no longer welcome. (I later heard that the fountain did still work but, to save water, was turned on only for important occasions.) A third Iranian probably had it right: the government, he believed, did not want attention drawn to the huge numbers of war dead.

Early one Friday morning in June —before Iran announced its acceptance of United Nations Resolution 598, providing for a ceasefire—I went to Behesht-e Zahra with a friend and his mother. My friend's father, who had died of natural causes, and brother, an Army lieutenant who had died in the war, were both buried in Zahra's Paradise. En route, we stopped at a florist's shop, which was among the few places open on the Islamic weekend. Despite the economic hardships created by a combination of war costs, trade bans, and sagging oil prices, many Iranians still indulged their passion for flowers. Arrangements of pink roses mixed with daisies in wicker baskets and bunches of red roses accented with single lilies were lined up neatly along the shelves, ready as gifts to commemorate a birth or an anniversary as well as a death, or to take to parties. My friend selected two dozen gladioli, half red and half white. The stems of each bouquet were wrapped in tinfoil and tied with a black bow.



On the busy highway to Behesht-e Zahra, we passed two funeral corteges. The first was led by a green hatchback. Two men sitting in the open rear were running a large tape recorder, from which a man's chanting of Koranic verses was amplified on two loudspeakers strapped to the car roof. On the hood of the car, a garland of flowers surrounded a picture of the deceased, a young man who had died at the front. A beige ambulance van carrying the body was next; its back doors were open, and I could see young men—probably family members or fellow-soldiers—crowded on both sides of the body. Buses packed with relatives and friends followed. On the rear of one bus was another enlarged picture of the victim; a banner on one side read "Congratulations on Your Martyrdom." Traffic was so congested at the entrance to Behesht-e Zahra that a policeman was frantically whistling directions to converging funeral convoys. "Fridays are always like this," my friend said.

The dry terrain and poor mud-brick houses in the suburbs near the cemetery made the entrance seem, indeed, a paradise. Gardeners were working on bright-pink rosebushes along a median dividing a six-lane boulevard; streams of water on both sides of a reflecting pool leaped from the ground to form arches. We made another stop, at the cemetery's florist—it was 10 A.M., and already he was almost sold out—to buy rose water, sold in clear Coca-Cola-shaped bottles. Most of the cemetery was austere, block after block of granite or marble slabs stretching the length of each grave. Visits, however, were clearly not perfunctory stops simply to pay respects. In each lot we

"Of course they're clever. They have to be clever. They haven't got any money."

passed, small groups were sitting near the graves or on the sidewalk, women on blankets sipping coffee from thermoses or peeling fruit, and men under trees talking or, in two cases, stretched out on grass mats napping. Several groups had brought radios and were listening to music or Friday-prayer services. Iranians treated these areas like a park, and the atmosphere was tranquil and almost pleasant.

Teheran's war dead were buried in a different section of the cemetery. Their graves, like the deaths they represented, were more visible. At the head of each grave was a glass-fronted box perched on a stand perhaps five feet high. Behind each glass were personal or religious mementos, a picture, often a small vase with plastic flowers, occasionally even a toy, and usually a Koranic verse written out and attached to the back. Most of the boxes were draped with curtains or thick plastic to prevent their contents from being bleached by the sun; most also had flags —either the green-white-and-red national standard or multicolored banners declaring commitment to the war or to Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini—flying from poles atop the frames. The gravestones, which were tightly packed, were also different. On each was chiselled an open book, one page bearing the date of birth, the other page the date of death, adorned by a dove—the symbol of martyrdom, indicating that the victim had ascended to paradise, as those who died in the war had been promised. "This section for the martyrs is now four kilometres long and four hundred metres wide, just for Teheran," my friend said.

Carrying one of the large bouquets of gladioli, a half-dozen bottles of rose water, and a bucket filled with regular water (there was a faucet on the edge of each block), my friend, his mother, and I walked over the gravestones to the appropriate marker. My friend's mother and I were both wearing a hejab, or head scarf, and a roupoosh, the dark housecoat that has become the fashionable alternative to the all-enveloping black chador. Before getting out of the car, my friend's mother had put on a chador as well. All women visiting the cemetery were supposed to be fully covered, a tradition that dated back long before the 1979 revolution but had not been enforced as strictly as it was now.

At the grave, my friend's mother wept as her son cleaned the dust from the marker, first pouring water from the bucket, then sprinkling the rose water liberally on the stone in preparation for the flowers. I laid the bouquet down, and was stunned to see my friend break the long stems of the flowers and pull off some petals. "You have to do this now," he explained. "If you don't, people will come and take them."

"To resell them?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Times are hard."

Dried, broken-stemmed flowers on adjacent stones indicated that this was indeed common practice. In the final act of the rite of mourning, my friend's mother bent over and began tapping one forefinger on the edge of the gravestone. Weeping harder, she tapped and prayed for her dead son and then, tapping some more, talked to him. When she had finished, my friend followed suit.

Every family with whom I talked in Teheran had lost at least one relative in the war. In the cemetery section we visited, I saw three adjacent graves with the same surname. Mohammad, Ahmad, and Mahmoud Ghassemizadeh, three brothers, had died on the same day. Tens of thousands had also been taken prisoner. By this summer, even conservative tallies showed a total of a million killed, wounded, or missing in the war, up to two-thirds of them on the Iranian side. Meanwhile, on the day we made the trip to Behesht-e Zahra, the front was almost back to where it had been when the war began.

TEHERAN this summer had the appearance and the feeling of an embattled city. It has never been a pleasant place. Because it was chosen as the capital in the late eighteenth century, by the Qajar dynasty, it has no history comparable to that of Damascus or Cairo, and it lacks the scenery of prewar Beirut. With the exception of the mosques and some of the newer villas, the architecture is mostly block functional, and most buildings are dirtied by some of the worst pollution in the world; beginning at dawn, the air is thick with exhaust from aging motorcycles and carbon-belching bus mufflers. Angry traffic is more aggressive than that in Rome and Mexico City combined; stoplights, lane dividers, and street signs such as "Stop" and

VIDEO VILLAGE
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"O.K., O.K., here's 'Lassie, Come Home' again! Now are you happy?"

• •

"One Way" are largely ignored, as are, often, ambulance sirens. An Asian envoy told me that the police reported an average of five hundred accidents every day in Teheran, and on some days I felt as if I had witnessed most of them. Like any other capital, Teheran is not totally representative of the entire nation, but, with an estimated twelve million of the nation's fifty-million population now crammed into it—the figure was about five and a half million at the time of the 1979 revolution—it has become a fair reflection of Iran's travails, especially since it was drawn into the war this spring.

In July, the windows of high-rise office buildings and shop fronts downtown, of clinics and mud-brick shanties in the arid south, and even of splendid villas in the wealthy northern suburbs, were still crisscrossed with thick strips of tape, and the entrances and entire first floors of many government offices and all banks were protected by layers of burlap bags filled with sand. These measures had been hastily taken when the so-called war of the cities—the name given to sporadic occasions since late 1983 on which Iran and Iraq have thrown artillery and missiles at each other's civilian areas—spread for the first time to Teheran. Except for limited aerial bombardment after the war erupted, in September of 1980, Teheran had been comparatively safe. Baghdad had always been within easy reach of Iranian artillery and missile positions on the border, but Teheran, being some three hundred miles from the frontier, was beyond the range of Iraqi weaponry. Baghdad's media had boasted of Iraq's new ability to fire enhanced-range missiles at Iran, but, like many of the claims made by both sides during this conflict, it was not taken seriously. Then, on February 29th, Iraq fired Soviet-made Scud-B missiles at Teheran. "At first, we thought they were bombing us," a cabbie recalled. "So did the military. The sky was full of anti-aircraft fire. It was two or three days before we knew what had happened."

Over the next two months, Teheranis either fortified or fled. The general feeling among European and Asian envoys was that about a quarter of the residents had left, many for the shores of the Caspian Sea. Teheran's streets were empty and its schools closed; shops opened only sporadically. Many government officials and civil servants were, as one diplomat put it diplomatically, "unavailable."

On April 20th, the missile war ended as abruptly as it had begun. The damage and casualties from more than a hundred and forty missiles that had hit Teheran, however, turned out to be, by the standards of modern warfare, marginal. By June, only a few traces were visible. The corner where the Hāfez street market, a government store that sold meat, rice, fruit, and other basic foodstuffs, had once bustled with early-morning shoppers was now an empty lot, and half of the front windows of the Armenian Catholic cathedral were missing. A missile had hit at two-thirty in the morning, when the shop was closed and the cathedral vacant. Also in the city center, a crew was still clearing up the ruins of an apartment building that had taken a direct hit; it was the one area that reminded me of Beirut under siege. Imam Khomeini Hospital, across the street, had been hit by fragments of the same missile; windowpanes were still missing, and the exterior was charred black in spots. Among those injured when shrapnel hit the hospital, I was told, were war wounded. Most other damage to the city had been patched up or removed. Injuries from flying glass, including blinding and maiming, were the most frequent casualties, diplomats reported. "There weren't a great many deaths, but psychologically it was devastating," an Iranian journalist who covered the bombardment told me. "It was Russian roulette on a vast scale. Before, the capital was always separate from the war, the way America was during the Second World War. This was like having raids over Washington, D.C. It came as an awful shock."

Many Iranians saw the missiles as a turning point, and few seemed to feel that the threat was over. "Why don't you take the tape off the windows

What if there were five seasons, instead of four? And two moons, instead of just one. Suppose a prehistoric rain had come in March instead of April? There may never have been a town called Vergeze, or a spring called Perrier. But luckily, everything happened just right.

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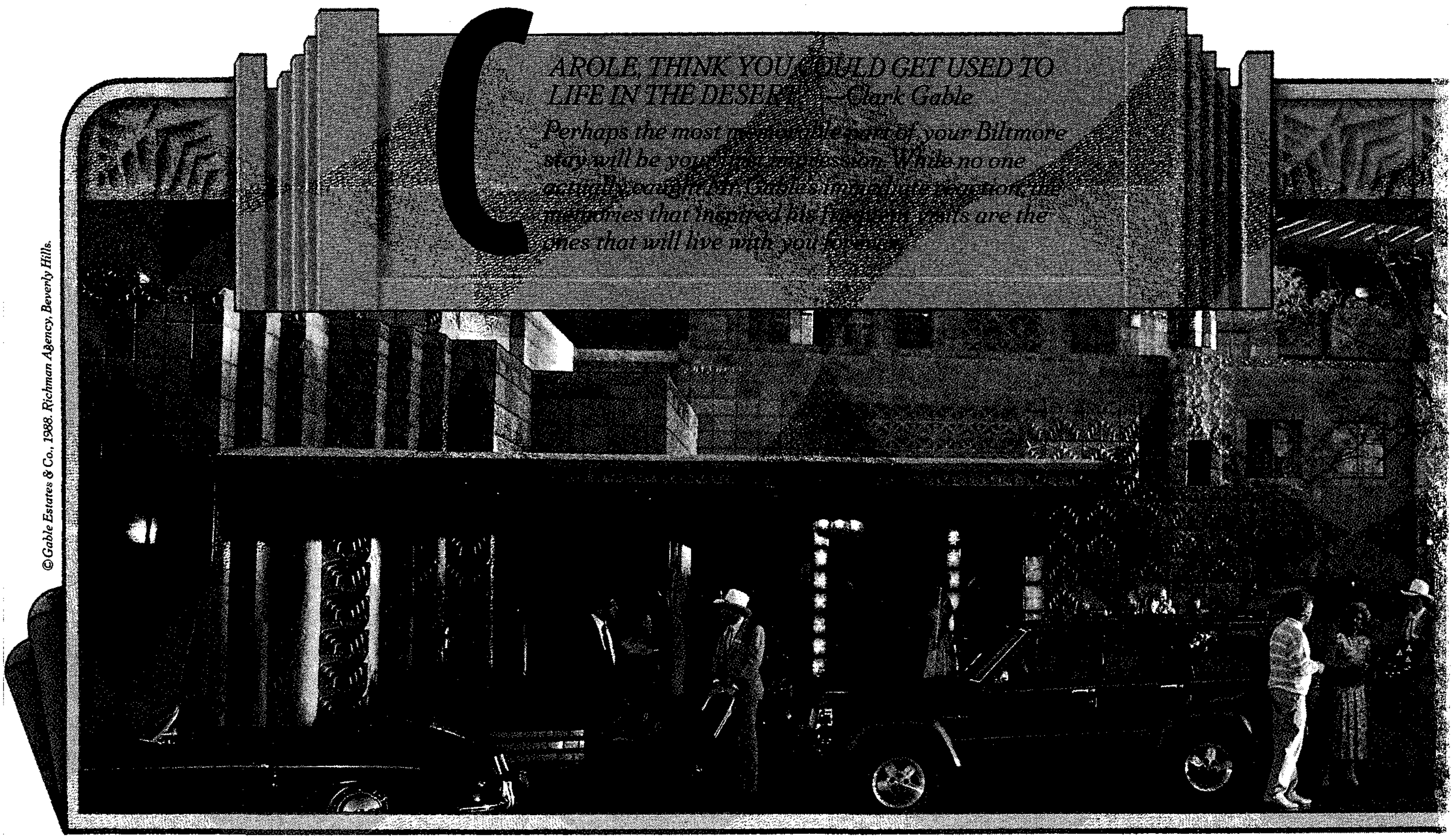
now?" I repeatedly asked. Eyes would widen and heads shake; the possibility of a resumption of the missile strikes apparently needed no explanation. On two weekends, I saw men making new sandbags and piling them in front of banks; and several families who in past years had spent the hot nights on their roofs during Teheran's frequent summer power shortages complained to me about having to stay inside, in case the missile war should start again.

The latest round in the war of the cities coincided with the end of Iran's six-year domination of the war and with the beginning of its retreat. On April 18th, Iraq recaptured its Fao Peninsula, which Iran had seized in a series of human-wave assaults in 1986, during some of the bloodiest and most intensive fighting of the war. This swampy but strategic foothold had for twenty-six months put Iranian artillery within range of Basra, Iraq's second-largest city, whose potential capture, many Western military analysts had earlier predicted, could ultimately break Iraq's back. Instead, this year's counter-offensive by Baghdad's élite Presidential Guards and Seventh Army Corps was a thirty-six-hour rout. Reports from diplomats and from the efficient Iranian bush network—troops sending word to relatives, or medical-staff members hearing accounts from the injured—described punishing Iraqi artillery barrages on Iran's largely underarmed Revolutionary Guards and undertrained *basij*, the very young or very old militia volunteers. Other Iraqi units flanked the peninsula by sea, coming up behind the Iranians. The Iraqis announced that they would give the Iranians twelve hours to leave. The Iranians, surrounded, outnumbered, and with their guns pointing in the wrong direction, fled back across the Shatt-al-Arab waterway, control of which had been the pretext for the original Iraqi invasion. For a change, Iranian casualties were, reportedly, comparatively small.

The day of the Fao defeat, Iran was pounded by the United States Navy, in retaliation for planting a new Iranian minefield in the Persian Gulf which had ripped a hole in the American frigate Samuel B. Roberts and injured ten American sailors. In one of the biggest United States military engagements since the Vietnam War, the Navy destroyed two Iranian oil platforms, sank a patrol boat and a frigate, and badly damaged a second frigate and three small craft. It had originally intended to hit three oil platforms and a frigate, I was later told by a White House official, but Iran upset the plan by counterstriking—at a cost of almost a quarter of its Navy. Iranians have rarely been predictable, but the disparity of reaction in fleeing the Iraqis at Fao and making a suicidal attack on the United States Navy seemed to reflect an erratic desperation.

The Iranians' war-weariness and the ultimate loyalty of the regular military, many of whose members served under the Shah and were trained by the United States, had for some time been subjects of debate in Teheran. More recently, the commitment of the Revolutionary Guards had also come into question. "People in the urban areas of Iran are now eighty per cent against the war, but there is still rural support," an Asian envoy told me. "The *hezbollahis* are ten per cent of the population, and they are fully committed to the war and the revolution," he



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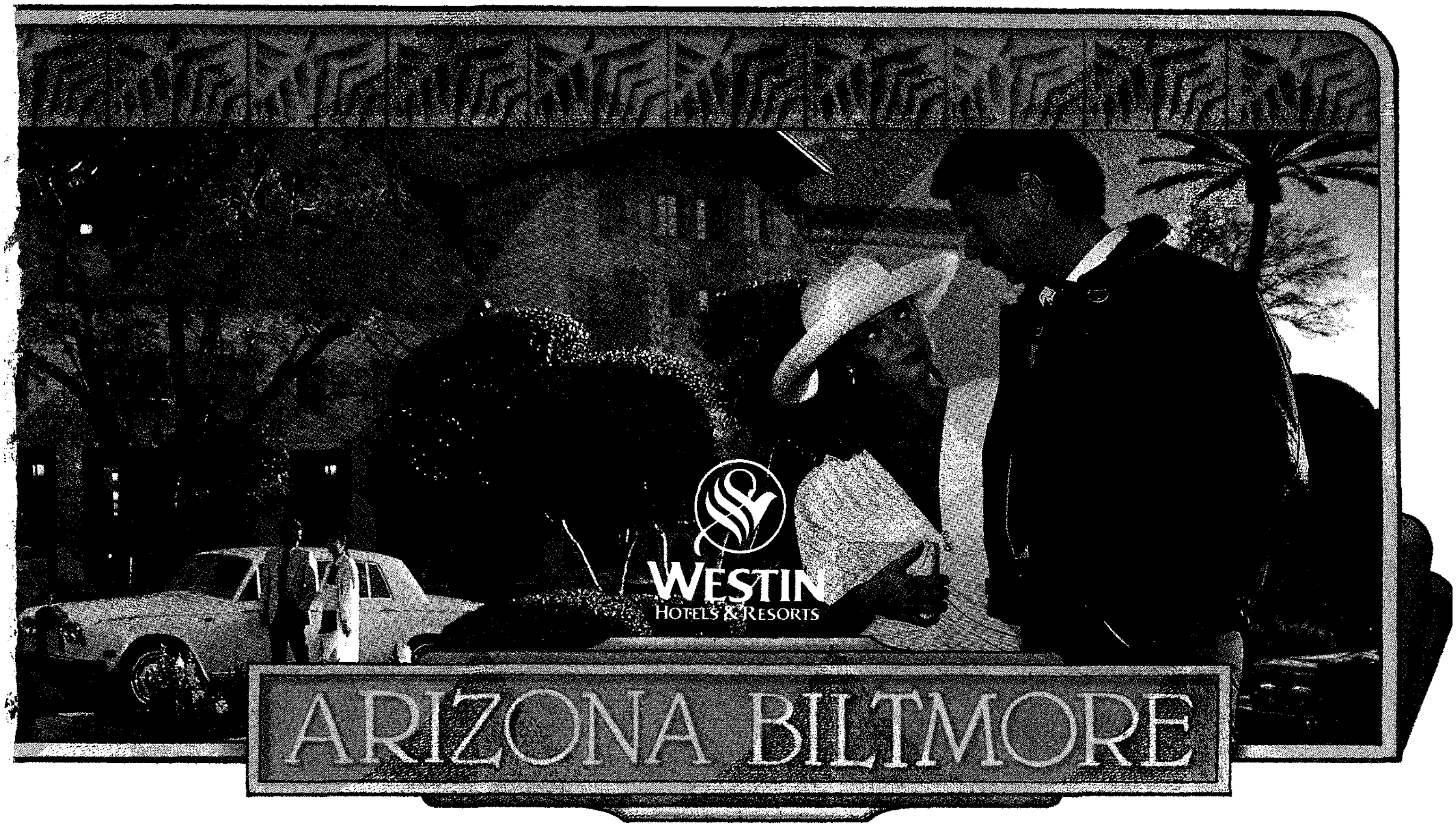
said. *Hezbollahis*, or "partisans of God," have formed the backbone of the revolution, but they do not, as in Lebanon, constitute a specific organization; "membership" is, more or less, a state of belief. "Their influence is disproportionate to their numbers," the envoy added.

In late May, Mehdi Bazargan, who for nine months served as the Islamic Republic's first Prime Minister, until his resignation over the American-hostage crisis, issued an open letter of protest to Ayatollah Khomeini about Iran's war policy. In this case, "open" meant distributed in Iran and overseas but not published by the Iranian press. "Since 1986, you have not stopped proclaiming victory, and now you are calling on the population to resist until victory. Isn't that an admission of failure on your behalf?" Bazargan wrote. "You have spoken of the failure of Iraq and the crumbling of its regime, but thanks to your misguided policies, Iraq has fortified itself, its economy has not collapsed, and it is we who are on the verge of bankruptcy." He appealed, "You say that you have a responsibility toward the spilled blood. I answer: When will you stop the commerce with the blood of our martyrs?" Bazargan had been considered a political gadfly since his resignation, but his bold, outspoken letter indicated the depth of feeling about the war.

This spring, Teheran's bush network reported that spontaneous antiwar demonstrations had erupted in Isfahan and Tabriz—reports that the government vehemently denied but which Teheran-based diplomats believed. More significant were reports that clerics were making pilgrimages to tell Khomeini, bluntly, that the war was sapping public morale.

These events marked a reversal in Iranian thinking, for until this spring the war was always seen as more than a territorial dispute. On July 12th, six days before Iran agreed to unconditionally accept Resolution 598, Teheran Radio broadcast a communiqué from the armed forces' general command. "This war is not about territory," it said. "It is a continuous confrontation between the righteous and the wicked which today has turned into a bloody conflict between two systems of values and countervalues. And what is at stake here is the all-round defense of Islam and the Muslims." For the ruling mullahs, it really was a jihad, or holy war, elevated to a cosmic plane of good versus evil. Even after 1982, when the tide of the war turned in Teheran's favor, they always perceived Iran as being on the defensive. Saddam Hussein's Iraq was socialist and secular and Sunni-ruled, despite its Shiite majority, which was an obvious injustice. The Western naval deployment in the Gulf by the United States and five European nations—France, Britain, Italy, Holland, and Belgium—was also seen by the ruling mullahs as an attempt to create a barrier not around Iran but around Islam, like the outside world's attempt to block the path of the Prophet when he revealed the faith in the seventh century.

A second motive in the war was Iran's ambitious sense of revolutionary mission on behalf not only of Iranians but also of other Muslims and of the *mostazafin*, or oppressed, of the entire Third World. Iran's Constitution, which was passed in a national referendum ten months after the revolution, states, "All Muslims shall be consid-



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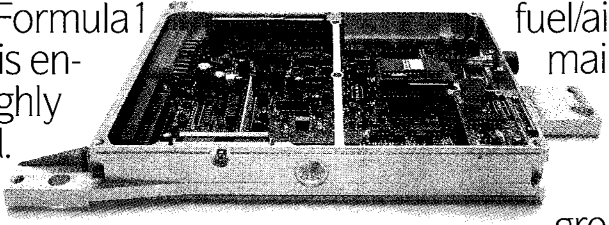

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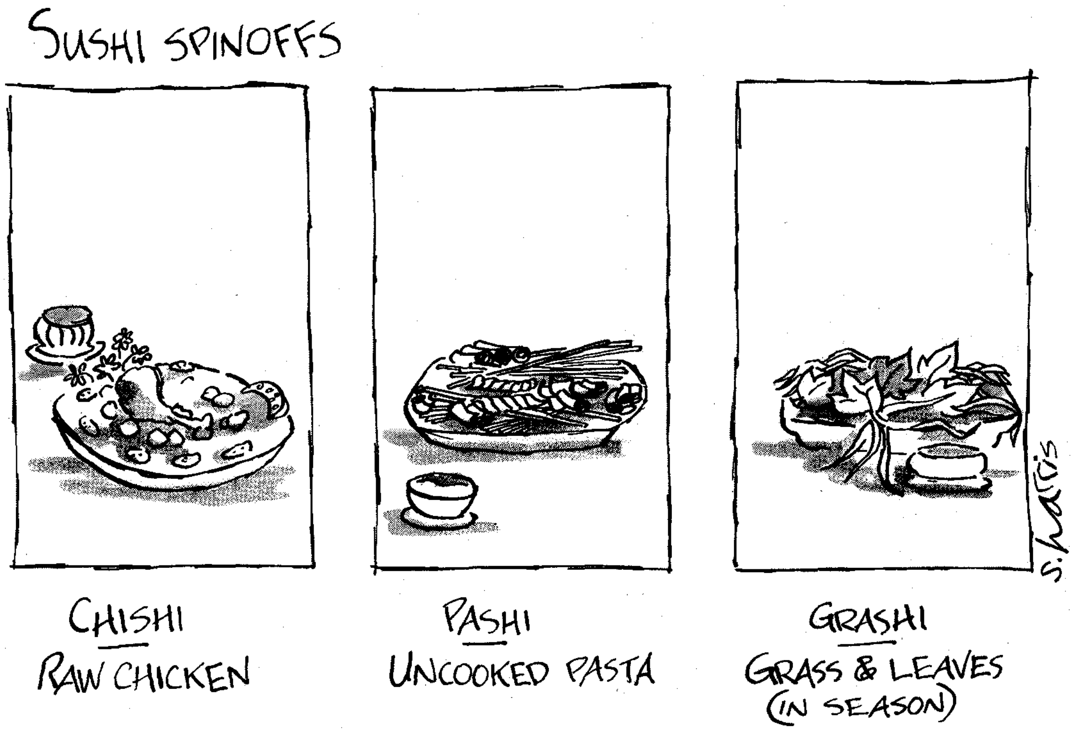

ered as a single nation, and the Islamic Republic of Iran shall determine its general policy on the basis of coalition and unity of all Muslim people and shall constantly make every endeavor to realize the political, economic, and cultural unity of the world of Islam." *Mostazafin* has been one of the catchwords of the revolution, reflected in the graffiti artfully painted on walls throughout Teheran. A huge blue sign at Mehrabad Airport's International Terminal quotes Khomeini: "We are with all the innocents of the world." Last year, the powerful speaker of the parliament, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, said in an interview in *Die Welt*, "For the Third World countries—the 'have-nots'—our resistance to Communism, imperialism, and capitalism is reason for hope." An official at Teheran's Institute for Political and International Studies, which is the Foreign Ministry's think tank, framed even Iran's costly naval clash with the United States in terms of its broader mission. "What are the consequences if Iran attacks the United States?" he said to me. "No one expects Iran to defeat the United States militarily, but when Iran reacts militarily it shows small countries that small powers can defend themselves."

A third factor was nationalism, particularly among those Iranians who had become disillusioned with the regime and did not necessarily accept the argument that the Iraqi leaders were infidels. A long history of antipathy to Arabs has fuelled nationalism among the Iranians, who are descendants of an Aryan tribe (from which Iran gets its name) that came to this region more than two millennia ago. With some arrogance, various Iranians have told me over the years of their feelings of being racial outsiders, and clearly superior, in this part of the world, and of their anger at the Arabs for imposing on them everything from their script to their religion. Persian is an Indo-European tongue written in Arabic letters; armies of the early Islamic Empire overwhelmed the native Zoroastrian faith in the seventh century, and, in the sixteenth century, the Safavid dynasty introduced—or imposed, some Iranians say—Shiism as the state religion in order to differentiate Iran from the Ottoman Empire and to create a sense of separate and united identity. "This is a racist war," the friend who took me to Behesht-e Zahra said. He did not like the war, but neither did he like Iraq's President Saddam Hussein. "Really, this is *very* bad, what he has done to Iran. He must be made to pay, *really*," he said.

In other words, the war, for a variety of reasons, sustained the revolution and gave it legitimacy—until the Karbala offensives.

ON Christmas Eve, 1986, Iran launched what it heralded as the Final Offensive, on the southern front around Basra; its code name was Operation Karbala. This was not the first final offensive announced by Teheran, but it may have proved to be the last. The goal was to take the city and then cut off Iraq's supply routes between the north and south.

Over fourteen weeks, Iran threw wave after wave of troops, particularly the *basij*, at some of Iraq's best-defended positions; military attachés in Teheran later estimated that up to half of the hundred thousand *basij* used in the winter and spring of 1987 became casualties. The *basij*, who volunteered for as little as three months, were as young as thirteen or fourteen, on temporary leave from school, or as old as fifty-five, eager for the monthly payment of more than five hundred dollars to supplement their low incomes. Often wearing keys around their necks to insure their passage into paradise, they served, in effect, as human minesweepers in advance of the Revolutionary Guards, who themselves were often in front of the Army. The Iranian offensives also used much of what remained of the American war matériel obtained during the arms-for-hostages swap. By April, 1987, however, the Iranians had been checked; they had eaten away at Iraqi territory, but at an enormous cost in human life. Behesht-e Zahra had to be expanded.

"The will has been drained out of the people," an Iranian war correspondent told me before the ceasefire. "The *hezbollahis* don't want to fight. It doesn't make sense to them anymore. As long as they were winning, it was fine. If a fight is a holy war, then you're supposed to win and you expect miracles. What is happening now is something else." Before Iran's acceptance of the ceasefire was announced, diplomats in Teheran estimated that the Revolutionary Guard Corps, which had originally been a volunteer body and had closely vetted its members'

Islamic and revolutionary credentials, was by then eighty per cent conscripts. The shift was also reflected in a conversation I had with a government official who had spent eighteen months in the Army and then had covered the war for the Islamic Republic News Agency before joining a key ministry. A month before the ceasefire was announced, I asked him if he could explain the contradictions in Iran's war policy, which appeared to be more than two-track diplomacy. Khomeini had pledged to continue fighting even if the war took twenty years to bring down Saddam Hussein, and yet the government for the past year had called for pursuing mediation. The official replied in a soft voice, "It is not only the West that cannot understand." Then he volunteered, "From the beginning we used the wrong motto"—a reference to the implied goal in the slogan "War until victory," a standard chant of troops, at Friday prayers, and in government propaganda for eight years. The war that had sustained the revolution had slowly begun to destroy it.

SOME Iranian officials appeared to have come to that realization. The headquarters of the Sepah Pasdaran, or Revolutionary Guard Corps, consisted of two unimaginative yellow brick high rises. The blocks around them were tightly cordoned off, and I needed a minder—as escorts were called—from the Ministry of Islamic Guidance to gain entry. The entrance of the first building bustled with troops checking in from leave, picking up their pay, and getting papers processed. We crossed a courtyard filled with beds of well-tended red rosebushes into the second building, where an enormous red sign, in Farsi and English, proclaimed, "THE PERSIAN GULF WILL BE THE GRAVEYARD OF THE UNITED STATES."

I had come to see Mohsen Rafiqdoost, the Minister of the Revolutionary Guards. Before the interview began, I was escorted into the Sepah public-relations department and offered tea. In general, Iranians are extremely polite, and hospitable protocol had been observed in every office I visited. As I chatted with one bureaucrat, he pulled out a scrapbook and showed me the official collection of Pasdaran pictures, which, I noticed, were printed on Kodak paper. There were dozens of different shots, including a series showing a gala sendoff of troops leaving for the front. They could have been troops from any Third World country, except that each Pasdar wore a bright headband declaring the greatness of God or Khomeini. The picture that impressed me the most, however, was a closeup of Rafiqdoost showing him in plain green fatigues with the yellow-and-blue Pasdar badge on his pocket. It was the standard dress of the Pasdars, without bars or clusters for rank, without medals, without epaulets—a stark contrast to the Iranian Army and Navy uniforms, which were still based on the American models. Tied around his forehead was a red bandanna with a yellow inscription: "Sayyed Shohada," or "Master of the Martyrs." When the official noticed me studying the photograph, he came over and pulled the picture out of its plastic cover and offered it to me.

Mohsen Rafiqdoost turned out to be a surprisingly small man, with a carefully cropped beard and mustache, and with a twinkle in his dark eyes. Everything on his desk was neatly placed. The only special piece of equipment was a shortwave set next to his desk. Unlike other Iranian officials I had visited, Rafiqdoost did not begin with the standard amenities. He was very businesslike and said that he did not have much time and that he was ready for my questions. At first, we talked about the origins of the Sepah Pasdaran and its early role as the mullahs consolidated their power over various counter-revolutionaries, referred to as *goruhcheh*, or "grouplets," and *monafaqin*, or hypocrites. The Sepah Pasdaran insured that the mullahs emerged alone from a loose coalition of leftists, Communists, and Islamic secularists, the last being those who favored Islamic law but wanted it administered by lay bureaucrats. Between 1979 and 1983, the Revolutionary Guards, in street clashes and raids on opposition headquarters or hideouts, suppressed all the leading challengers, including the Mojahedin-e Khalq, which advocates Islamic socialism, and the Communist Tudeh Party. They also subdued the various Kurdish, Baluchi, and Turkmen ethnic political factions. The Revolutionary Guards started as a force of several thousand in 1979 and grew to about three hundred thousand by 1988—almost as large a force as the regular Army, according to estimates by London's International Institute for Strategic Studies. When I asked Rafiqdoost about the Pasdaran's strength, he smiled at me as if I should have known better, and said, "In wartime, no nation reveals numbers."

The Pasdaran played a central role in the war but did not always act in unison with the Army. Over the years, there have been sporadic reports of clashes between the two units because of both ideological and tactical differences. Still smiling, Rafiqdoost conceded, "There is a kind of competition between them." But he denied the general scuttlebutt of Teheran that the rivalry had been exacerbated during the past two years because the Pasdaran had begun developing its own navy and air force. "Between the Army and the Revolutionary Guards under the Commander-in-Chief there can't be a fight," Rafiqdoost declared. For one thing, he said, they had different functions. "If the Iraqis invade, then it is the duty of the Army to provide protection," he explained. "But since that war was started with the agreement of the United States and the Soviet Union, and with the intention of overthrowing the revolution, we also fought."

Rafiqdoost was perhaps more candid with me about his own background. He told me that he was trained in the nineteen-seventies by the Palestine Liberation Organization in Lebanon, but he made a point of saying that he no longer "accepted" P.L.O. chairman Yasir Arafat, and added, a bit angrily, that he had known Arafat well. (The P.L.O. trained many Iranian dissidents, and in the early years of the Khomeini regime relations were close; the former Israeli Embassy in Teheran was turned over to the P.L.O. in 1979. But Iran and the P.L.O. fell out after Iran discovered that Palestinian guer-

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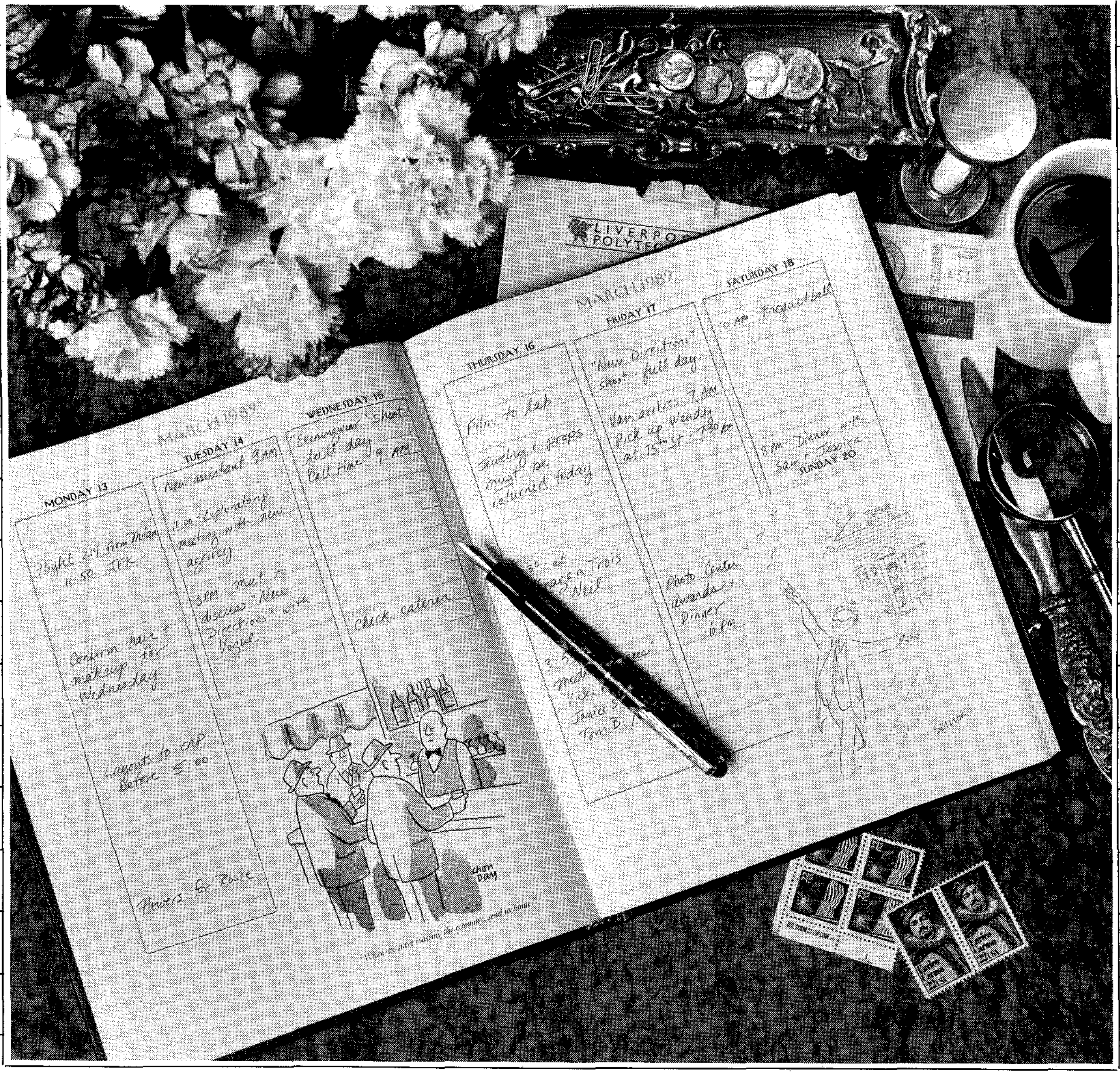

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rillas were training the opposition, and Palestinian-Shiite hostilities in Lebanon estranged them further.) During the initial upheaval in Teheran, Rafiqdoost said, he had provided the demonstrators with weaponry, of unspecified calibre and quantity, and after the revolution, shortly before his appointment to the Cabinet, he had led a group of Pasdars to Lebanon, in what was the first successful export of the revolution. I asked him more about the Lebanon excursion.

"The first Revolutionary Guards went in with me in 1982 after Lebanon was invaded by Israel," he said. "We wanted to transfer our culture to Muslims in Lebanon. I saw the corrupted culture there. We started to show Muslims in Lebanon our way of living and our way of fighting. We hope many in Lebanon who live under the tyranny of the minority will get back their rights." This apparently seemed a quite normal admission to him; as the minder translated for me, Rafiqdoost put on his glasses and read the morning paper.

By and large, Iran's presence in Lebanon has been subtle. The Revolutionary Guards were indeed missionaries more than fighters during the three-year Israeli occupation of southern Lebanon. But they built up a network of extremist militiamen, who managed to accomplish in three years what the P.L.O. had been unable to do in two decades. Under pressure from small Shiite squads of attackers and suicide bombers, Israel withdrew from all but a small enclave of Arab territory without a single security guarantee for its vulnerable northern Galilee or for the volatile border.

I asked Rafiqdoost about charges that his troops, who were still deployed in Lebanon, had been behind the suicide bombings and the hostage-taking in Beirut.

"We don't need such action by the Revolutionary Guards," he said. "In Lebanon, we trained the people who drove a bomb into the American Marine barracks, but we didn't tell them to do such an act. We only trained the Lebanese to defend their country. When we heard about the bomb"—which killed two hundred and forty-one American troops—"we were happy. But we didn't plan it. It was their right. Ask yourself, Why were the Americans in Lebanon?" Not, he implied, to help the Muslim community.

At least since 1981, the Pasdaran has been a leading vehicle for spreading the Islamic Republic's vision, through training, arming, and also, it is said, funding Islamic extremist groups in the Middle East and elsewhere. "If they want help, then we will help them. Iraqis, Lebanese, and Afghans, we do train them," Rafiqdoost said with some pride. "If any foreign forces want to be trained, they are trained by the Revolutionary Guards, not by anyone else in Iran."

He drew a distinction, however, between different forms of violence. "We are against hijackings," he said. "We can do something against the military but not against women and children." He did not directly address the hostage issue except to say, "We are *not* responsible for all the organizations in Lebanon." Later, an envoy from a nation that has dealt with Iran over its own Beirut hostages told me his government believed that Iran had been experiencing some difficulty in "influencing" its Lebanese Shiite allies.

What seemed to interest Rafiqdoost more than the past, however, was the future. He talked about reconstructing the country after the war. "During the Shah's time, they were only constructing big cities, and all the money was spent there. A lot of our villages need to be constructed." He then leaned forward and became more interested in the interview. "The revolution has already done a lot in the countryside, but there is still much to do," he said. "In the Revolutionary Guards, we have a lot of experts, and many people come to us with ideas. They have been able to make us more self-sufficient in weaponry, but they can do social, cultural, and war reconstruction, too. The duty of the Army is to take care of the whole country and to protect the lands. The duty of the Revolutionary Guards is to take care of the revolution."

TAKING care of the revolution, especially at the stage it seemed to have reached this summer, preoccupied Iranian officials. A sense of insecurity and defensiveness permeated the revolution. The lofty ambitions of its early years seemed to be mellowing into a realization, if not a public admission, of its shortcomings and flaws. At the same time, perhaps sensing the revolution's vulnerability, the komitehs, or committees, which police social and political conduct, were ever vigilant. They often set up roadblocks, especially on the Islamic weekend, to catch possible saboteurs as well as to detect deviant behavior, such as the use of alcohol. The depth of the komitehs' penetration was evident when I attended a party where one of the guests brought a bottle of real French champagne. "Ooh!" the hostess cooed. Then she turned to her houseboy and instructed him to smash the bottle into tiny pieces after it was emptied. "You have to be careful of the garbagemen," she explained to me. "Some of them go through things and tell the komiteh." She went on to tell me of a foreign family that had been caught this way. In many cases, foreigners were exempt from Islamic codes of conduct, but this family had made large amounts of wine and had not taken precautions. Neighborhood komiteh members got wind of the operation, presumably through the garbage collectors, and visited the family. They found eight hundred bottles of wine, and smashed all but one.

I had a personal encounter with the komitehs. During a visit to Teheran last year, I stayed at the former Hilton Hotel, where the Miss Iran contest had been held during the Shah's regime. Since the revolution, it had been renamed the Esteqlal, or Independence. The hotel was, at best, sloppy about telephone messages and paging, so when an Iranian arrived for an interview I asked him to come up to my room. After we had talked for about forty-five minutes, I received a call. "We know there is a man in your room," the voice said. "Unless you both come out immediately, we will be forced to come in. We are across the hall." My visitor and I immediately left the room and headed for the lobby. I went over to the desk and summoned the assistant manager, whom I had previously suspected of being the in-house zealot. I told him, in a calm voice, that I was outraged at being treated this way. If the hotel could not take messages or page me in the lobby, I said, what did it expect me to do but invite guests to my room? He became very apologetic. "I am sorry for this terrible misunderstanding. It will not happen again," he said. Then he added, "It is really better if you do not have men in your chamber. We are trying to stop prostitution and it doesn't look good." I realized then that the komiteh's concern was possible sexual activity.

My visitor and I decided to continue our conversation in the lobby, near a window. We had just begun to talk when the assistant manager, now blushing, came over. "I am sorry, but I must ask you to move," he said. "The men, you know, are swimming." The place we had selected overlooked the Hilton pool, and I, as a woman, was not supposed to look at bare-breasted male swimmers.

Finally, the invisible hand of the komiteh was revealed. As my visitor and I carried on our talk in a different part of the lobby, I saw a young woman sweep by, her chador billowing and exposing only her eyes, nose, and mouth. She stopped and looked at me, then turned and walked over to have a few words with a waiter who served tea and cakes. While I watched, he draped a white cloth over his left arm, put a little pink card on top of a doily on a plate, and headed in my direction. "The Islamic Society kindly seeks your considerate observance of its customs in promotion of mutual respect," the pink card read, in English. "To further our good relations, we respectfully request your observance of Islamic dress during your stay with us." The reverse side had a picture, in case there was any doubt. It turned out that my head scarf had slipped, revealing several inches of hair. With the komiteh woman looking on from the other side of the lobby, I pulled up my hejab. She then left.

FREEDOM of expression, in body and in soul, has long been an Iranian passion. That includes a lot of complaining, no matter who is in power. The home is, at least in theory, sacrosanct from penetration by the komitehs, so people's homes were one place I could go to find out what Iranians were thinking. One evening, I went to a party in the home of an upper-middle-class family. About twenty of us sat on the floor on oblong cushions woven in rich reds and browns, chatting and eating a refreshing light soup of yogurt and cucumbers seasoned with dill. A ponytailed three-year-old in overalls pranced back and forth, sneaking potato chips and pistachios from bowls laid out on tables. Her mother, the hostess, had streaked blond hair and wore turquoise balloon trousers and a blouse in a floral print of turquoise, pink, and white. Her costume jewelry matched the ensemble. The hostess's sister, in a pleated pink outfit, had salon-coiffed hair, at which I marvelled, because it did not have the squashed, flattened look of hair that had been under a hejab. Since the revolution, many Iranian women have become skilled at draping, rather than tying, their brightly decorated scarves around their shoulders to save their hairdos. When they take off Islamic dress, they can be among the most exotic women in the world.

The host had asked me what I wanted to drink. Thinking of the homemade stills I had seen on visits to Saudi Arabia, I inquired where he managed to get liquor. For the past three or four years, he told me, he had had a regular source of quality moonshine made locally. Stories about the sources of liquor are legendary in Teheran, but he preferred not to know the details of its production. Liquor, however, is not Iran's biggest substance problem. Long before the revolution, homegrown opium was the drug of choice, and since 1979 it has been cheaper and more accessible than alcohol, especially for those of less than moderate means. Teheran's papers regularly reported drug busts, and members of a family that lived near the prison reserved mainly for narcotics dealers and users told me that they occasionally heard shots in the night, and assumed they were firing-squad executions.

As we sat cozily on the floor, a man in the corner began to tap on a *santur*, the Persian equivalent of a xylophone, which sounded melodious, if a bit tinny, to an unaccustomed ear. "He was very famous before the revolution," one of the guests said of the musician. "He used to play in many of the clubs. Now he gets some work in private homes, but not very much." Soon the hostess's brother-in-law began to sing along with the music, his eyes closed and his body swaying slowly from side to side. He worked in biology and genetics, his wife said, but his first love had always been the lyrics of the fourteenth-century poet

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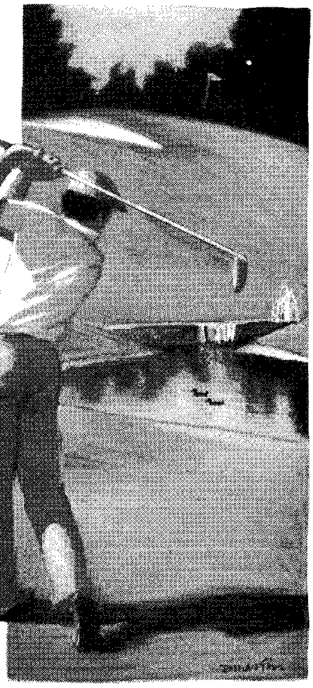

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Hāfez. Many of the men then began to click their fingers, and several urged the singer's wife to dance. She took the center of the floor and began to move rhythmically, and rather erotically. The chandelier above her exposed the outline of her hips and thighs under her pleated pink skirt, which I somehow sensed that she knew. The guest next to me asked if I had seen this type of dancing before. I made the mistake of saying yes, I had lived in the Arab world for several years. "This is nothing like the Arabs' dance," the guest protested. "This kind of dance is done only in Iran."

I asked another guest if this was a typical kind of evening for the group.

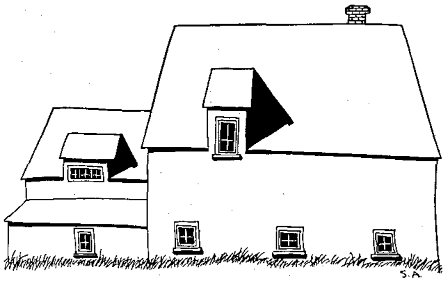
"What else is there to do?" was the reply. "This is one of the biggest problems of the revolution. We are confined to our homes."

THIS summer, frustration and discontent also began to be played out on a more critical level for the government. Virtually every aspect of life and politics had been troubled by economic problems. In July, the dollar was legally worth sixty-seven rials, but the black-market rate was twenty times higher. Although Teheranis' salaries were in rials, all prices except for rationed goods were pegged to the black market. Gasoline was rationed to about sixteen gallons per car per month, and it was not unusual to see lines a quarter of a mile long in front of gas stations, many of which had only one out of three or four pumps in operation. At the government food store on Vali-e Asr Avenue, ten of the twelve rows of shelves were filled by two items—locally made Chin Chin tomato ketchup and canned beans. Basic foodstuffs, such as meat and sugar, which were also rationed, were hard to find, and some commodities on the black market could run up to ten times the official price.

In the aftermath of the ceasefire, the fate of the revolution may well depend on how the Islamic Republic deals with its economic issues. Public demand for solutions to these problems clearly played a role in the decision to end the Gulf conflict, and even before the ceasefire was accepted Iran was attempting to shift its primary focus from exporting the revolution and challenging assorted infidels back to meeting at least some of the failed expectations of its constituents. Finding a way to do this, however, may not be as easy as ending the war.

The role of the Teheran bazaaris, or merchants, will be crucial to this effort. Support from the bazaaris, who have at various times controlled as much as a third of Iranian commerce, has since the sixteenth century been one of the three mainstays, along with the military and the clergy, of all governments that have managed to survive. (The bazaaris' decision to close down during the final months of the Shah's rule was one of several moves that gave him no alternative but to leave.) Since the spring, the bazaaris have again been growing restless. Teheran's Great Bazaar, which dominates a network of bazaars throughout the country, is a covered labyrinth of shops and tiny stalls crowded into a few square blocks. Here one can buy both the essentials and the frills of life, from a quarter's worth of spice to a hundred-thousand-dollar carpet. Not much light comes in from narrow slits in the bazaar's high roof, and the dust is so thick that venders regularly pour water from plastic jugs onto their alleys to damp it down. Yet the bazaar is a festive place, full of flashy lights, bright colors, and rich aromas. Near the main entrance is the gold section, sparkling with bangles, chains, and pendants, their richness enhanced by backdrops of mirrors or royal-blue felt. Hanging from the marquee of a ladies'-apparel shop are samples of several of the items available inside, including a ruffled red negligee. Despite the imposition of the chador, several shops carry Iranian carpets depicting the Mona Lisa, Rubensesque women with revealing bosoms, and other female figures.

Historically, the bazaaris have been an integral part of Iranian politics, both because they have had a central role in the economy and because they have been closely allied with the mullahs. The main link in a complicated triangle of power was money. The government looked to the bazaar as a source of revenue and to help keep the economy healthy. The bazaar, in exchange, received the ear of government, which usually had to factor bazaari feeling into major decisions. Through religious taxes, the mullahs relied on the bazaar for the resources to sustain their religious institutions. The bazaar had influence within the clergy also. When prices rose, the bazaaris could turn to the mullahs to calm public grumbling. In other words, the survival of each of the three powers was traditionally dependent on the survival of both the others.



That equation began to change, however, when Iran nationalized oil, in 1951. The government then began to look to petroleum sales, not to the bazaar, as its main source of revenue. This disruption of the status quo meant that the bazaaris began to lose their influence. Modernization and foreign goods contributed to the emergence of supermarkets and department stores that rivalled the bazaar. "The xenophobia expressed during the revolution had to do not only with resentment of foreign influence over the Shah," a European commercial attaché explained to me. "A big part of it also came from the bazaaris, who lost their monopoly over Iranian commerce. They didn't want to get rid of Coca-Cola, Kleenex, or Mercedes, but *they* wanted to be the ones to sell it." The classic alliance between the bazaaris and the mullahs, who were also losing their influence on government to foreign advisers, gained new momentum. "The bazaar subsidized the mullahs in order to get the foreigners out during the revolution," the attaché said.

The bazaaris played a major role in the aftermath of the revolution, but the bazaar-clergy alliance gradually began to break down, because the theocrats made the same mistake as the Shah. "The mullahs now have their own money—from oil—and they don't need the bazaar so much," the European attaché said. Moreover, foreign trade, which the bazaar had once again begun to dominate, was gradually usurped by the government. Pro-bazaar elements have increasingly been replaced in the executive branch. In this spring's elections for the parliament's two hundred and seventy seats, the bazaar put up several candidates, but only one of them won, and then just barely.

Several bazaaris were uncommunicative about their relationship with the

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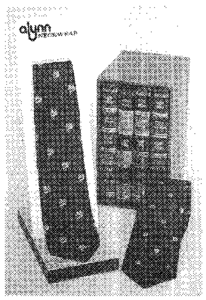

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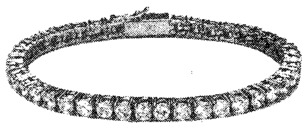

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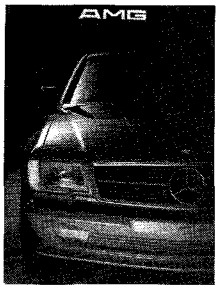

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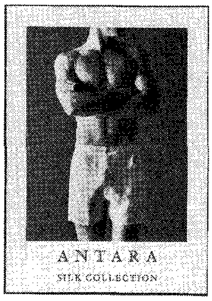

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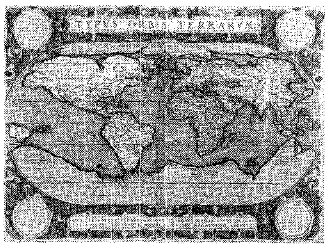

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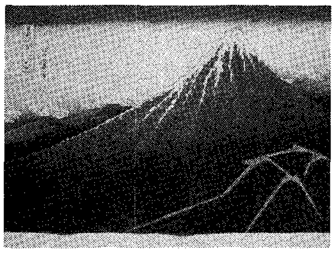

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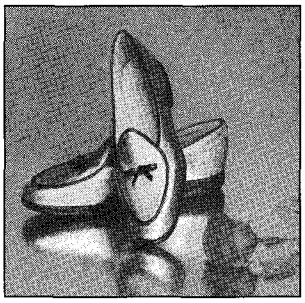
15

BARNES & NOBLE

Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc. Satisfying book lovers since 1873. This unique catalogue from the "world's largest bookstore" brings you hundreds of hardcover book bargains, current paperbacks, rare editions, records and tapes, videocassettes, desk accessories, plus exclusive offers available by mail only from Barnes & Noble—with savings of up to 80% off publishers' prices. 30-day money-back guarantee. U.S. only. Send **$1.00.**

16



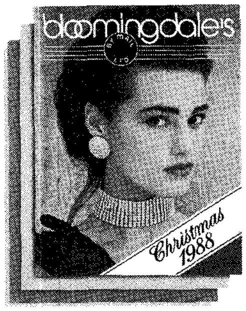
Belgian Shoes. Henri Bendel, owner of Belgian Shoes, has had but one credo: quality. His handmade casuals for both men and women have been worn for some 40 years. The full-color catalogue shows 150 colors and fabrics for ladies—as well as the classic colors for men. Color brochure upon request, **$3.00.**

17

BERGDORF
GOODMAN

Bergdorf Goodman. There is only one Bergdorf Goodman. A special world filled with unlimited luxury and innovative style. And now our Men's and Women's Fashion Books can bring this world home to you. One-year subscription, **$7.00.**

18



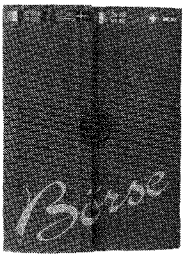
Bloomingdale's By Mail. For just $3.00, you'll receive our spectacular 112-page Christmas Catalogue and a full year of fashion, home furnishings, and gift catalogues. Plus, you'll get a $3.00 gift certificate as our holiday gift to you! Please allow 4-6 weeks for shipment. **$3.00.**

19

BOOKS of WONDER

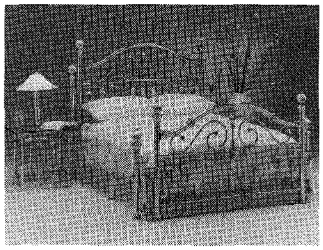
Books of Wonder. New York's largest children's bookstore, specializing in imaginative books for the young and young-at-heart, brings you a distinguished selection of childhood classics and modern masterpieces to read and share. Three illustrated catalogues—including a special Maurice Sendak Catalogue—for **$3.00.** Also available, a catalogue of old and rare collectible children's books. **$3.00.**

20,21



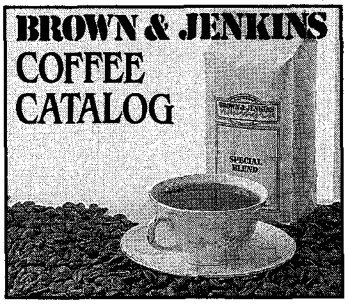
Börse. Börse brings you the catalogues and new creations of Käthe Wohlfahrt's in Rothenburg, Germany—hundreds of ornaments and distinctive Old-World gifts from Europe's largest, most attractive year-round Christmas store. Order now, and enjoy a browse through color illustrations of these truly unique collections! **$2.00.**

22



Brass Beds Direct. Now you can combine dream with reality. The dream of quality plus the most idealistic prices. Invite our heirloom brass beds for a private showing in the comfort of your own home. Then relax and enjoy the great selection of styles. Many styles, but only one quality. . . the finest. Prices start at $349 a bed. 19 years to back our quality. **$2.00.**

23



Brown & Jenkins Coffee Catalog. Brown & Jenkins Coffee Catalog offers great coffee and more. Over 50 fresh-roasted gourmet coffees to choose from . . . including decafs and flavored coffees. Plus Vermont gourmet foods, chocolates, cheeses, fruits, and more. Special money-saving samplers and gift packages. One-year catalogue subscription includes a $3.00 gift certificate. **$1.00.**

24

BROWNSTONE
STUDIO

Brownstone Studio. Send for Fall; Brownstone Studio style—the best of New York fashion for business, pleasure, every aspect of your life. Everything in sizes 6-20. Call around the clock toll-free, (800) 221-2468. Or write: Brownstone Studio, Dept. NY/2, One East 43rd Street, New York, NY 10175. Catalogue subscription, **free.**

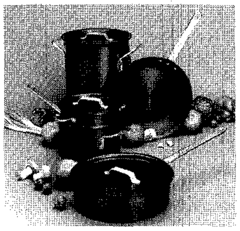
25

BULLOCK & JONES
SINCE 1853

Bullock & Jones. Shop Bullock & Jones, famous for 135 years of uncompromising quality, through its award-winning catalogue. Choose from Fall's finest men's sportswear, clothing, furnishings, and accessories—all characterized by timeless design, superb materials, and superlative manufacture. And now, a special collection for women, available only through our catalogue. **$3.00.**

26

Calphalon®
COOKWARE



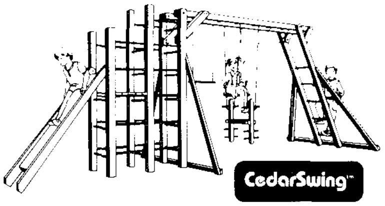
Calphalon. The choice of gourmet chefs since the mid-60s, Calphalon is a heavy-duty cookware crafted of highly conductive, virtually pure aluminum. The jewel-like surface is not a coating but an integral part of the metal. Surface hardness is greater than that of stainless steel and is abrasion- and stick-resistant. Catalogue, **free.**

27

CATHERINE'S CHOCOLATES

Catherine's Chocolates. Holiday gift boxes are our specialty. We will send orders anywhere in the world! Send $15.95 for our famous one-pound sampler (Stockbridge Road, Great Barrington, MA 01230-9511). Catalogue shows wide assortment of our hand-dipped chocolates made with kitchen-fresh ingredients from century-old family recipes. Call (800) 345-2462 (in MA, (413) 528-2510). **Free.**

28



CedarWorks. Rugged wood playsets from Rockport, Maine. Satisfied owners from coast to coast say they're the best sets made for family fun. Solidly built with 4 x 4 splinter-free cedar and a playful spirit, their design and construction guarantee years of outdoor activity. CedarWorks, Rte. 1, Box 640N, Rockport, ME 04856. Color catalogue, **free.**

29

CHEF'S CATALOG

Chef's Catalog. Cook like a pro with the finest kitchenware. Full-color 52-page catalogues feature over 1,001 unique gourmet kitchenwares. Satisfaction guaranteed. Act now to receive our Christmas catalogue! One-year subscription plus free $5.00 gift certificate, **$3.00.**

30

THE COCKPIT

The Cockpit. Our catalogue features clothing for every adventure. We have the world's largest selection of leather and sheepskin bomber jackets, "vintage" Raider jackets, flight suits, khakis, RAF boots and gloves, aviation T-shirts, gifts, and accessories! 40-page color catalogue, **$2.00.**

31

A COMMON READER

A Common Reader. What do our readers have in common? Too many books and the need for more. Our catalogue is a selection for readers with imagination. Two years of catalogues, **$2.00.**

32

COUNTRY CURTAINS®

Country Curtains. Charming ruffles, fringe- and lace-trimmed curtains. Tab styles, too. Warm colors and cheerful prints, balloons, lots of lace, lined and insulated styles, bed ensembles, wooden rods, and more. Perfect with antiques, Victorian and 20th-century furniture. Ten retail stores. 56-page color catalogue, **free.**

33

Country
Cycling
Tours

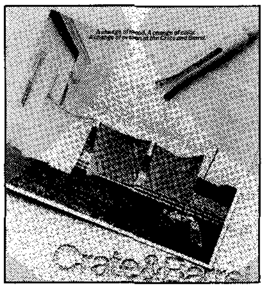
Country Cycling Tours. Send for our new 1989 color catalogue of over 200 bicycle tours for adults and families. Discover the countryside in the eastern United States, Europe, China, and the Caribbean. Dedicated leaders. Support vehicles. Great accommodations—no roughing it. Meet interesting people. Wonderful walking tours, too. Our 13th year. **Free.**

34

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

The Country Iron Foundry. A Fireback makes your fireplace safer, more efficient, and more beautiful. These handsome cast-iron plates protect against damage to the rear wall of your fireplace. They also radiate heat into the room. Catalogue of 35 antique replica and contemporary designs, each handcast in the U.S.A. **$2.00.**

35



Crate & Barrel. Colorful, unique, contemporary home furnishings accessories and gifts, many of them exclusive to Crate & Barrel, including dinnerware, cookware, stemware, barware, Christmas entertaining items, and children's gifts. One year for just **$2.00.**

36

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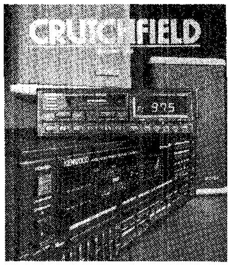
Critics' Choice Video. 88 pages of documentaries, musicals, classics, children's special interest videos, and latest hits. Over 1,500 titles. . .500 under $20.00. Toll-free ordering, large selection (VHS only), fast delivery. Full-year subscription to the catalogue (three issues plus regular supplements) and "$10.00 off" coupon good on your first order, just **$2.00.**

37



Crutchfield. Get a better deal on stereo and video equipment by using the Crutchfield catalogue. Kenwood, Sony, Pioneer, JVC, Bose, Dual, and many more top brands at discount prices. Over 100 pages of up-to-date information, comparison charts, color photos, and consumer tips to help you pick the best components for your car and home. **$1.00.**

38

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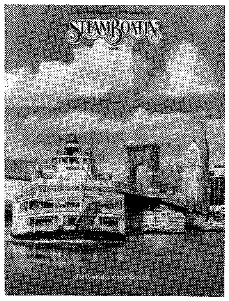
Daedalus Books. Five catalogues a year feature books by authors such as E.B. White, Edna O'Brien, Carlos Fuentes, William Gass, and Andrei Codrescu at up to 90% off list price. Two years of annotated catalogues filled with sale books for readers will be sent to you for **$1.00.**

39

David Morgan. David Morgan offers a unique selection of specialties. Classic outdoor clothing. English waxed cotton, moleskin, corduroy, and durable wools; Akubra hats from Australia; Northwest Coast Indian and Celtic jewelry; maps and guides to Britain; Welsh ethnic items, and more. Telephone (206) 485-2132, or send for catalogue. **Free.**

40



Delta Queen Steamboat Co. Steamboatin'—the Original American Vacation. Free full-color deluxe brochure describing spectacular 2 to 12 night Mississippi and Ohio River vacations aboard the legendary Delta Queen and the magnificent Mississippi Queen. Highlights include breathtaking views, gourmet cuisine, and great entertainment in 65 fascinating pages. **Free.**

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Since 1878

Dempsey & Carroll. Since 1878. Dempsey & Carroll has created its own elegant line of hand-engraved Christmas cards and stationery designs that can be personalized with your own holiday greeting. Our corporate program gives special attention to your company's logos, crests, or coats-of-arms. Catalogue, **$2.00,** refundable with order.

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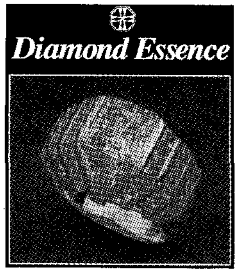

Diamond Essence. Diamond Essence® pieces—the best diamond substitutes ever created, set in 14k. solid gold, astound diamond lovers. Build your very own collection of distinctive jewelry. The ones you've always wanted for daytime professionalism or nighttime dazzle. Subscribe to our world of versatile, affordable elegance. **$3.00.**

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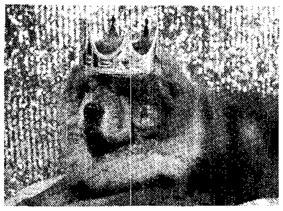
❤ DU-SAY'S ❤



Pampering Pets for Over 50 Years

Du-Say's. The full-color catalogue of new, hard-to-find items for caring pet owners. The latest in pet fashions, collars, toys, bedding, grooming and housebreaking aids, travel accessories, and much more! Great gifts for the pet owner. Special section just for cats. Du-Say's, Dept. 970, Box 1036, Picayune, MS 39466. (601) 798-1821, 24 hours a day. **Free.**

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Eddie Bauer

Eddie Bauer. Exciting natural-fiber sportswear and active apparel, legendary Bauer down outerwear, footwear, luggage, and unique gifts—all backed by our lifetime, unconditional guarantee. Call or write today: Toll-free, anytime (800) 426-8020 (Dept. ZAU). Eddie Bauer, Fifth & Union, PO Box 3787, Seattle, WA 98124-2287. **Free.**

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EXPRESS
MUSIC
CATALOG

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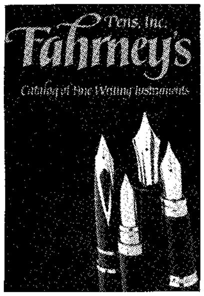

Fahrney's Pens, Inc. Welcome to Fahrney's, the pen fancier's mecca for over 55 years. We offer the finest writing instruments from around the world (often at considerable savings). Fountain pens are our specialty. We also carry refills, ink, lead, erasers—everything you'll need for great writing! Visit our store at 1430 G Street, N.W., Washington, DC. **$2.00.**

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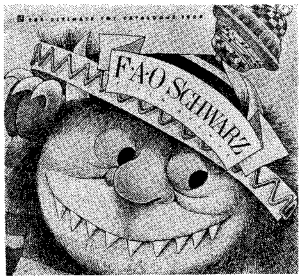

FAO Schwarz. Discover over 250 toys from around the world. Handcrafted rockers. Collectible dolls. Miniature trains. Learning games. Toys for adults. And other Wild Things. It's the Ultimate Toy Catalogue from the Ultimate Toy Store. **$5.00.**

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54

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The Original Natural Fibers Catalog

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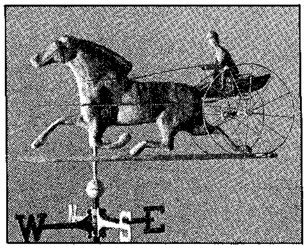

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Good Directions, Inc. Catalogue of over 40 antique replica and original design weathervanes featuring all-copper figures with rounded bodies (not flat cut-outs), solid brass directionals, copper spaceballs, and steel rods. Available in your choice of antiqued green or polished finish. We also offer wood cupolas, brass sundials, and more. **$1.00.**

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FOR LESS

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58,59

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60

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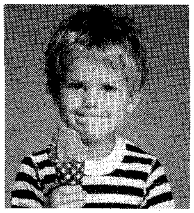

Hanna Andersson
100% Cotton

Hanna Andersson. Hanna is the mother of two, and her 100% cotton clothing is designed for the way children live. Bright primary colors in solids and stripes, plus soft, quality cotton combined in sensible, comfortable designs available only through her full-color 40-page catalogue. **$1.00.**

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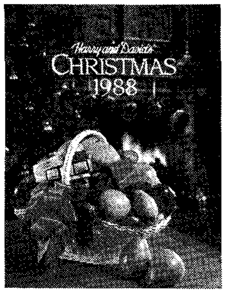

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NATURALLY SMOKED SEAFOODS FROM MAINE

Horton's Naturally Smoked Seafood from Maine. Fresh smoked seafood such as Maine mussels, Atlantic salmon, shrimp, scallops, mackerel, trout, seafood pâtés, and more. Recipes and serving suggestions, too. Even one or two fish stories. The Guide to Horton's Fine Smoked Seafood. Send for the only catalogue written for smoked seafood fanatics. If you can't wait for the mail, call (800) 346-6066. **Free.**
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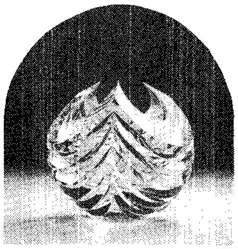

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Museum Crystal Hoya. The museum you can buy from offers a magnificent catalogue presentation of their art and functional crystal collections. Pieces range from approximately $50 - $15,000. The Hoya Crystal Gallery, 450 Park Avenue at 57th Street, New York, NY 10022. **$6.00.**
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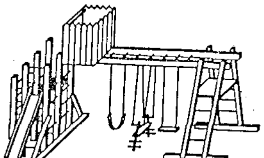
68



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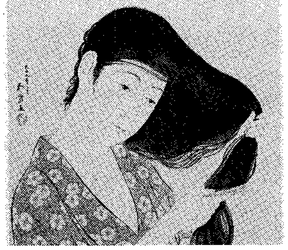
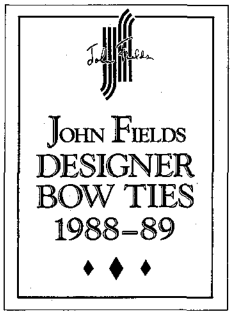
Isis Innovations. Quality at play. Isis playsets are crafted with the highest regard for quality and safety. All of our units are complete 4 x 4 construction, 100% redwood, with maple rungs. We have carefully designed each set to meet or exceed all the safety requirements set forth by the C.P.S.C. and N.B.S. (800) 245-5224. Color catalogue, **free.**
69

J. Crew. Sourcebook for a true American Style — for office, weekend, and workout. A 100-page catalogue of our unique designs that embody quality and comfort as thoroughly as tradition. **$1.00.**
70

JAPAN COLLECTION



The Japan Collection. A 48-page, full-color catalogue from the Ronin Gallery, which has the largest collection of fine Japanese art in the United States. Rare 17th- to 20th-century woodblock prints, crafts, netsuke, imari, posters, cards, books, and other unusual gift and decorating ideas from Japan. Visit us at 605 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022, (212) 688-0188. For a two-year subscription send **$5.00.**
71



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BOW TIES
1988–89
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72

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73

Leica

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74

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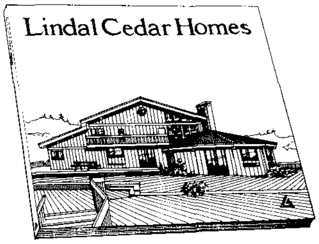

Lindal Cedar Homes. Contemporary ideas for kitchen, bath, and the entire cedar home, showcased in the new Lindal Cedar Homes Planbook. Get 200 pages of beautiful color photographs, 90 custom plans, design tips, and full details on insulation and solar, too. Draw your own custom home using the unique planning grids provided. **$10.00.** Video also available for **$19.95.** Call (800) 426-0536.

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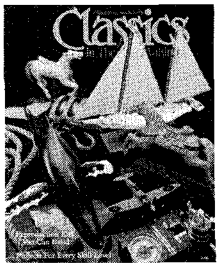

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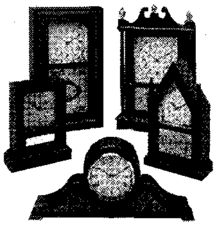

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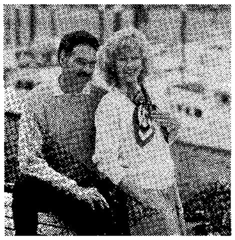

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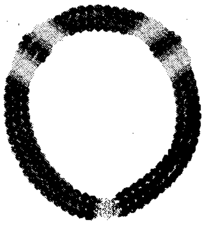

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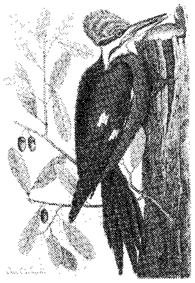

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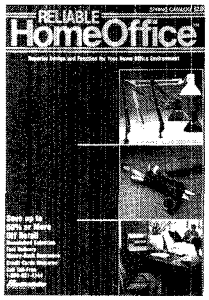

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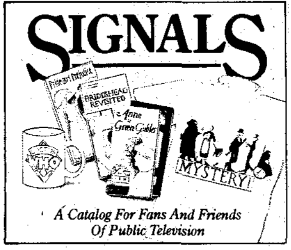

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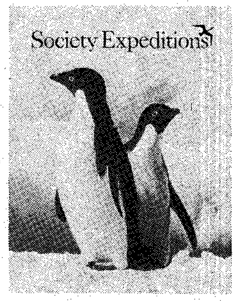

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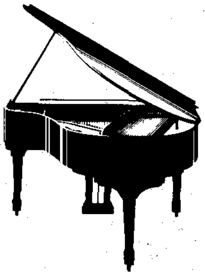

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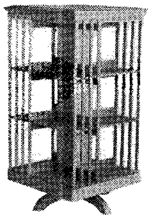

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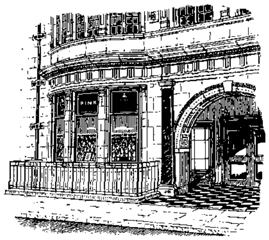

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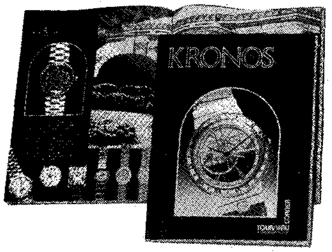

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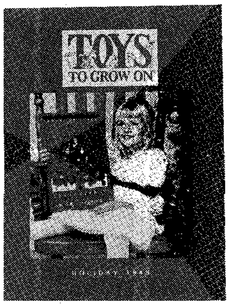

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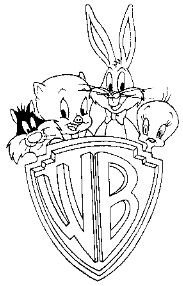

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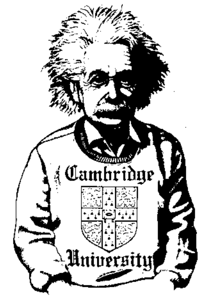

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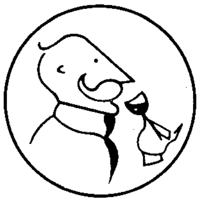

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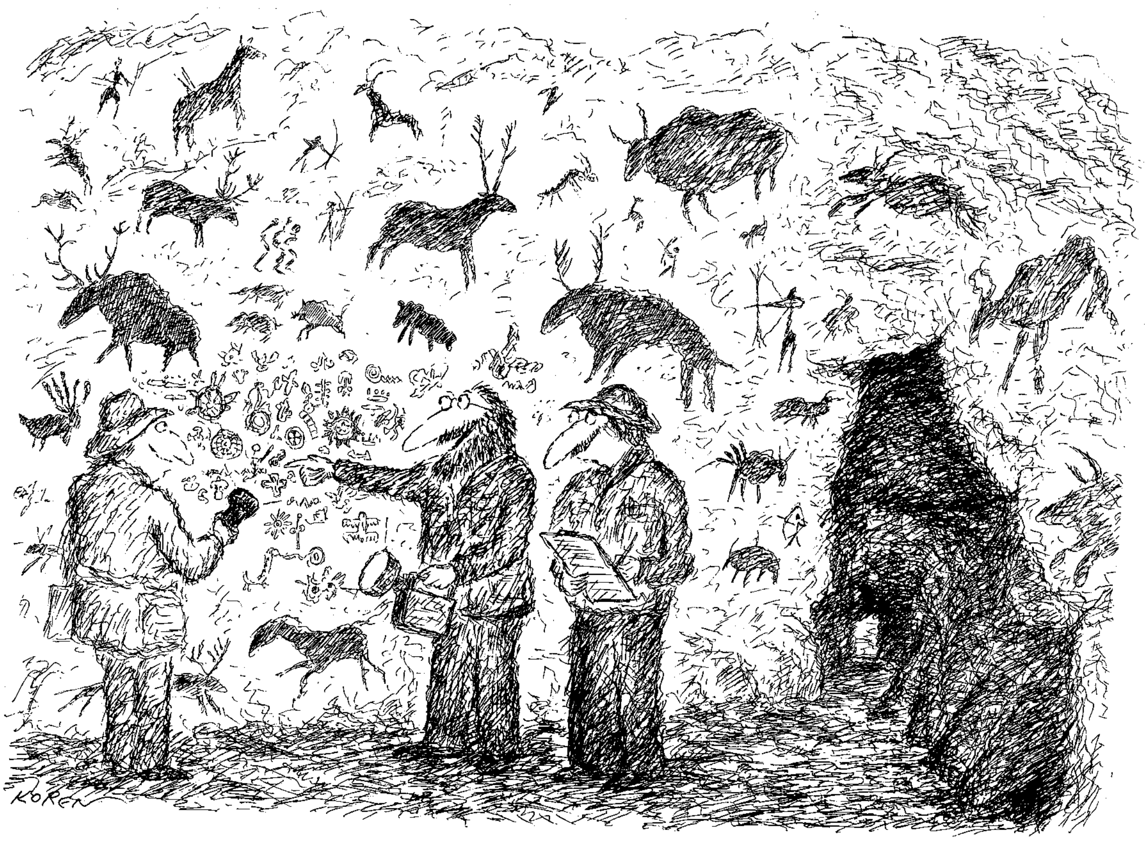
government. They would talk incessantly about their goods, but the mere mention of officialdom would silence them. The most candid remark I heard came from the owner of an appliance shop. "Even if I don't like the regime and even if I have troubles, I'm not going to say so," he remarked grumpily. "I'm Iranian. You may not like Reagan, but you're American, so you would never say so to a foreigner." Business was clearly bad. His shop used to specialize in sewing machines, but he recently had been unable to import any. A lone black Sinclair of vintage manufacture sat on the floor. Most of his merchandise—toasters, blenders, and beaters—was either secondhand or limited to a single sample, each bought from an Iranian who had travelled abroad and brought back foreign wares.



"And, finally, to my wife, my love and appreciation for her understanding and critical insights, without whom this project would never have been accomplished."

"Frustration must run very deep in the bazaar now," the European attaché said. "The mullahs have gone into the bazaar for taxes—for war 'contributions,' for the two religious taxes, and for state taxes—and the bazaaris have paid up. But the bazaaris are getting even less in return than they did from the Shah."

BECAUSE of its conflicting constituencies, the revolution has always had inherent contradictions. Although the bazaaris helped make the revolution possible, it was in fact conducted in the name of the disinherited *mostazafin* and the adherents of "barefoot Islam." On several occasions, Iran's parliament has tried to deal with economic disparities, but the deep rifts between the sectors have always reëmerged to stymie implementation. In 1980, the then dominant Revolutionary Council approved a land-reform law, but it gave rise to such chaos and so much criticism from the clergy and the landowners that Khomeini suspended it after seven months, and hundreds of thousands of acres were given back to their original owners. Subsequent bills on trade nationalization, on expropriation of the lands of Iranians who had fled the country, and on urban-land use, as well as some labor laws, were, after lengthy deliberations and compromises, also passed by the parliament, only to be vetoed by the Council of Guardians.

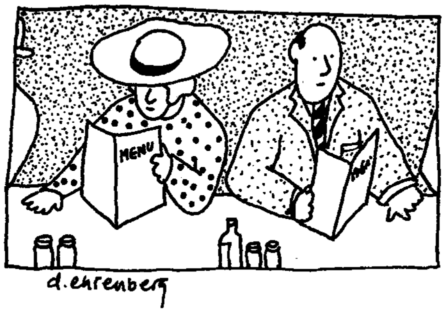
The Council of Guardians, which is the fourth branch of the Iranian government, after the executive, legislative, and judicial, consists of twelve members, half of them theologians picked by Khomeini and half of them Muslim jurists nominated by the Supreme Judicial Council and approved by the parliament. Its mandate, according to the Constitution, is "to maintain the tenets and precepts of Islam," or to check the compatibility of legislation with the Sharia, or traditional Islamic law. Since the revolution, the Council of Guardians has evolved into one of Iran's most conservative bodies; it has strong connections with the bazaaris and the landowning clergy. The trade and land-reform laws were vetoed because they interfered with property rights and freedom of trade. The ground for rejection of the labor laws was that the Sharia made no mention of the rights of laborers; the council ruled that the relationship between employer and employee should be established by mutual agreement, not by the state. The result, as in vetoes of other crucial bills, has been to leave the legislation and the country in limbo. In 1983, parliament's frustrations led its speaker, Rafsanjani, to appeal to Khomeini for guidance. At that stage, the Imam's only instructions were to refute contentions that "the heavenly religions cannot serve as a basis for the social life of the people."

The ongoing impasse has underscored how pivotal the Imam has been to the Islamic Republic. Only he has been able to break deadlocks and set the revolution back on course. In 1982, he intervened to end the first years of terror and excesses—mass executions and purges, suppression of the press and the opposition, widespread komiteh and Pasdaran raids on private homes and offices, expropriation of land, and general harassment and surveillance—with an eight-point declaration of individual rights. He banned arbitrary arrests and searches, and returned sanctity to the home. He called for new committees to investigate public complaints, of which there were thousands, and which actually led to the dismissal of some officials. The komitehs and the Revolutionary Guards were put under tighter supervision in Cabinet-level Ministries. It was arguably Khomeini's most important pronouncement since the revolution. "We should no longer say we are in a revolutionary situation," he said in a follow-up speech. "No. Now is the time of calm."

A POPULAR joke in Teheran this summer concerned Khomeini's health. The Imam, the story went, recently bought an African gray parrot—the kind that, according to legend, lives a hundred years. One of his grandchildren asked why he had bought the parrot, to which Khomeini replied, "Because I want to see if it's true." Khomeini's health has been an obsessive topic of conversation, and often the subject of rich Iranian humor, ever since the revolution. His heart trouble is reported to date back to the nineteen-fifties, and his health was so frail on the day of his triumphant return to Teheran, in 1979, that he fainted at Mehrabad Airport. But for years Iranians scoffed at American and European predictions of Khomeini's imminent demise as wishful thinking, pointing out that his older brother, Ayatollah Morteza Pasandideh, now in his late nineties, is still active. In 1982, an Iranian told me with great assurance that the Imam himself planted those stories about his poor health, to see who in government would try to maneuver into a better position for the succession. Then the old man would pull the rug out from under the manipulating politician and emerge in miraculously good shape. It was the Imam's system of checks and balances at a time when his heir apparent had not been named. "Surely," this Iranian added, almost earnestly, "you know that Khomeini is never going to die."

Since shortly after Khomeini's return to Iran, he and his entourage have lived in austere simplicity in the northern Teheran suburb of Jamaran, a name that the regime's opponents relish pointing out translates as "the haven of snakes." During those first turbulent years, Khomeini, as the Veliyat-e Faqih, or Supreme Jurisprudent, was the final authority on the purges that allowed the mullahs to consolidate power; on the four-hundred-and-forty-four-day confrontation with the United States over fifty-two hostages; on the early losing stages of the war with Iraq; on sporadic Western economic sanctions; on the framing of a constitution for the twentieth century's only theocracy; and on the Islamization of society. It was a period when the new Islamic Republic had few friends and its survival appeared precarious—endangered by forces both inside and outside the regime. In 1980, the Imam appeared on his balcony at Jamaran to pronounce that Iran was in "chaos" and to warn that "the Islamic Republic could be defeated by those on *our* side." In those first three years, however, Iran's ruling clergy defied the odds of survival—in some cases literally. In June and August, 1981, two enormous bombs eliminated a President, a Prime Minister, ten Cabinet officials, and twenty-seven members of the parliament. Because of internal wrangling and an assassination, Iran had to hold three Presidential elections in a twenty-one-month period, the second and third within ten weeks. The current President, Ali Khamenei, has walked with a cane and his right hand has dangled uselessly at his side ever since a small bomb planted in a tape recorder went off while he was giving a Friday-prayer sermon in 1981. The Iranian press reported that, during a four-month period in 1981, more than a thousand government officials, including mullahs, judges, police officials, Islamic Republican Party leaders, and Khomeini aides, had been killed. Throughout that turbulence, the Imam provided continuity and direction.

In July of this year, a huge white banner was stretched across Jamaran's high entrance gates, which are manned by a police unit of the Revolutionary Guards. "God, God, Keep Khomeini Alive Until the Mahdi's Revolution," it said. The Mahdi is "the rightly guided one," awaited by Muslims to restore the original purity of the Islamic faith; for the Shia, Islam's so-called second sect, the Mahdi is the twelfth and last Imam, who went into occultation—a form of hiding—in the ninth century. Teheran's walls have been covered with similar messages; and speeches in parliament and official letters to Khomeini's office have often ended with felicitations on the Imam's health. The depth of the feeling that the revolution's fate depends on the Imam was reflected, perhaps inadvertently, in another sign at the airport: "Islam Will Be in Our Blood as Long as Khomeini Is Our Leader."



The prospect of the Islamic Republic without the Imam, who is widely rumored to be battling metastasized cancer as well as heart disease, has made even those Iranians who have opposed the regime or found it distasteful somewhat uneasy. However the revolution has evolved, Iranians with whom I talked generally seemed to feel that Khomeini began it in good faith. "If Khomeini created a hell," a middle-aged Iranian professional told me, "he created it with good intentions." The anxiety has centered not only on the loss of the leader but also on fear of the future at a time when the nation is deeply divided and has reached a juncture as tumultuous as the Islamic Republic's early days.

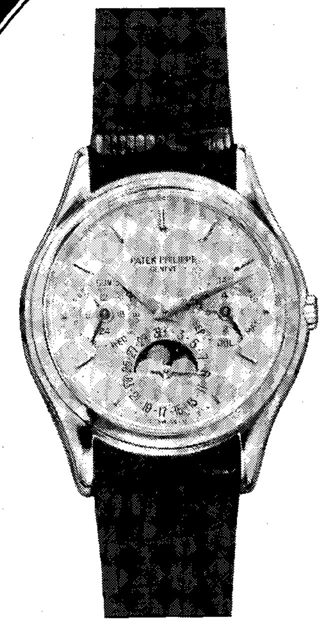
Last December, the Ayatollah issued a secret new will, to replace one written in 1982. He summoned leading figures in the government to Jamaran and handed over two sealed copies. The first was given to the Council of Experts, which would oversee the transition, and the second was flown to Mashad, to the shrine of Imam Reza, the eighth of the twelve revered Imams. (The Council of Experts is made up of eighty-three members, mostly clergymen, who were selected in a 1982 national election, in which Khomeini cast his vote like anyone else.) The new will took Iranians by surprise, because the mechanisms for the transition of power of the Supreme Jurisprudent had already been determined. In 1985, after almost three years of discussion, the Council of

Experts announced that Ayatollah Hussein Ali Montazeri, a Khomeini protégé, had been selected as the heir apparent. In the light of the 1982 will and the 1985 selection, the new will, which Khomeini said was a revision occasioned by "the conditions and needs of the times," triggered many rumors about new instructions for the post-Khomeini era.

ALTHOUGH the Ayatollah's influence on the running of government has diminished since the Islamic Republic's early years, the revolution's dependence on the Supreme Jurisprudent has been evident throughout, even in minor issues. One of the small issues in which Khomeini recently intervened was television. I heard the story from Mohammad Hashemi, a brother of the parliamentary speaker, Rafsanjani, and a power in his own right as the managing director of the Voice and Vision of the Islamic Republic, which runs the two television channels and Teheran Radio.

"There were some differences about the music we played," Hashemi explained as he padded around his office in his stocking feet. "This is an Islamic government organization, and since some people didn't like musicals or TV shows or series they started to criticize us in several places—in the mosques and in the papers and at Teheran University. We can't say, 'We're right, you're not, your understanding is not correct.' Usually in these sorts of differences of understanding, you must have someone say who is correct. Our reference is the Imam. We wrote to him and asked him questions, since there is no reference in his books to this subject. He answered that most of our programming is educational and useful and contains nothing against religion, but that you have to be careful about nonreligious hemes. This is not something unusual n Islam. You have to ask questions in laily personal life, so you go to a nullah and ask, just as you go to a loctor for a cure. In this country, we o to the clergy on social issues. With ig questions, we go to the Imam. His ord is the last word."

The same problem arose over the use f foreign films and the broadcasting of orts programs like wrestling and socr. The Imam's official response was Watching such films and play is no pediment to religion, and many of



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Son of a Maine sea captain, Hawthorne came to New York City in 1890 where he attended the evening sessions taught by Frank Vincent Dumond and George de Forest Brush at the Art Students League. In 1896 he left New York to study under William Merritt Chase at his Shinnecock School, and a year later became Chase's assistant. Hawthorne lived in a fisherman's shack by the sea and spent much of his time painting portraits of the *fisherfolk* and their families.

In 1899 Hawthorne discovered the then unspoiled fishing village of Provincetown, where he eventually established the Cape Cod School of Art. Drawn by the sea and the local inhabitants, Provincetown was to remain a permanent summer home for the artist. Hawthorne was an especially enthusiastic teacher, and is greatly remembered for his Saturday morning "marathon" classes where he passed judgement on as many as eight hundred students!

Undaunted by the flood of artistic controversy which dominated the times, Hawthorne painted what he believed in and was always strongly supported in his endeavors. Like the people he painted, his objectives were straightforward and unpretentious. When Charles Hawthorne died on November 19, 1930 his works were included in the collections of more than thirty-nine museums across America. During his lifetime he won numerous awards and prizes including the Temple gold medal from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, a bronze from the Philadelphia Exposition, and three top prizes from the Salmagundi Club. The canvases Charles Hawthorne painted almost one hundred years ago seem as alive today as they were when he first put brush to canvas. They are the legacy of a people, and of the man who found inspiration and encouragement in their ways.

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them are instructive." So the shows continued. Hashemi, like his brother, is among those who want to make the Islamic Republic compatible with contemporary times. Several Teheranis had told me that the media problem arose because Hashemi was aware that Iranians were turning away from the monotonous Islamic programming and war propaganda in favor of home video recorders or, worse, Voice of America and BBC broadcasts. But the introduction of more entertainment, particularly sports shows and foreign films with non-Islamic music, had provoked a backlash.

Hashemi's office was filled with the latest in television and video equipment, most of it Japanese, and he let slip the fact that he had viewed ABC's "Nightline" when he referred to a Ted Koppel show on America's homeless, which had disturbed him deeply. He seemed embarrassed at revealing that he had watched an American program, just as he had seemed reluctant to admit travelling to the United States, which I had asked him about because he speaks American-accented English. No, he had not visited America, he said, and he added that his knowledge was based on books. "I read about the C.I.A., the F.B.I., how much wealth you have, and your high-rise buildings and your Cadillacs and how much corruption there is," he said. "You are a free society as far as men and women are concerned, but how many men attack women?" Later, an Iranian in Washington asked if Hashemi had spoken to me in English, noting that he had attended the University of California at Berkeley. A call to the Berkeley registrar confirmed that Hashemi was a student there in 1978, shortly before the revolution.

I asked Hashemi how he had managed to see "Nightline."

"We're not totally isolated here, you know," he said. "I have access to satellite transmissions."

RECONCILING the tenets of fundamentalist Islam, which is based on a puritanical interpretation of a seventh-century doctrine, and the requirements of a modern state, with its need for contact and trade with the outside world, has been one of the underlying tensions of the revolution. The Shah had faced a similar dilemma: how to retain authoritarian control—in his case, based on Persian rather than Islamic tradition—and at the same time modernize. The revolution has in fact never rejected modernization; instead, it has spurned the Westernization that for most of the postwar era has been inherent to so many foreign-designed development schemes. The Ministry of the Interior, for example, has monitored the activities of the revolutionary komitehs under its control on a set of the latest I.B.M. computers complete with multicolored screens and extra disk drives. Despite serious financial problems, the government not only has not cut off funds, originally allocated during the Shah's era, for a Teheran subway system but has increased the budget. At the same time, however, wearing a necktie is considered an act of defiance and automatically connotes Western, and therefore anti-Islamic, inclinations. Often proud to the point of arrogance, Iranians, under the Imam as well as the Shah, have wanted Western technology and scientific advances without many of the accompanying influences, obligations, or symbols. The theocracy has been better than the monarchy was at avoiding all three, but it perhaps has also paid a higher price.

In December of 1987, with his revolution deadlocked on economic issues, confounded on modernization, ostracized diplomatically, and sapped by a war costly in both human and financial resources, Khomeini initiated a series of steps designed to generate new momentum. The timing coincided with the issuing of his new will. One of the first steps was a ruling that partly broke the impasse on the labor laws rejected by the Council of Guardians. Khomeini instructed the executive branch that it could threaten to cut off public utilities for businesses that did not honor the laws' stipulations protecting workers.

The next major move was a *fatwa*, or religious edict, in January on the power of the Islamic state. In effect, Khomeini ruled that the state was superior to Islam, and that, if necessary, even some of the five pillars of Islam, including the hajj pilgrimage, fasting, and prayer, could be suspended in the interests of the state. In context, the *fatwa* was revolutionary. The Shia, unlike Sunni Muslims, have refused to recognize temporal authority ever since Islam was revealed, in the seventh century. In the nineteen-seventies, the Imam had originally called for Islamic rule because of Shiite contempt for the corruption and irreverence of the modern state in Iran and other Muslim countries. The term "Islam" means "submission," and the Shiite interpretation had for centuries implied that both the individual and the state must submit to Allah's will. Perhaps more important for Iran's revolution, the *fatwa* also provided direction on the matter of coping with modernity. A leading envoy from a European country that has maintained a steady working relationship with Iran remarked to me, "This *fatwa* provided the legal or theological basis of how to cope with requirements of modern times. It opened up the way for legislation that is very modern and is not necessarily in accordance with the Sharia."

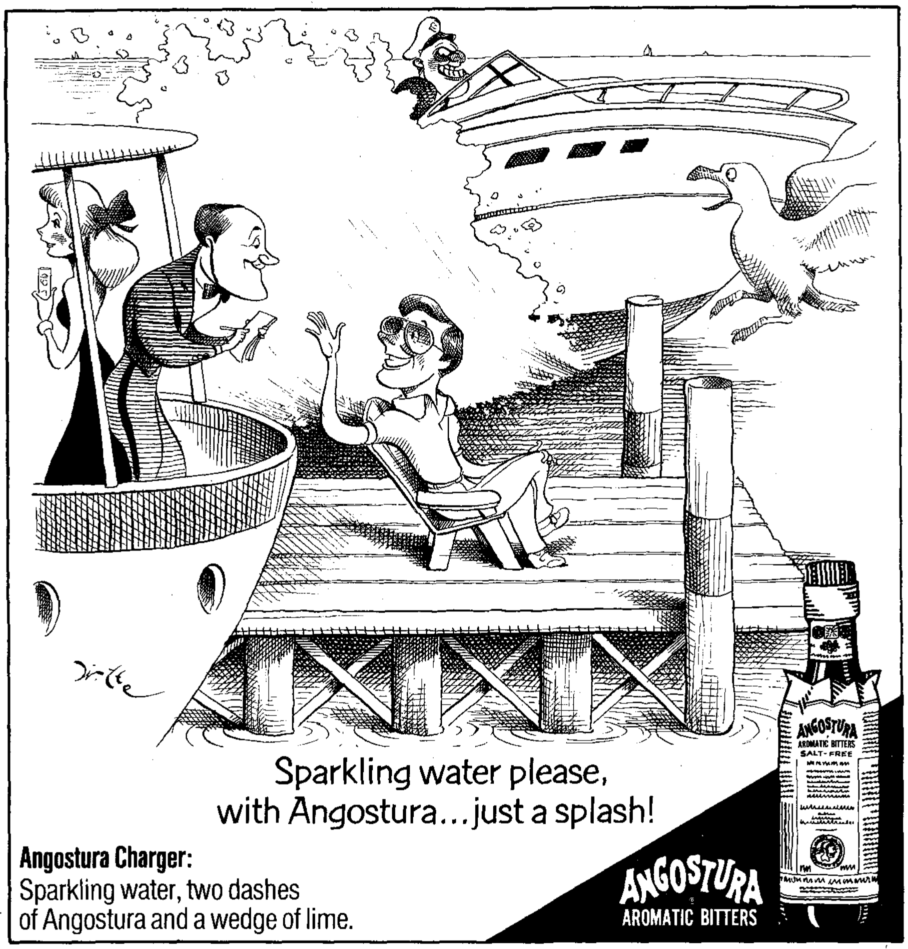
In February, the Ayatollah then announced the formation of a new government body to settle disputes between the reform-oriented parliament and the conservative Council of Guardians. In response to a letter from several government officials, including his chief of staff—his son, Ahmad—Khomeini ruled that arbitration would be conducted by a thirteen-member Expediency Council, made up of an equal number of government officials and members of the Council of Guardians, as well as a representative from his own office. Former Premier Bazargan warned that the step amounted to entrenching an absolute dictatorship, and I heard grumbling in June about the government's becoming top-heavy and bogged down in its own debates. The European diplomat, however, pointed out that the new body could also open the way for reform. "It could act on land reform, nationalization of foreign trade, and taxation," he said. "This is important, because I believe that the *majority in this country is in favor o* reform. The decision might go beyond Khomeini's lifetime. It provides for th implementation of his ideas. He ha come to terms with modernity by say ing that the power of government is most divine. It amounts to secularization of the state on the basis of theological reasoning. It should give the government some flexibility to act in modern times."

Before the ceasefire, I asked the envoy whether the steps were reactions to the mounting crises or genuine initiatives to insure that the revolution would endure.

"Ah," he said. "That is the key question, which none of us outsiders can answer. It remains to be seen if it is enough to do what they want. This is a difficult stage for Iran. Over the last three months, the situation has become very fragile. People are fed up with sacrifices, the economy, and the war. It was one of the very last moments they could have done what they did."

IN June, Khomeini's next step was to appoint Speaker Rafsanjani as Commander-in-Chief, a position that had technically been reserved for the Ayatollah. Battlefield losses since mid-April of this year had clearly created a need for more dynamic leadership in the war effort—and, many Teheranis argued, on the peace front. As might have been expected in Iran, the capital was filled with conspiracy theories suggesting two opposite motives for the appointment. First, because there were so few ways for Iran to make a military comeback, it was part of a grand plot to undermine and discredit Rafsanjani, who had long been second only to Khomeini in power. "This is the end for Rafsanjani," a young Teherani told me earnestly. Second, the decision represented the first step on the road to peace, because the Supreme Defense Council had neither the unity nor the guts to make such a bold move. A single figure was needed to shoulder the responsibility. "This proves that Rafsanjani is truly Akbar Shah," said an Iranian merchant, referring to a popular nickname for the Speaker, one that implied he was gaining the power of an Iranian king.

The second theory appeared the more likely. Since the passage of Resolution 598, in July of 1987, Iran had been unable to persuade the United Nations to alter the sequence of the terms for ending the war. Teheran had wanted a commission to determine responsibility for launching the war before it would agree to a ceasefire, but a year of negotiating had failed to bring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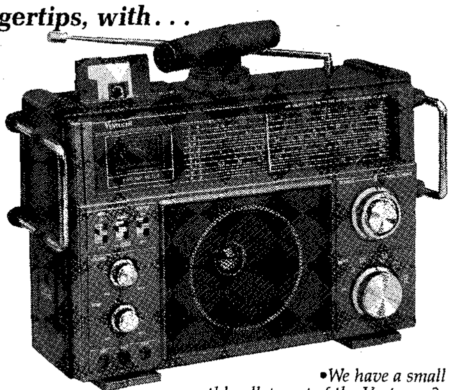

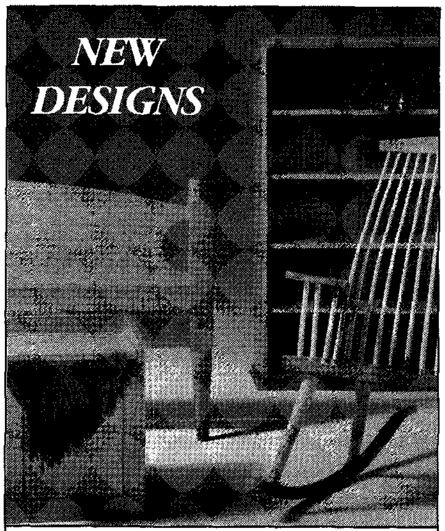

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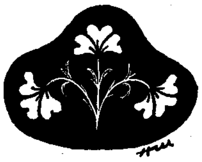
either the United Nations or the Iraqis around. By then, the war had begun to turn against Iran. Two days before the unconditional agreement to the United Nations peace effort was announced, Rafsanjani and President Khamenei held a late-night summit of the leading representatives of all four branches of government and decided that it was time. Iran's stunning reversal was widely believed to be Rafsanjani's initiative; one report said he threatened to resign if the ceasefire was not accepted. Two days after the Iranian announcement, Khomeini pronounced the decision worse than drinking hemlock but called for the Iranians to unite behind it.



Like the earlier religious rulings, the appointment of Rafsanjani could survive Khomeini's death and provide Iran with the strong leadership that the nation has sought since the days of Cyrus II and Darius I, the Achaemenid kings, in the sixth century B.C. Rafsanjani, as only a hojatoleslam, which means "authority on Islam" and is the rank below that of ayatollah, has not had the religious credentials to succeed Khomeini. Rafsanjani has, however, been the Islamic Republic's shrewdest politician, dabbling in the legislative and military branches of government, collecting political I.O.U.s, and placing family and friends in key positions. He was a member of the secret Revolutionary Council that initially ran the country from behind the scenes. In 1979, he was one of the founders of the Islamic Republican Party, which dominated theocratic politics until its demise due to factional differences in June, 1987. In 1980, he was elected to Iran's first parliament and then became its first and, so far, its only speaker; in a 1982 national poll, he won the second-highest number of votes for the Council of Experts. He has also been on the Supreme Defense Council as Khomeini's personal representative.

Rafsanjani's credentials actually date back long before the revolution. In the window of the Shams carpet shop, on Vali-e Asr Avenue, I saw a poster of the parliamentary speaker. It had been made from an old mug shot: Rafsanjani was wearing a T-shirt and prison overalls, and his head, bare of the white turban of a mullah, revealed hair cropped short. Under his round, beardless face, which hints of his Mongolian ancestry, was the number 3324-1354. During the Shah's rule, Rafsanjani—who, as a mullah, takes his name from his birthplace, Rafsanjan, just as Khomeini's name comes from the town of Khomein—was in prison at least four times between 1964 and 1978. Rafsanjani has been close to Khomeini since his student days, which were spent at the Ayatollah's side, and was part of the network that the Imam left behind when he was deported in 1964.

Unlike the generally glowering figures of the revolution, Rafsanjani has been known to smile. During his sermons at Teheran University's Friday-prayer services, he cajoles and gesticulates, and even occasionally jokes, in a soft, almost melodious voice. His collection of credentials and his charismatic appeal have made his position, so far, indestructible, even though most Iranians I spoke with were aware that he had reportedly been linked to the arms-for-hostages deal with the United States.

Early one morning, I went to Iran's parliament, or Majlis, to watch Rafsanjani in action. It was the day parliament was to choose a new speaker after the spring elections. There were also disputed election results to be resolved. The unicameral Majlis met in a bright room with royal-blue carpeting and red upholstered chairs and tables. An enormous crystal chandelier hung from a high ceiling, but the absence of neckties gave the room an informal air.

The Majlis has evolved over the past eight years into a center of vigorous debate, and even criticism of the government. This particular morning, there were three listed speakers. They blasted the government on the black-market rate, on the government's neglect of the farmers, and on poor economic planning—often in heated language. Throughout the speeches, Rafsanjani sat above the proceedings, carrying on his own business with a stream of M.P.s—one of them a woman—who walked up steps to the Speaker's chair and either bent over or knelt at his side and whispered in his ear. Rafsanjani would occasionally turn and say a few words, but most of the time he listened, until the end, when he had a final word or two. This, I had the impression, was where the real political bartering was often done.

In his disarmingly low voice, Rafsanjani then leaned forward into a microphone and announced the status of several recently elected M.P.s who had not yet been confirmed. Three M.P.s had withdrawn their protests against the credentials of four other M.P.s, he said. Two M.P.s who were protesting each other's credentials had been referred to an investigation committee. Enough parliamentarians had been confirmed to make a quorum, however, and a secret vote later that day elected Rafsanjani speaker for his ninth term. The official announcement reported that only five ballots were blank.

RAFSANJANI has nevertheless had serious rivals in government, and even within the parliament. The third parliament is more reform-oriented than the two previous ones, and many of its members are thought to favor sweeping economic changes that Rafsanjani feels might alienate the bazaaris, some landowners, and even some of his conservative colleagues in the clergy. Analysts in Teheran categorize at least a hundred and thirty M.P.s as reformists; seventy or eighty others are considered conservatives; the remaining members have yet to be positioned. Because no parties ran in this election, and campaign platforms were limited to a line or two, figuring out the M.P.s' politics can be difficult. For outsiders, the Islamic Republic's political spectrum has been even more of a mystery, because conventional labels of left or right do not fit: any cleric or politician may stand at different ends of the spectrum on different issues. An economic conservative, for example, might be a militant on exporting Iran's revolution. Although the mullahs all agree on perpetuating Islamic rule, there is enormous diversity—and division—within that framework.

Among the emerging rivals to Rafsanjani this summer was Hojatoleslam Ali Akbar Mohtashami, who since 1985 has served as the Minister of the Interior, one of the most powerful jobs in government—because it controls the komitehs—and the only broad national base rivalling Rafsanjani's Majlis. Last year, after the collapse of the Islamic Republican Party, Mohtashami's ministry was also given responsibility for supervising parliamentary elections. The increase in the number of reformist M.P.s was widely attributed to the Interior Minister's influence. Like the

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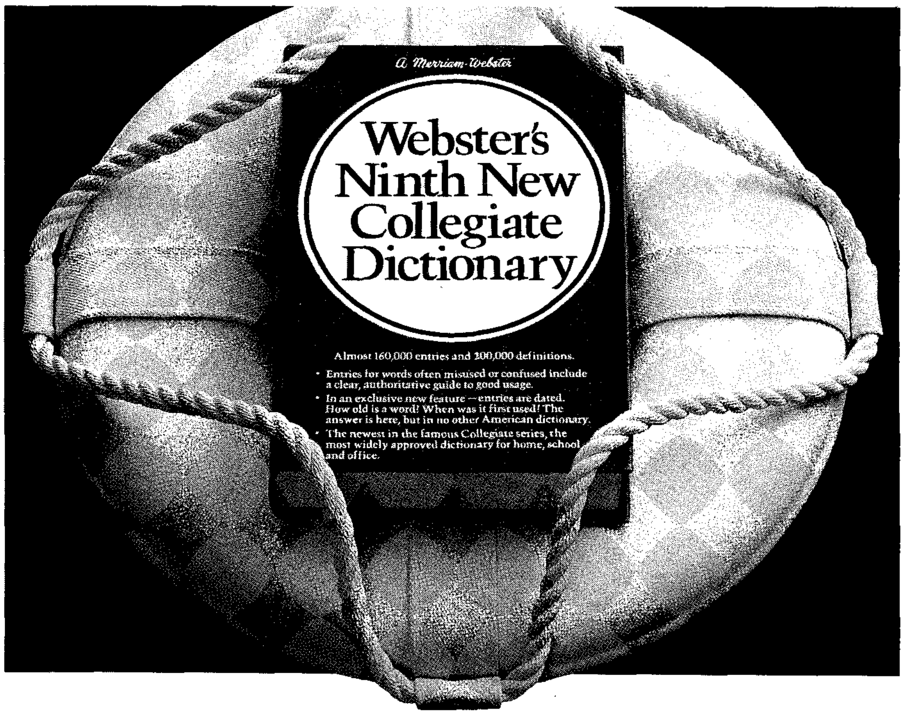
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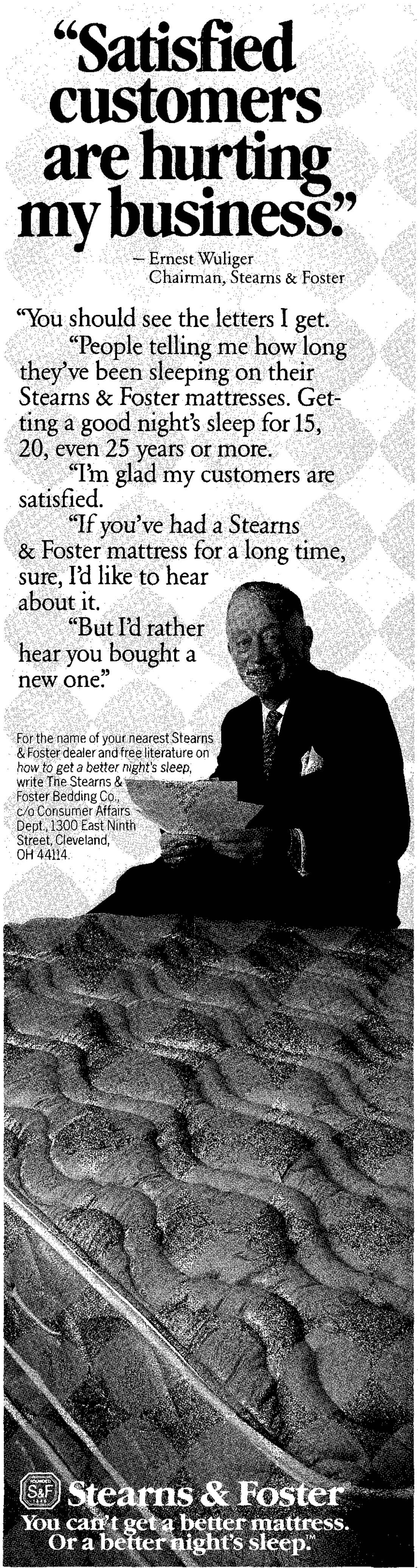
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Speaker, Mohtashami was a Khomeini protégé, and he has an even longer record of service to the Imam. Rafsanjani stayed in Iran during the Ayatollah's exile; Mohtashami went with him, and now, at the age of forty-two, has spent most of his adult life at Khomeini's side, first as a student and then as an aide in Khomeini's inner circle. Insiders say that the Ayatollah looks on Mohtashami as a son.

The Minister of the Interior is, however, widely identified as a leading hard-liner, committed to the literalness of the revolution, particularly its export. As the Islamic Republic's Ambassador to Syria between 1982 and 1985, Mohtashami was said by Western intelligence to have abetted the 1983 and 1984 suicide bombings in Lebanon of the United States Marine and French contingents of the multinational peacekeeping force, in which two hundred and forty-one Americans and fifty-eight French troops were killed. He was also said to be involved in the bombing of two American Embassy buildings, in which virtually the entire C.I.A. presence in Beirut was wiped out, and of the Israeli Defense Force headquarters in the port city of Tyre, in southern Lebanon. "He is considered crazy," said one envoy in Teheran, who did not want to be identified even by the continent from which he came. "He is so fanatical and difficult to deal with. He has no common sense." An Iranian journalist told me, "He's a mad dog. The damage he did to the Islamic Republic is unrecoverable." He added, however, "Mohtashami has balls, and that's admired." A month before the ceasefire was announced, the Interior Minister told a Teheran paper that Resolution 598 was "dead," and declared, "I still believe that a weapon is the best answer to weapons."

In person, however, Mohtashami proved to be a diminutive and quiet man with a round face and a trim black beard and mustache. He was dressed in a black turban, denoting descent from the Prophet. Over his gray gheba, a floor-length cassock, was a sheer black aba of woven mohair, under which he kept his hands hidden. He wore horn-rimmed glasses, but after an initial nodding acknowledgment of my presence he rarely looked at me except for the next question. He acted as if he were shy and maybe a little nervous—hardly a figure capable of evoking awe among Iranians and fear among foreign powers.

I asked Mohtashami what the revolution had achieved over the past decade and in what areas it had failed. He began with the standard Muslim opening incantation, in a near whisper, "In the name of God, the compassionate and merciful," and went on, "Naturally, the Islamic revolution has many goals. One is to bring about social justice and to eliminate the influence of foreign powers in the country. We believe that for three hundred years the West has been trying to be ruler and to decide for the Third World nations, to take over their power and to run their countries for them. In two ways they were trying to take over the Third World nations and to take in their hands the fate of these people. The first was through military occupation; the second was through influence. Therefore, for this revolution, one of the main goals is to enlighten minds throughout the world, especially the Third World, about what is really happening behind the scenes and to open this thick curtain for the people who are behind it and to show the true face of imperialism. One of the achievements of the Islamic revolution that has worked well has been to make people believe they can stand on their own feet, without support of either East or West," he said.

"Now more nations are taking us as an example. You may find the face of the Islamic revolution inside the movements in Lebanon, Egypt, Tunisia, and especially among the Palestinians. People are trying to copy us and find an example from our revolution. When it comes to the Islamic revolution, both East and West, although there are old differences between them, set aside those differences and become united. They now get the feeling that the revolution appears as a third power in the world which is endangering them both. Our revolution fights East and West by its mere existence and by giving a good example to the Third World countries. Our breathing gives them a lot of hope."

He paused. "Is this clear to you?" he asked, and his right hand came from under his aba and began to gesticulate. There was little left of the hand—the thumb, and a forefinger and middle finger that both stopped after the first joint. The rest was missing; thick scar tissue ran all the way down what should have been the middle of his palm and wrist and into his forearm. His left hand never emerged from under his cloak, but I could see that it stopped at the knuckles. Three months after the Marine bombing, Mohtashami had received a parcel containing a book purported to be on Shiite holy places, and the parcel had exploded when he opened it in his office in Iran's Embassy in Damascus.

I asked him about details of Iran's assistance to Muslim groups elsewhere.

"We have never directly, or even indirectly, supported the arguments of those opposition groups outside Iran," he said. "This, of course, does not mean that if a nation has been crushed by a foreign power and if it stands up and fights a foreign power we don't support this right. For example, a man in Lebanon bombed Israeli soldiers in Tyre." The Israeli Defense Force headquarters in Tyre was bombed in 1983, killing twenty-eight Israeli troops and more than thirty Palestinian and Lebanese prisoners. "His name was Ahmed Ghasir. Before we make a judgment about this, we have to look at the situation. He lost all his relations under Israeli boots and bombardment. We believe it is the right of other nations to defend themselves." I checked the name to make sure I had it right, for the names and the backgrounds of the various Lebanese suicide bombers were not generally known.

Mohtashami then wanted to go back to the earlier subject, specifically the United States. "America has no understanding of our revolution," he said. "They are engulfed by their imagination. One day, they say all Muslim movements and the Islamic revolution depend on the Imam's life. They think if the Imam passes away it is all over and finished. So many times they have published that the Imam is gone. It shows how weak they are and what problems they have." In reference to reports of a power struggle inside the government, he added, "Sometimes they think and speculate that among the rulers there are slight differences, and they enlarge this and feed people false ideas and say this will break or weaken the Islamic revolution. They feed this to the whole world. Their views of our revolution and our leader are wrong."

I asked him about reports that he might be headed for a higher position—particularly with Presidential elections scheduled for next year. In Iran, the President is limited to two terms in office, and President Khamenei will be stepping down in 1989, when many Iranians with whom I spoke anticipate a shakeup in the hierarchy, possibly including the Premiership and key Cabinet positions.

"We cannot speculate about the future, which is in the hands of the Iranian nation," Mohtashami said solemnly. "They will select those who have given more service." I had the impression, however, that he was pleased with the question.

At the end of the interview, I asked Mohtashami if he had ever determined who had sent him the book bomb. He replied that Iran's best forensic experts had gone through the evidence and had concluded that it was a highly sophisticated device—one that he and the experts believed could only have been concocted by the Americans or the Israelis.

DETERMINING the impact of Iran's power struggle is difficult for anyone outside the inner circle. I heard stories, for example, that Mohtashami had been known not to return Rafsanjani's calls. There were detailed accounts of an assassination attempt on Rafsanjani in June. Most versions agreed that at least one of his bodyguards and from three to five of the assailants had been killed. There were differences of opinion about the identity of the attackers, who were alleged to range from a Revolutionary Guard faction to malcontents in the Army, and even, in one account, to outsiders, including a Lebanese. None of these stories could be confirmed. That the divisions were indeed deep was indicated by an increasing number of public pleas for unity. In June, the Chief Justice of Iran's Supreme Court, Ayatollah Abdul Karim Musawi Ardabili, warned, "If you people fail to be unanimous, this revolution, which is the great miracle of the century, made under the auspices of God, thanks to the Imam's leadership and with your selflessness, will collapse." The degree to which those divisions might be destructive over the long term, however, was unclear.

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To untangle some of the disparate aspects of the revolution, I went to see Mohammad Javad Larijani, who is an affable man known for his candor and his familiarity with the Western idiom. Larijani is Iran's Deputy Foreign Minister, and since this spring he has been in charge of the portfolio for the United States and Europe. His office in the ornate Foreign Ministry felt much like a professor's study: a dark wood desk was piled high, and a bit haphazardly, with papers, charts, and books; pipe smoke filled the chamber. Before returning to work full time for the revolution, Larijani was a doctoral student in mathematics at Berkeley, and he told me that he still used his limited free time to instruct four graduate students at Teheran University.

"We have a huge number of problems, but they are our own problems," he said when I asked him about the Islamic Republic's internal politics. "There's a sense of authenticity. I know we're in trouble, but *we* are making the decisions. I love the sense of crisis sessions. None of us are angels; we are natural human beings. So we have power struggles, yes. But this sense of authenticity is the most fabulous thing we have. Everything else is secondary. We love it. Even if we make the wrong decision, it's ours."

I told him that others in government had tried to play down factionalism.

"It's impossible to believe that there are no factions in Islam, even in one sect of Islam," he said. "It would be a dull life if we all thought alike. There are factions in all respects—about the type of society, about the type of Islamic system, about the method of achieving those virtues. Definitely, we have factions."

He laughed, and went on, "I spend a few hours every day thinking about the revolution. Solving hard mathematical problems is sometimes much easier. Take the first point, the conception of Islam," he said. "What is Islam? A fixed number of strictures and things? Or an authentic source of knowledge? There are very zealous and fierce people who think it is fixed, and anything outside is rejected categorically. Others think it is evolving Islam, a base from which to grow. This has divided scholars, politicians, and people on the street. Let's look at one example, the issue of art and music. We have a number of orders that have banned certain instruments for use. That means we could never listen to the beautiful sound of a guitar or a flute, as it is forbidden by our scriptures. The other side of this is that art by itself is authentic as a method of expression. Khomeini is on one side; without exception he endorses artistic expression. Or take women, who are not allowed to sing. Khomeini's view is that women can sing songs. But ninety per cent of the Islamic scholars think that women should not sing in public places. This is not an area in which you can quiet the people of scholarship. If Khomeini says to do it, they will do it, but you can't make them believe." He added, "The guitar is coming back. Women will come later. We don't want to antagonize our people."

Puffing on his pipe, he seemed to be enjoying this subject. "We have a kind of political system which is not perfect—not watertight or functionally harmonized," he said. "But we have a structure that is working. We never thought it would work. At the outset, we had only conviction. This Constitution is not divine. It is full of contradictions. But ten years later we can sit on the basis of this Constitution and amend it and correct it and go ahead with it."

Finally, I brought up the United States. I had been told by a White House official shortly before my trip that Larijani was the focus of much attention in Washington. In the spring of 1987, the Reagan Administration had relayed a message to Iran through a third party asking whether there was any reason for the two countries to talk about relations. There had been no immediate response, but sporadic communications had continued, through interested parties, on other issues, notably the Persian Gulf. Then, in April of this year, Larijani had come to New York for a round of talks at the United Nations on the war. He had also secretly relayed a message to Washington: Yes, there might indeed be grounds for talks. Whatever might have resulted from this, however, was soon superseded, at least temporarily, when the U.S.S. Samuel B. Roberts struck a mine, and Washington ordered retaliation.

I asked Larijani about this sequence of events. He confirmed the contacts but tried to play down the specific message. "In the last two months, there have been more than fifteen messages, direct and indirect, exchanged on a lot of subjects," he said. "It is our understanding that the United States wants to keep them confidential, and we honor that."

When I pressed him on their substance, he said, "The messages deal with the potential for relations and with the whole region. Our relationship with the United States is not a very obscure or mysterious one. United States foreign policy suffers from two main defects: first, a paranoia about our revolution and, second, a shortcoming of knowledge of the real state of affairs in the whole region, especially Iran."

He added, "Have you read the Tower Commission report? Three or four pages mention me. I read the Tower Commission report. It discusses opposition in the bazaar, the military, and the government. It says that at the proper time the United States can maneuver the opposition and give several blows to Iran and put a government that is more reasonable in power. This policy is interventionist. If what President Carter suggested in 1979 had been implemented—recognition and respect for the Iranian revolution and no intervention—we'd have a United States Embassy here today."

His parting words to me were "The United States may damage us and may inflict heavy injuries on us, but it can't take our revolution away from us."

THIS summer, Iran began to open its doors again to controversial Western nations, in part as a result of Khomeini's rulings that shifted the basis of the revolution's legitimacy from the war to the economy and recognized, if reluctantly, the need for Iran to reëstablish its place in the international community. In June, Teheran formally reëstablished diplomatic relations with France after almost a year of tension. In July, on the same day the ceasefire was accepted, ties with Canada were restored after the Islamic Republic dropped an eight-year-old condition that Ottawa formally apologize for sneaking out six American Embassy employees it had hidden for

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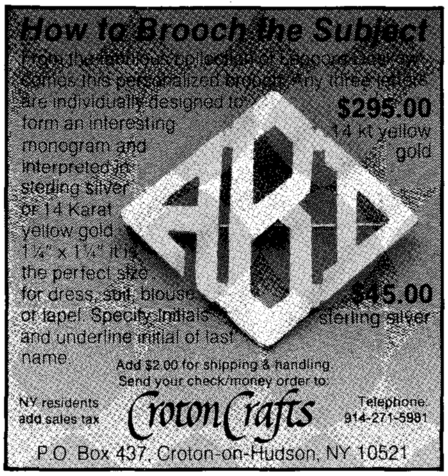

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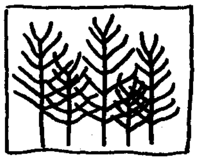
three months after the 1979 hostage ordeal began. Rafsanjani's brother told me that bettering relations with Britain would also be part of this package. The initiative was temporarily halted, however, after the United States Navy shot down the Iran Air Airbus, on July 3rd, and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher issued a declaration that Washington had the right to order its fleet to protect itself. The talks resumed in August. The next logical step would appear to be rapprochement with the United States, although no Iranian official would say that to me on the record. A local political scientist explained the silence by asking rhetorically, "Who dares to be the first mullah to order the 'DOWN WITH THE U.S.A.' signs taken down?"

I was always taken aback by Iranians' two-sided sentiments about the Great Satan. One hot June day, I spent some time with a group of women scholars and researchers. At lunch, the women were eager to talk about American politics. Like many Iranians, including quite a few who were not so well educated, they were fascinated by the coming American election, and they followed the news closely at a Teheran research facility that received major foreign publications. I had toured their library, and had been delighted to see copies of the *Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* which had been published since I left Washington. The library also had the latest copies of *Foreign Affairs*, *Middle East Journal*, and several other scholarly American periodicals, as well as recent publications of similar quality from the Soviet Union, China, France, Britain, Germany, and a number of Third World countries. "Oh, we definitely keep up," my guide, a female scholar, said with a smile.

I thought of her comment when I was back in Washington, and an American official (one of the 1979 hostages) then working on Iranian affairs at the State Department told me that only two Americans were training in Farsi at the Foreign Service Institute's language program. They were to be assigned to the visa section of American consulates in Turkey, where many Iranians, both supporters and opponents of the Khomeini government, apply for visas. They have since graduated, and as of now no one is enrolled in the language at the institute. "It reflects the general feeling here. There's no future in learning Farsi," the official said.

The women at lunch wanted to hear about the Democratic and Republican Conventions. They tended to speak disparagingly of Ronald Reagan. One of the women, who had been educated at a major American university, said, "I think Art Buchwald knows more about Iran than Ronald Reagan. I love his columns. The one I loved the best was about an Iranian moderate—it ran after Irangate." She had read it in the *International Herald Tribune*. Any lingering hopes she had of Reagan, she said, had been lost when she read the claim by Donald Regan, former White House chief of staff, that the President's schedule was determined by an astrologer. "Could this really be true of an American President?" she asked.



Like many in the Third World, Iranians have created myths about the United States, for which they feel both love and hate. After the Iran Air Airbus was shot down, I asked a businessman what his reaction had been.

"I was with two or three friends," he told me. "It was such a shock. We couldn't believe this of America. Every one of us thought maybe an Iranian missile had accidentally done it. We couldn't accept that it had been done by America. We didn't believe it until we heard it from the VOA, the BBC, and Kol Israel."

Anti-American signs were still visible in Teheran this summer, but most were becoming faded or frayed. Shortly after the revolution, the walkway in front of the former Sheraton Hotel in northern Teheran had been painted with a large American flag. Yellow letters below the flag read "DOWN WITH THE U.S.A." The idea was for guests to tread on the flag. Almost ten years later, time, the weather, and many feet had rubbed out all but the faintest trace of the Stars and Stripes.

Yet signs of four decades of United States influence were evident, too. I found "The Final Days," the book on Watergate by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, at two bookstores. Several copies of William F. Buckley, Jr.,'s novel "Saving the Queen" were also on sale, although the fictional queen's cleavage and blond hair on the jacket had been inked out.

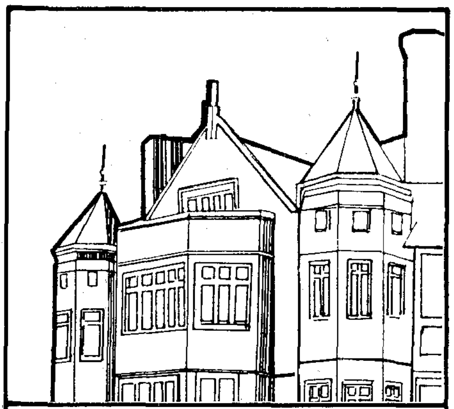
One afternoon, as I approached a corner restaurant on Vali-e Asr Avenue advertising "TRY OUR FRIED CHICKEN," I detected an unmistakable aroma. "Did this use to be a Kentucky Fried Chicken?" I asked. The manager, a short, paunchy man with a stubble of beard, beamed. "Of course, of course," he said. I asked how business had been in the years since Washington and Teheran broke off relations. As good as ever, he replied. "After chelo kebab," he said, referring to the succulent lamb on sticks which has long been Iran's national dish, "fried chicken is the favorite Iranian food."

I finally went to the Foreign Ministry's Institute for Political and International Studies to talk about United States–Iranian relations. The official who had agreed to see me asked me not to use his name; the subject was too sensitive. He surprised me by framing the discussion in terms of the Soviet Union. "We are living near a big bear, and it is possible at any moment that this big bear will swallow this little thing," he said of his country.

I pointed out that not even American conservatives referred to the Soviet Union as "a big bear" anymore.

He was unconvinced. "Contrary to all these events like *glasnost* and *perestroika*, the Russian military doctrine has not changed," he said. As he talked, I recalled a 1985 C.I.A. memo warning of a possible rapprochement between Teheran and Moscow which had played a role in the United States decision to engage in the arms-for-hostages swap, in part to preëmpt rapprochement with Moscow. Iran's twelve-hundred-mile border with the Soviet Union, however, seemed, at least to this official, to be of greater concern than the tension with the United States.

"So do you think it is wise to help this country stand up against this bear, or to hurt this country further, or to leave it alone so it can do it itself?" he asked. "It seems our strategic position would call for the West to help even if Iran opposes it politically, because Iran is in such an important location that attention has to be paid to it. If I were in the West's place, I would keep this in mind. The West's position should not be taken in response to positions taken by Iran. The West should be thinking of its interests, and not just our position." He, like many other



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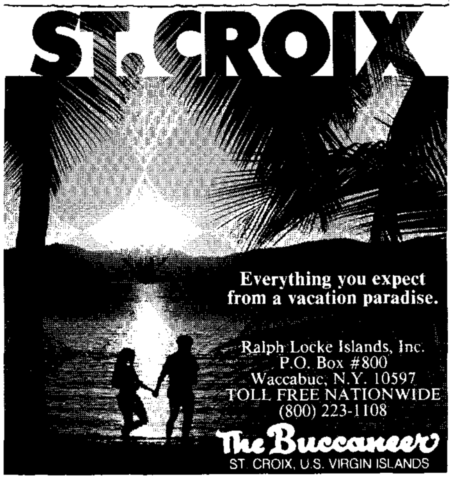

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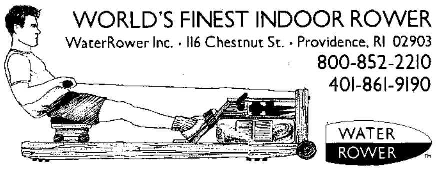

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Iranians with whom I spoke, apparently did not want to pay the price of his country's misadventures.

I mentioned the American and other Western hostages held in Lebanon by pro-Iranian groups, the suicide bombings in Beirut, and the American-flagged ships that had hit Iranian mines in the Gulf. "Iran's hands are not clean in this relationship," I said.

"You are right," he conceded. "But if I were in the United States government I would suggest that we try to advance the interests of this Islamic Republic government, and support it, even if there are problems between us."

I asked if he was trying to say that Iran wanted relations with the United States again.

"It would be a little too early to discuss that, but the United States should look and see what would help in that direction," he replied.

The Airbus tragedy on July 3rd revived public fury at the Great Satan, yet the aftermath was most interesting for an absence of reaction beyond the predictable rhetoric. A former Iranian ambassador to a Gulf state who had had five friends on the plane told me, "People are angry, but they have the ability to absorb it. If they have the ability to absorb eight years of ferocious atrocities, including massive use of missiles and chemical weaponry, they have the ability to absorb this, too. This is a great nation." He and others told me that many Iranians had originally predicted that Khomeini would issue a *fatwa* declaring war against the United States, but this never happened. In the end, Teheran used the deaths of the two hundred and ninety civilians, including sixty-six children, as a pretext for ending the war.

I had also been told by a White House official that Washington intended to try to turn a human disaster into a diplomatic initiative designed ultimately to improve relations between the two nations. I put this to the former Iranian ambassador. "The United States has tried to destroy our country for eight years," he replied. "It is time to recognize the Iranian revolution."

I asked him whether, after so many years of rhetoric and an official policy of hatred, the Islamic Republic was really in a position to do something so dramatic and so conciliatory.

His reply was enigmatic. "It took the Soviet Union fifteen or sixteen years to begin to settle down, and the United States did not recognize the Russian Revolution until Franklin Roosevelt was President," he said. "In an age of jets and computers, revolutions take less time to settle down. Ten years is enough."

ALMOST a decade after the revolution in Iran, determining how Iranians really feel about their regime, its leadership, and their own future is not easy, particularly since Iranians can be full of contradictions. A Western diplomat gave me some advice that he himself had been given by another envoy shortly after arriving in Teheran. "Don't make the mistake of thinking that the longer you've been here the more you understand Iran," he had been warned. "Most of our intelligence reporting has been wrong all along, and not just since the revolution. Yours will be, too. None of us understand the Iranians." After sharing that wisdom with me, the diplomat, now one of the longer-serving envoys, laughed, and said, "He was right."

I remembered the advice one hot evening shortly before the ceasefire, as I sat in a tatty and barren Teheran café with an Iranian friend who is a civil servant. Over coffee cake and melon juice, he told me of his disillusionment with the government. He had marched and protested in 1978 and 1979 to bring down the Shah. He had been among the three million who turned out to greet Khomeini on his return from exile in February of 1979. But now, he said, he was fed up. He had not voted in this year's parliamentary elections; he had not even kept track of who was running. He wanted to end the eight-year war with Iraq; he would sneak his son out of Iran rather than see him join the military if the war was still raging when the boy became old enough. He wanted better relations with the outside world, including the Great Satan. Although he didn't like the Shah, he repeatedly made the point that life had been better during the Pahlavi rule. Then he was briefly called away by a passing friend. When he came back, he was ashen-faced. According to his friend, he told me, the BBC and Kol Israel had reported that Khomeini was dead. He sat down slowly and remained silent for several moments. Finally, he said, "This is terrible for my country."

—ROBIN WRIGHT

MUSICAL EVENTS

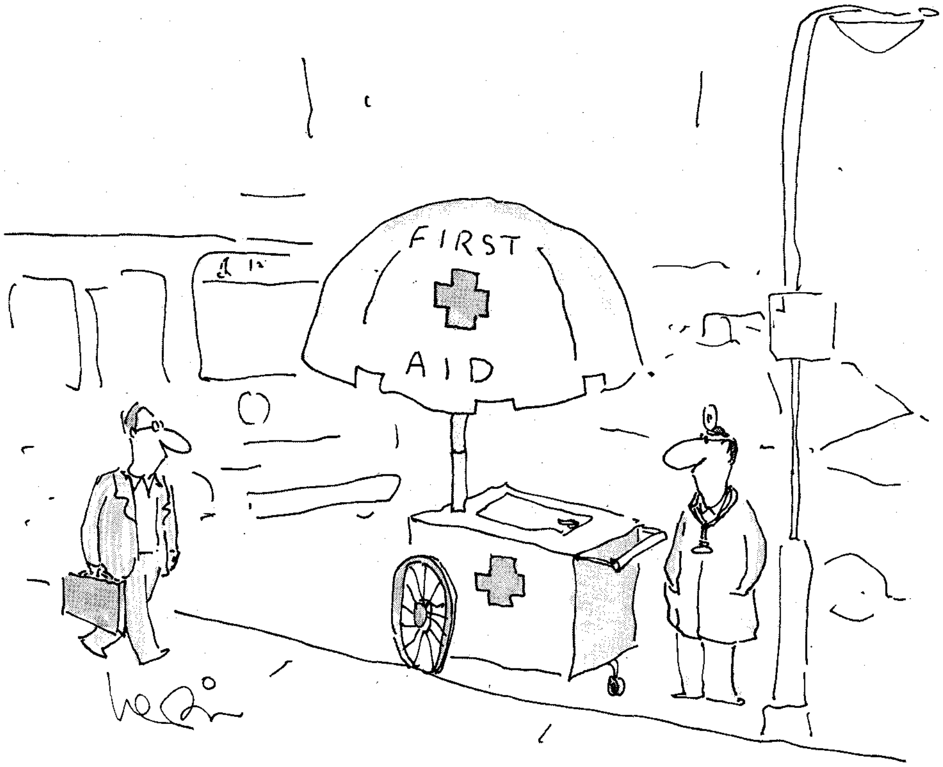
High Roman Fashion

IN turn, Mozart's once-neglected "Così Fan Tutte," "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," "Idomeneo," and "La Clemenza di Tito" entered the twentieth-century repertory. "La Finta Giardiniera" seems poised to join them, and the opera seria "Lucio Silla" is no longer a rarity, though it waited long for propagation: no productions are recorded between the première, at Milan's Ducal Theatre in 1772 (where it ran for twenty-six performances), and a Prague revival in 1929. The late Jean-Pierre Ponnelle staged "Lucio Silla" in Zurich in 1981, and Patrice Chéreau staged it at La Scala, in Nanterre, and in Brussels, in 1984-85. The American première was given by the Baltimore Chamber Opera in 1968, in an edition by Thomas Conlin, and New York saw the Conlin version at the Manhattan School of Music later that year. Last month, during the Mostly Mozart Festival, there were two concert performances of "Lucio Silla" in Avery Fisher Hall. The secco recitatives were shortened, but all the musical numbers—the three-movement overture, eighteen arias, a duet, a trio, choruses, and accompanied recitatives—were done complete. The opera lasted more than three and a half hours and seemed not a moment too long.

Several things have conspired to heighten appreciation of a work that Edward J. Dent, in his famous, pioneering volume on Mozart's operas, called "a frigid piece of formality" and "a mediocre opera." He wrote in 1913, and allowed the judgments to stand in his 1947 revised edition. Since then, "Idomeneo," "Tito," and the Handel revival have tuned modern ears toward patience with, and even enjoyment of, the conventions of opera seria. Maria Callas and the Rossini revival have revealed that lava streams of roulades—Mozart's Giunia, in "Lucio Silla," sings Semiramide-like pages of them—can be exciting. Mozart is a better composer than most of the composers whose works are being dredged up in this age when audiences crave novelty but not music of our day. If the Met had put on "Lucio Silla" instead of Massenet's "Esclarmonde" (Joan Sutherland might have been a noble Giunia) or Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" (Renata Scotto might have been a charming Celia), it may well have had a show that lasted.

"Silla" is not the best Mozart—he was only sixteen when he composed it—but it is a work of abundant invention, richly scored, and formally ambitious in long arias that combine elements of sonata and da-capo form. The libretto, by Giovanni de Gamerra, was overseen, and contributed to, by Metastasio himself. Sulla (the more usual form of the name), Dictator of Rome, desires Giunia, the daughter of his late rival Marius; he has banished her husband, Cecilius, from the city and told Giunia that Cecilius is dead. Cecilius returns in secret, plots with his friend Cinna (who is loved by Sulla's sister, Celia) to overthrow or assassinate the tyrant, but is captured. In the final scene, Sulla pronounces sentence: he pardons the conspirators, joins Cecilius' hand to Giunia's and Cinna's to Celia's, and removes the laurel from his brow. Rome will once more be free. Chorus and soloists alternate in the finale: the senators and people praise Sulla, and he says, "What triumph can equal the conquest of one's own heart?" The particularly powerful scenes are the mourning Giunia's invocation of her father's shade, in Act I; her resolution, in Act III, to join her husband in death; and the whole sequence, beside Marius' tomb, that closes Act I, which is Gluckian in its grandeur but of more than Gluckian musical richness. "In these scenes," Dent wrote, "we see something of the real Mozart—indeed, of a Mozart perhaps more real than we shall ever see again, after 'Idomeneo,' until quite the end of his career."

Mozart had two great singers in his cast: as Cecilius, the primo uomo, the male soprano Venanzio Rauzzini (for whom he also composed the well-known motet "Exsultate, jubilate"), and, as Giunia, the prima donna, the soprano Anna de' Amicis (whom Metastasio esteemed as the supreme dramatic heroine of his day, unrivalled in her command of "the necessary fire, boldness, frankness, and expression"). In four arias apiece and eloquent recitatives, Mozart gave these two the opportunity to display their prowess in every vein. Cecilius' third aria, "Ah se a morir mi chiama," a noble adagio awaiting expressive adornment, contains huge leaps, eventually spanning almost two octaves, between sustained notes. (In an elaborately decorated performing version that survives, Mozart left the leaps unfilled-in.) The piece is richly scored, with carefully wrought string textures and pairs of oboes and



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horns. By contrast, Cecilius' next aria, "Pupille amate," is a simple, tender love song, in minuet rhythm, accompanied by strings alone. The Fisher Hall Cecilius was Della Jones, a versatile Welsh mezzo who invests every phrase with life and character. (In these pages I have praised her in the title role of Cesti's "Orontea" and as the best Preziosilla, in Verdi's "Forza," I have ever heard.) She was arresting. She kept one listening. But the role lies high for her, and the huge, acoustically harsh spaces of Fisher Hall tempted her into over-singing; in vigorous arias, she flung out some ugly, impure sounds above the staff. "Ah se a morir," however, was rendered with gentle intensity and was exquisite through all the range, and "Pupille amate" was poignant. Margaret Chalker, the Giunia, is a singer without much vocal fire. She tended to coo, rather in the Teresa Stich-Randall manner. But she was accurate, except in the fiendish obstacle courses of "Ah se il crudel periglio," and was agreeable of tone, except when pushing for dramatic force in "Fra i pensier più funesti."

Celia also has four arias, evidently composed for a high soprano who specialized in playful, pretty music—a predecessor of Adele in "Die Fledermaus." Ruth Welting, as sweet, exact, and captivating as ever, was ideal casting. I felt she took "Se il labbro timido" rather too slowly. Cinna, with three arias, is a male role composed for a woman. Patricia Schuman sang it with her wonted dash and in tones that were darkly flashing and true until the line rose high; then, above the staff, her tones coarsened. The title role is smaller than it would have been if the tenor originally engaged for it had not fallen ill. A search was made for another, who (in Leopold Mozart's words) "must not only sing well but be a first-rate actor and have a handsome presence." It yielded a church tenor from Lodi with small theatrical experience. Only two of the four arias destined for Sulla were composed, and on the first night the tenor's overenthusiastic enactment of anger moved the audience to mirth. In Fisher Hall, the role was taken by Jerry Hadley, who tended to trumpet the music but did so in tones that were consistently pure, full, and firm, and not ill-suited to the presentation of a dictator. The recitative in which Sulla

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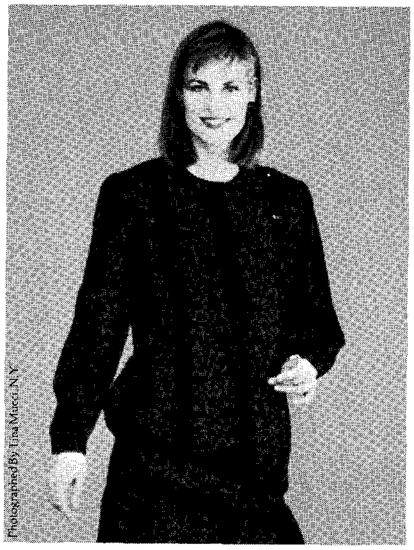

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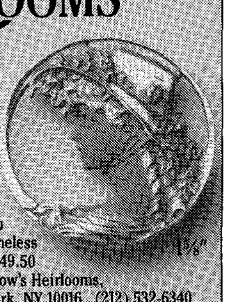

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abdicates was omitted. Auphidius, friend to Sulla, a cadet role (Leopold described it as "*ultimo tenore*"), completes the cast of six; Peter Kazaras sang the single aria with spirit. The chorus was good.

Gerard Schwarz conducted. He is not a lively interpreter of opera. Details were not sharply realized, and rhythms sometimes flagged. He left gaps in places where the action should have moved on swiftly, and recitative chords often arrived maddeningly late, more impedient than impellent. But he was not unbearable—merely undistinguished. Miss Jones and Miss Schuman sang recitatives urgently, with variety of color and pace. Miss Chalker sang them slowly, regularly, as if reading written notes off the page rather than converting them into dramatic utterance. Some decorations were essayed in reprises, none of them particularly bold. (Mozart's performing version of "Ah se a morir" shows the vocal line elaborated during the first statement, not only in the da capo.) Miss Jones brought an attractive, Jenny Lind-like cadenza to "Ah se a morir," and Miss Schuman essayed some Eboli-like flights in a cadenza to "De' più superbi il core." The Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra's accompaniment was a decent, proficient account of the score, not a tense musical drama with players alert to each emotional turn of the action. But the opera—this astonishingly grand, passionate, ever-arresting product of Mozart's youth—came through. —ANDREW PORTER

•

By Tuesday morning, Guernsey had learned what most other delegates knew about Jackson's platform positions. First, the Jackson forces would agree not to press for a vote on their demand for a Palestinian homeland in the Midwest.—*Williamstown (Mass.) Advocate.*

Somewhere around Cairo, Illinois, would be nice.

•

TROY—Lori Furlong and Suzie Manfield shot an 83 to capture the Ladies Member-Guest Tournament at the Country Club of Troy Thursday.

Monique Cunningham and Betty Clement, and Jill Brick and Jerry Barker finished tied for second at 84.

LOW GROSS—Jill Brick-Jerry Barker, 84; Monique Cunningham-Betty Clement, 84; Lori Furlong-Suzie Manfield, 83. They won the goddamnded thing.—*Troy (N.Y.) Sunday Record.*

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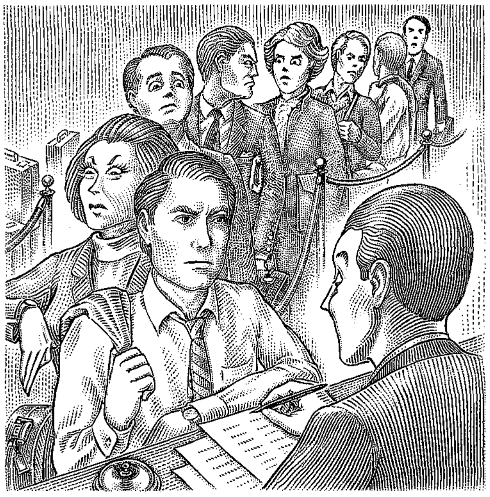

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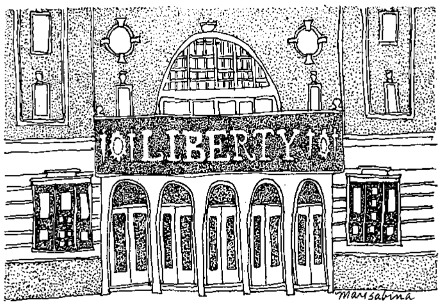
THE CURRENT CINEMA

True Detective

Errol Morris's documentaries have a luxuriant weirdness, a deep unfamiliarity. In his first two films—"Gates of Heaven" (1978), a report on pet cemeteries in California, and "Vernon, Florida" (1981), a loosely assembled collection of tales from a small Southern town, told by rambling coots and half-demented good old boys—his choice of material and his fondness for lingering on the cracked discourse of his interview subjects identified him as a true connoisseur of native eccentricity, a hoarder of oddball Americana. His new movie, "The Thin Blue Line," shows that he's more than an inspired believe-it-or-not artist. Telling the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas, and detailing the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime (with the likely killer as the prosecution's star witness), Morris burrows into a nightmarish realm of duplicity, faulty perception, and bottomless ambiguity. The movie is both detached and fanatically intense. Its materials have the heterogeneity, the heedless comprehensiveness, of documents in a dossier: there are interviews with the principals, closeups of key words and paragraphs from the newspaper accounts, courtroom sketches, maps, family-album snapshots of the suspects, diagrams of the crime scene and of the entry and exit wounds in the victim's body, and a series of eerie reënactments of witnesses' different versions of the murder and the events that led up to it. But this stuff isn't organized in ways that we're used to. "The Thin Blue Line" doesn't have the structure either of "60 Minutes"-style investigative journalism or of detective fiction, though it borrows elements from both; its form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. This is documentary as epistemological thriller; Morris seems to want to bring us to the point at which our apprehension of the real world reaches the pitch of paranoia—to induce in us the state of mind of a detective whose scrutiny of the evidence, whose search for the connections between stubbornly isolated facts, has begun to take on the feverish clarity of hallucination.

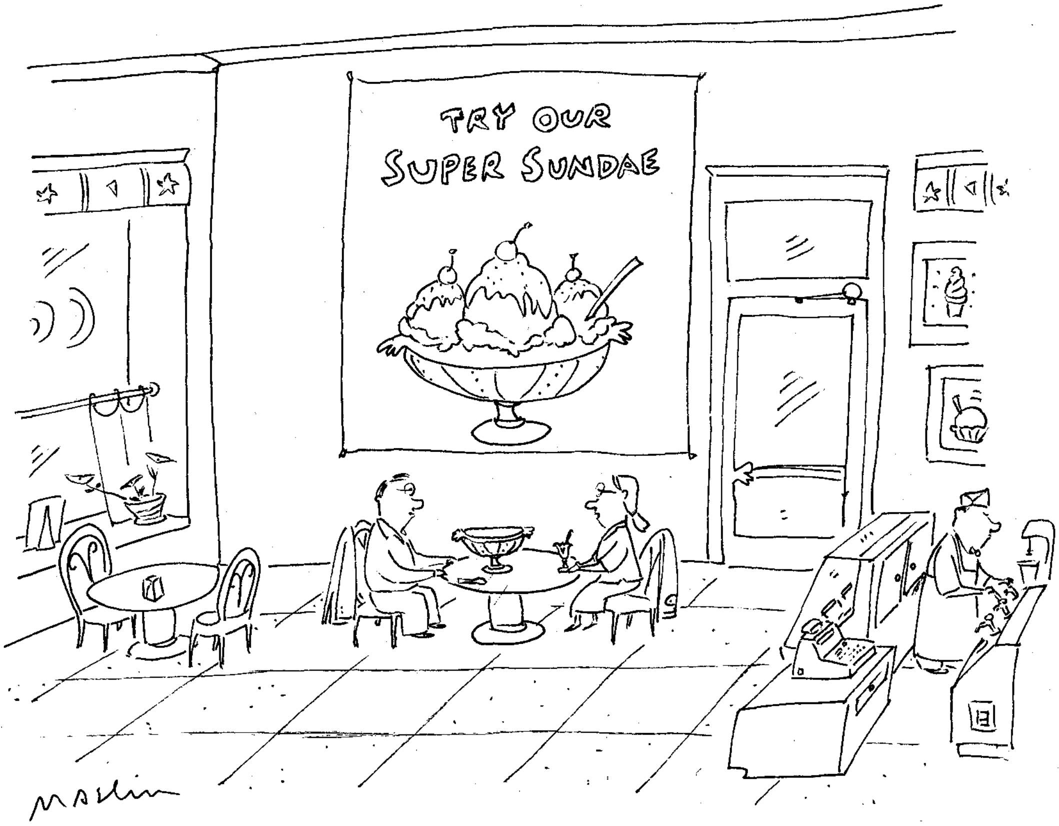
The movie is a trancelike, almost lyrical rendering of a small, messy murder case—the kind of story that's usually found only in local newspapers and, sensationalized, in true-detective magazines—and it's as hypnotic as "Vertigo." Although Morris himself doesn't appear in "The Thin Blue Line," he is this film's true detective, the investigator whose insomniac consciousness keeps reshuffling the evidence, generating ambiguous images of the crime from the contradictory testimony of witnesses, swerving constantly between words and pictures, between facts and hypotheses. He came upon the story by accident. In 1985, Morris was interviewing prisoners in a Texas penitentiary for a documentary on Dr. James P. Grigson, a Dallas psychiatrist who is known as Dr. Death, because his expert testimony in capital cases virtually guarantees that the defendant will be sentenced to death. One of the filmmaker's interview subjects was a man named Randall Adams, who claimed to have been wrongly convicted of a policeman's murder. Morris did some digging into the records of the case and the trial, became convinced that Adams was innocent, and wound up on a long detour from the Dr. Death movie; the question of how Randall Adams could have landed in jail for something he probably didn't do took over the filmmaker's mind. Undoubtedly, the urgent, compulsive quality of "The Thin Blue Line" is, at least in part, a consequence of the film's unusual origin. The subject seems to have seized Morris's imagination unexpectedly—in much the same way that another Dallas murder, the Kennedy assassination, has drawn people, almost against their will, into its labyrinth of half-truths and contradictions, closed files and intimations of conspiracy.



Officer Robert Wood was killed on a cold night in November, 1976. He and his partner had stopped a car in a bad section of town just to tell the driver to turn his headlights on; when Wood reached the window on the driver's side, he was shot, several times, by the man at the wheel. Since the crime was apparently so senseless, and since the only known witness, Wood's partner, wasn't very observant (the movie suggests that she may have violated procedure by remaining seated in the patrol car, drinking a milkshake, while Wood approached the killer's car), the Dallas police had no leads and hardly any clues. A month later, they questioned sixteen-year-old David Harris, who had been bragging to his buddies in the small town of Vidor that he had killed a Dallas cop. He admitted to the police that he had been in the car that Wood pulled over, but claimed that the person who had done the shooting was Randall Adams, a hitchhiker he had picked up earlier that day. After interrogating Adams—who insisted that the teenager had dropped him off at his motel a couple of hours before the time of the murder, and who refused to sign a confession—the police decided that they would believe Harris, despite what might have seemed fairly strong circumstantial evidence pointing to him as the killer: both the murder weapon and the car had been stolen by Harris in Vidor; since he knew that the car was stolen, he would have had far more reason than Adams to panic at being stopped by a patrol car; he had a substantial criminal record, and was facing charges in Vidor at the time he gave his evidence, whereas Adams had no record at all and no history of violence. So why, the movie asks, was Adams prosecuted, much less convicted and sentenced to death?

Morris's answers, or suggestions of answers, are complex, and whirl by us at such speed that we're barely able to keep up. We register one fact, and then another comes at us, then another and another, until, finally, we seem to be taking it all in on an almost subliminal level—our attention is so intensely focussed that everything resonates, everything connects, with a logic we have stopped even trying to articulate. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the cultural influences, the unwarranted assumptions, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against Randall Adams, Morris—who has a degree in philosophy, and who once worked as a private detective—seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. It's hard to think of another movie (let alone another documentary) that has such a richly developed sense of the *texture* of falsehood, that picks out so many of the strands that, woven together, blind us. The Dallas police, their anger stirred and their pride challenged by the murder of one of their own, needed to arrest someone: if they believed Harris, they had a crime with a witness; if they believed Adams, then Harris was alone in the car, and they had nothing. The District Attorney, Douglas Mulder, who had never lost a capital case, needed a conviction and a death sentence: Harris, as a juvenile, couldn't be tried for first-degree murder; Adams, who was twenty-seven, could. At the trial, the victim's partner, who was feeling the heat of a departmental investigation of her conduct on the night of the killing and therefore may have been especially eager to coöperate, changed her testimony from her original report: having initially said that there was only one person in the car, she now claimed to have seen two; the driver was now described as having had bushy shoulder-length hair (like Adams), rather than short hair and a fur-collared jacket (like Harris). The judge, the son of an F.B.I. agent, was a man with a passion for law enforcement; he admits that he "welled up" during the D.A.'s emotional closing argument about "the thin blue line" of police risking their lives to protect society. One of the prosecution's chief witnesses, sprung on the defense at the last moment, was a woman named Emily Miller, who "used to watch all the detective shows on TV" and loved to make herself useful to the authorities—particularly in this case, since there was a twenty-one-thousand-dollar reward involved, and her daughter had just been arrested for a felony. (The charges were quietly dropped.)

Morris sucks us into the process by which a man, Randall Adams, becomes a kind of fictional character in a story whose momentum seems unstoppable. Adams, labelled a "drifter" by the police and the press (although he had been holding down a decent job ever since he arrived in Dallas, two months before the murder), is, when we see him interviewed in prison, a wan, ghostly, soft-spoken man. He's much thinner than the mustached hippie we've seen in newspaper photos from the time of his arrest, and he has a flat, weary voice. Although Adams isn't on Death Row anymore—in a complicated legal maneuver, the State of Texas commuted his sentence to life imprisonment in 1977 (after the Supreme Court struck down his death penalty), so that it wouldn't have to give him a new trial—he looks and sounds like someone on the verge of disappearing. He seems barely real, a shadowy image animated only sporadically by glints of bitter humor. The recreations of the murder and the events surrounding it have a stronger presence than Adams himself. Even when these scenes are representing accounts that are probably false, they're compelling. We watch the same actions occur over and over again, with slight but significant variations, on the same dark stretch of road—a setting that Morris endows with an unearthly vividness, composed of the piercing beams of headlights, silhouetted figures, flashes of gunfire, the revolving red light on top of the police car, and rich, enveloping nighttime blackness—and we think, against all reason, that one more detail, a different angle of vision, will suddenly reveal the truth, that these reconstructions somehow have the power to take us to the heart of things. Once David Harris had told his story, Randall Adams' life was obliterated, to be replaced by an endless series of constructions and reconstructions of a single moment (a moment at which he was most likely asleep in his motel room). It's as if time had simply stopped for him the instant the image



"I'm sorry, Neil. I underestimated you."

• •

of him shooting Robert Wood lodged in the minds of the Dallas police, and he had been condemned to live the rest of his life exclusively in the minds of others: cops, judges, juries, lawyers, newspaper readers, Errol Morris, audiences watching this movie—all of us, for our various reasons, rehearsing that terrible moment, with the figure of Randall Adams flickering in and out of the picture.

Adams' fate is worthy of a Borges hero, one of those melancholy spirits trapped in infinite loops of metaphysical treachery. It's no small feat for Morris to have made a documentary that evokes this kind of existential unease in its audience. There are times, though, when things get all muddy and confused, and that's not because reality is, you know, hopelessly ambiguous; it's because the filmmaker's style is too fancy and elliptical, or because he just hasn't bothered to give us information we need. The legal proceedings, in particular, are almost never entirely lucid. The flowering absurdity of Adams' experiences with the courts wouldn't lose its horror if Morris troubled to explain a few crucial points of law. But this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie, and Morris's occasional excess of artiness shouldn't be taken as an indication of indifference to the reality of Randall Adams' plight. In fact, the filmmaker himself uncovered several pieces of new evidence, testified in Adams' behalf at hearings on motions for retrial, and coaxed a near-confession out of David Harris, which we hear, on tape, in the movie's final scene. (Harris has since, in a recent interview with a newspaper reporter, come even closer to an outright admission of guilt. He's on Death Row for another murder, and Adams is still petitioning for a new trial.) Morris, who clearly has a very sophisticated understanding of the relationship between art and reality, did a thorough, painstaking investigation in the real world, and then did something different on film: he turned the case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence. If we quibble every now and then with his presentation of the facts, it's his own fault; "The Thin Blue Line" makes us all obsessed detectives.

THERE'S something heroic about Martin Scorsese's attempt to make a film of Nikos Kazantzakis's "The Last Temptation of Christ," an intense and nearly unreadable novel that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. Kazantzakis's conceit is a bold extension of the standard Christian teaching about the dual nature of the Son of God. It's speculative, but you'd have to be pretty touchy to find it blasphemous. (Yes, Jesus on the cross has a dream of ordinary life which includes a fully consummated marriage to Mary Magdalene, and this idea, more than anything else—more, in fact, than any of the countless other revisionist notions about the life of Christ proposed by writers, artists, and historians—has aroused the wrath of the Bible-thumpers. The suggestion that Christ might be tempted by a woman is outrageous only to those who believe that sex has nothing to do with human nature.) Kazantzakis's novel isn't unique in attempting to imagine a more "realistic" Jesus—Robert Graves' novel "King Jesus" and the Pasolini film "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" come to mind—but it's the only work that's daring, or crazy, enough to try to understand the character psychologically. Kazantzakis actually wants to represent what it *feels* like to be God and man simultaneously. His book is an act of tremendous artistic hubris, and that's probably what attracted Scorsese to it. It's not difficult to spot parallels between the agonizingly divided Christ of "Last Temptation" and the heroes of "Mean Streets," "Taxi Driver," and "Raging Bull," all of them, in one way or another, caught in violent conflicts of the spirit and the flesh. But I suspect that what Scorsese really responded to in the novel was the whiff of heroic madness which every page gives off, the febrile incoherence of the prose—the sense of an artist torturing himself in the attempt to penetrate the mind of God.

Brave as it is, "The Last Temptation of Christ" isn't a very good novel; it's ponderous and muddled. And the movie isn't a great improvement. For the first time in his career, Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story. Individual sequences are brilliantly conceived, but the movie's intensity,

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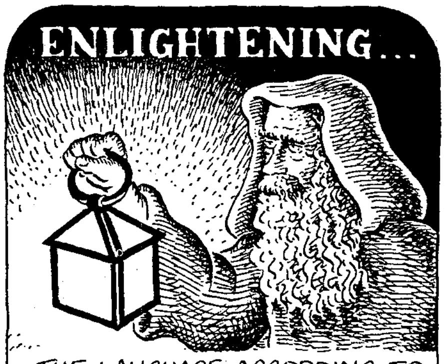

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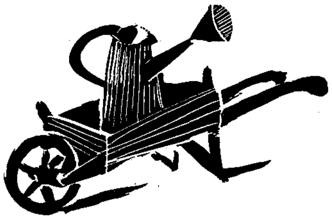
over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. “The Last Temptation” veers between big, stylized set pieces (Christ’s entry into Jerusalem, the temptations in the desert, the Crucifixion) and flatly “realistic” scenes of everyday life in Galilee. The contrast isn’t expressive, partly because the realistic scenes tend to feature more of Paul Schrader’s dreadful dialogue, and partly because Scorsese himself either isn’t very stimulated by what is ordinary or can’t quite find his way into this specific historical reality. As we watch the camera pan across the brown, barren landscapes of Morocco, where the film was shot, it may occur to us, with a jolt, how rarely Scorsese’s movies have used exteriors that weren’t city streets. In any event, the scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don’t have much charge. Scorsese’s difficulties in achieving an expressive style for ordinary life are most damaging in the movie’s crucial scene, the long passage in which Jesus dreams of being rescued from the cross, marrying first Mary Magdalene and then (after her death) Lazarus’ sister Mary, and living to a ripe old age as the head of a loving family. This is supposed to be the ultimate temptation, but after the initial, effective shock of the transition from the agonies of Golgotha to the soothing delights of connubial love the sequence gets awfully boring. There isn’t enough imaginative energy in Scorsese’s depiction of the joys of simple humanity to make this vision truly seductive, a temptation only God could resist. When Jesus returns to the cross, having decided at last to accept his divine responsibility to redeem the sins of mankind, we may feel—it’s what the startling variation in the power of the filmmaking suggests to us—that he has chosen to be the Messiah simply because it’s a hell of a lot more exciting than the alternative.



It would be possible, I guess, to make the case that the vacillations and uncertainties of the movie’s approach to the material are perfectly appropriate: for a struggling, unresolved hero, a struggling, unresolved style. The Christ of “Last Temptation” is so bewildered by the paradox of his situation that he can’t figure out what the real message of his teaching should be: sometimes he preaches love, and at other times his sermons are full of righteous, revolutionary anger—he’s a raging lamb. And if we respond to anything in this movie it’s to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis’s conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel’s dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese’s work here has extraordinary integrity, a kind of spiritual rigor. He doesn’t use his gifts facilely, as he did in his last two films (“After Hours” and “The Color of Money”); he directs as if he were determined to renounce everything he’s most comfortable with and to risk failure in unforgiving, unexplored terrain.

Unfortunately, he does fail. He’s too reverent toward the novel, which is more than difficult—it’s impossible. (Kazantzakis’s mind is nearly as inscrutable as God’s.) Except for Barbara Hershey, who’s luminous in the small—and relatively simple—role of Magdalene, the actors look to be having a tough time puzzling out who it is they’re supposed to be. Often, the camera catches them posing as stiffly as extras in a De Mille epic while speaking lines written in a drab modern idiom. The decision to apply “contemporary” touches to the Biblical story has the feel of a desperate invention on Scorsese’s part: it’s as if he knew he had saddled himself with a story that would have no resonance for us otherwise. Only a lunatic would *identify* with Kazantzakis’s Christ, could find in this protagonist’s conflict an image of his own. The idea of Jesus agonizing about whether he would rather be human or divine is interesting enough, but its relevance to our own lives is sort of limited; this isn’t a problem any of us will ever have. (Willem Dafoe, working hard, plays Jesus about as well as any non-lunatic could.) Scorsese should probably have made a movie about Kazantzakis instead. The story of the writer’s attempt to think like God is potent and suggestive—something that an ambitious filmmaker and a sympathetic audience might recognize. This movie isn’t a sacrilege; it’s just an honorable mistake.

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LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES

DURING one of the weeks I spent this summer in Los Angeles, there was a cluster of small earthquakes, the most noticeable of which, on the Garlock Fault, a major lateral-slip fracture that intersects the San Andreas in the Tehachapi range north of Los Angeles, occurred at six minutes after four on a Friday afternoon when I happened to be driving in Wilshire Boulevard from the beach. People brought up to believe that the phrase "terra firma" has real meaning often find it hard to understand the apparent equanimity with which earthquakes are accommodated in California, and tend to write it off as regional spaciness. It is in fact less equanimity than protective detachment, the useful adjustment commonly made in circumstances so unthinkable that psychic survival precludes preparation. I know very few people in California who actually set aside, as instructed, a week's supply of water and food. I know fewer still who could actually lay hands on the wrench required to turn off, as instructed, the main gas valve; the scenario in which this wrench will be needed is a catastrophe, and something in the human spirit rejects planning on a daily basis for catastrophe. I once, in the late sixties, interviewed someone who did prepare: a Pentecostal minister, who had received a kind of heavenly earthquake advisory, and, on its quite specific instructions, was moving his congregation from Port Hueneme, north of Los Angeles, to Murfreesboro, Tennessee. A few months later, when a small earthquake was felt not in Port Hueneme but in Murfreesboro, an event so novel that it was reported nationally, I was, I recall, mildly gratified.

A certain fatalism comes into play. When the ground starts moving, all bets are off. Quantification, which in this case takes the form of guessing where the movement at hand will rank on the Richter scale, remains a favored way of regaining the illusion of personal control, and people still crouched in the nearest doorframe will reach for a telephone and try to call Caltech, in Pasadena, for a Richter reading. "Rock and roll," the d.j. said on my car radio that Friday afternoon at six minutes after four. "This console is definitely shaking. . . . No word from Pasadena yet, is there?"

"I would say this is a three," the d.j.'s colleague said.

"Definitely a three, maybe I would say a little higher than a three."

"Say an eight—just joking."

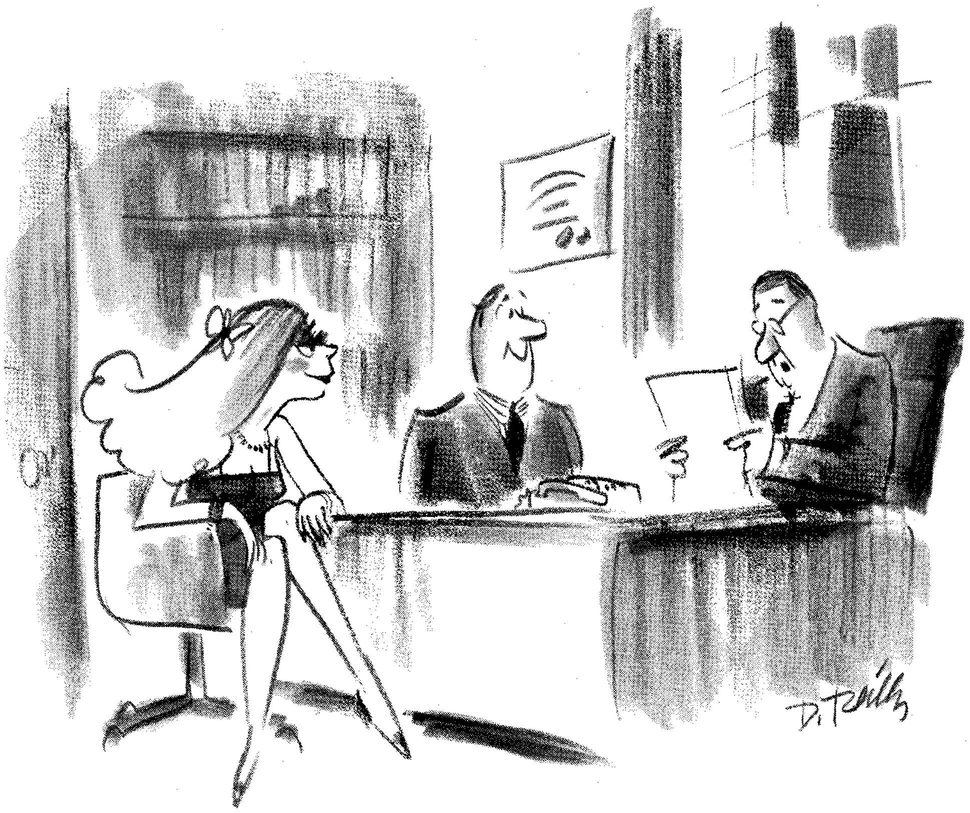
"It felt like a six where I was."

What it turned out to be was a 5.2, followed by a dozen smaller aftershocks, and it had knocked out four of six circuit breakers at the A.D. Edmonston pumping plant on the California Aqueduct, temporarily shutting down the flow of Northern California water over the Tehachapi range and cutting off half of Southern California's water supply for the weekend. This was all in the category not only of the predictable but of the normal. No one had been killed or seriously injured. There was plenty of water for the weekend in the system's four southern reservoirs—Pyramid, Castaic, Silverwood, and Perris Lakes. A 5.2 earthquake is not a major event in California, where the movements that people remember tend to have Richter numbers well over six, and the probability of earthquakes like this one had, in fact, been built into the Aqueduct: the decision to pump the water nineteen hundred feet over the Tehachapi was made precisely because the Aqueduct's engineers rejected the idea of tunnelling through an area so geologically complex—periodically wrenched by opposing displacements along the San Andreas and the Garlock—that it has been called California's structural knot.

Still, this particular 5.2, coming, as it did, when what Californians call the Big One was pretty much overdue (the Big One is the 8, the Big One is the 7 in the wrong place or at the wrong time, the Big One could even be the 6.5 centered near downtown Los Angeles at nine on a weekday morning), made people a little uneasy. There was some concern through the weekend that this was not merely an ordinary 5.2 but a "foreshock," an earthquake prefiguring a larger event (the chances of this, according to Caltech seismologists, run about one in twenty), and by Sunday there was what seemed to many people a sinister amount of activity on other faults: a 3.4 just east of Ontario at two-twenty-two in the afternoon, a 3.6 twenty-two minutes later at Lake Berryessa, and, four hours and one minute later, northeast of San Jose, a 5.5 on the Calaveras Fault. On Monday, there was a 2.3 in Playa del Rey and a 3 in Santa Barbara.

Had it not been for the 5.2 on Friday, very few people would have registered these little quakes (the Caltech seismological monitors in Southern California normally record from twenty to thirty earthquakes a day with magnitudes below 3), and in the end nothing came of them, but this time people did register them, and they lent a certain moral gravity to the way the city happened to look that weekend, a temporal dimension to the hard white edges and empty golden light. At odd moments during the next few days people would suddenly clutch at tables or walls. "Is it going?" they would say, or "I think it's moving." They almost always said "it," and what they meant by "it" was not just the ground but the world as they knew it. I have lived all my life with the promise of the Big One, but when it starts going now even I get the jitters.

WHAT is striking about Los Angeles after a period away from it is how well it works. The famous freeways work, the supermarkets work (a visit to, say, the Pacific Palisades Gelson's, where the aisles are wide and the shelves full and checkout is fast and free of attitude, elevates grocery shopping to a form of zazen), the beaches work. The 1984 Olympics were not supposed to work, but they did (daily



"It is further agreed by both parties that the bride shall retain her name and her Southern drawl."

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warnings of gridlock and urban misery gave way during the first week to a county-wide block party, with pink and aquamarine flags fluttering over empty streets, and with parking spaces available, for once, even in Westwood)—not only worked but turned a profit, of almost two hundred and twenty-three million dollars, about which there was no scandal. Even the way houses are bought and sold seems to work more efficiently than it does in New York (for all practical purposes, there are no exclusive listings in Los Angeles, and the various contingencies on which closing the deal depends are arbitrated not by lawyers but by an escrow company), something that came to my attention when my husband and I arranged to have a house shown for the first time to brokers at eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning, went out to do a few errands, and came back at one to find that we had three offers, one of them for appreciably more than the asking price.

Selling a house in two hours was not, this year in Los Angeles, an entirely unusual experience. Around February, midway through what most people call the winter but Californians call the spring ("winter" in California is widely construed as beginning and ending with the Christmas season, a view reflecting a local preference for the upside), at a time when residential-real-estate prices in New York were plunging in response to the October crash, there had, in fact, developed on the west side of Los Angeles a heightened enthusiasm for committing large sums of money to marginal improvements in one's domestic situation: to moving, say, from what was called in the listings a "convertible 3" in Santa Monica (three bedrooms, one of which might be converted into a study) to a self-explanatory "4+lib" in Brentwood Park, or to acquiring what was described in the listings as an "H/F pool," meaning heated and filtered, or an "N/S tennis court," meaning the preferred placement on the lot—the north-south orientation that is locally believed to keep sun from the players' eyes.

By June, a kind of panic had set in, of a kind that occurs periodically in Southern California and had last occurred in 1979. Multiple offers were commonplace, and deals stalled because bank appraisers could not assess sales fast enough to keep up with the rising market. Residential-real-estate offices were routinely reporting "record months." People were buying one- and two-million-dollar houses as investments, to give their adolescent children what brokers referred to as "a base in the market." Small houses on modest lots priced at a million four were getting thirty or forty offers the day they were listed.

All this seemed to assume an infinite upward trend, and to be one of those instances in which the preoccupations and apprehensions of people in Los Angeles, a city in many ways predicated on the ability to deal with the future at a rather existential remove, did not exactly coincide with the concerns of the country at large. October 19th, which had so affected the New York market that asking prices on some apartments had dropped as much as a million dollars, seemed in Los Angeles not to have happened. California brokers to whom I talked, if they mentioned the crash at all, tended to see it as a catalyst for good times—something that had emphasized the "real" in real estate.

The Los Angeles *Times* had taken to running, every Sunday, a chat column devoted mainly to the buying and selling of houses: Ruth Ryon's "Hot Property," from which one could learn that the highest price paid for a house in Los Angeles to date was twenty million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (by Marvin Davis, to Kenny Rogers, for The Knoll in Beverly Hills); that the two and a half million dollars paid in 1986 for 668 St. Cloud Road in Bel Air (by Earle Jorgensen and Holmes Tuttle and some eighteen other friends of President and Mrs. Reagan, for whom the house was bought, and who will rent it with an option to buy) was strikingly under value, since even an unbuilt acre in the right part of Bel Air (the house bought by the Reagans' friends is definitely in the right part of Bel Air) will sell for three million; and that two houses in the Reagans' new neighborhood sold recently for thirteen and a half million dollars and fourteen million seven hundred and fifty thousand, respectively. A typical "Hot Property" item ran this way:

> Newlyweds Tracey E. Bregman Recht, star of the daytime soap 'The Young and the Restless,' and her husband Ron Recht, a commercial real estate developer, just bought their first home, on 2.5 acres in a nifty neighborhood. They're just up the street from Merv Griffin's house (which I've heard is about to be listed at some astronomical price), and they're just down the street from Pickfair, now owned by Pia Zadora and her husband. The Rechts bought a house that was built in 1957 on San Ysidro Drive in Beverly Hills for an undisclosed price, believed to be several million dollars, and now they're fixing it up.

I spent some time this summer with two west-side brokers, Betty Budlong and Romelle Dunas, of the Jon Douglas office, both of whom spoke about the going price of "anything at all" as a million dollars and of "something decent" as two million dollars. "Right now I've got two clients in the price range of five to six hundred thousand dollars," Romelle Dunas said. "I sat all morning trying to think what I could show them today."

"I'd cancel the appointment," Betty Budlong said.

"I just sold their condo for four hundred. I'm sick. The houses for five-fifty are smaller than their condo."

"I think you could still find something in Ocean Park," Betty Budlong said. "Ocean Park, Sunset Park—somewhere like that. Brentwood Glen, you know, over here, the Rattery tract—of course that's inching toward six."

"Inching toward six and you're living in the right lane of the San Diego Freeway," Romelle Dunas said.

"In seventeen hundred square feet," Betty Budlong said.

"If you're lucky. I saw one that was fifteen hundred square feet. I have a feeling when these people go out today they're not going to close on their condo."

Betty Budlong thought about this. "I think you should make a good friend of Sonny Fox," she said at last.

Sonny Fox was a Jon Douglas agent in Sherman Oaks, in the San Fernando Valley, only a twenty-minute drive from Beverly Hills on the San Diego Freeway but a twenty-minute drive to which someone living on the west side—even someone who would drive forty minutes to Malibu—was apt to display considerable sales resistance.

"In the Valley," Romelle Dunas said after a pause.

Betty Budlong shrugged. "In the Valley."

"People are afraid to get out of this market," Romelle Dunas said.

"They can't afford to get out," Betty Budlong said. "I know two people who in any other market would have sold their houses. One of them has accepted a job in Chicago, the other is in Washington for at least two years. They're both leasing their houses. Because until they're sure they're not coming back they don't want to get out."

The notion that land will be worth more tomorrow than it is worth today has been a real part of the California experience, and remains deeply embedded in the California mind, but this seemed extreme, and it occurred to me that the buying and selling of houses was perhaps one more area in which the local capacity for protective detachment had come into play—that people capable of compartmentalizing the Big One might be less inclined than others to worry about getting their money out of a 4+lib, H/F pool. I asked if foreign buyers could be pushing up the market.

Betty Budlong thought not. "These are people who are moving, say, from a seven-fifty house to a million-dollar house."

I asked if the market could be affected by a defense cutback.

Betty Budlong thought not. "Most of the people who buy on the west side are professionals, or in the entertainment industry. People who work at Hughes and Douglas, say, don't live in Brentwood or Santa Monica or Beverly Hills."

I asked Betty Budlong if she saw anything at all that could affect the market.

"Tight money could affect this market," she said. "For a while."

"Then it always goes higher," Romelle Dunas said.

"Which is why people can't afford to get out," Betty Budlong said.

"They couldn't get back in," Romelle Dunas said.

THE entire question of houses and what they were worth (and what they should be worth, and what it meant when the roof over someone's head was also his or her major asset) was understandably more on the local mind than it perhaps should have been, which was one reason that a certain house under construction just west of

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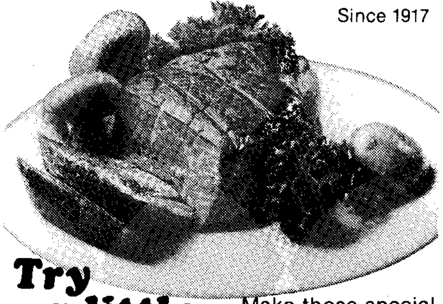

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the Los Angeles Country Club became, over the spring and summer, the focus not only of considerable attention but of emotions usually left dormant on the west side of Los Angeles. The house was the one being built by the television producer ("Dynasty," "The Love Boat," "Fantasy Island") Aaron Spelling and his wife, Candy, at the corner of Mapleton and Club View in Holmby Hills, on six acres the Spellings had bought in 1983, for ten million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, from Patrick Frawley, the chairman of Schick.

At the time of the purchase, there was already a fairly impressive house on the property, a house once lived in by Bing Crosby, but the Spellings, who are known for expansive domestic gestures (crossing the country in private railroad cars, for example, and importing snow to Beverly Hills for their children's Christmas parties), had decided that the Crosby/Frawley house was what is known locally as a teardown. The progress of the replacement, which was rising from the only residential site I have ever seen with a two-story office for the contractor and a sign reading "CONSTRUCTION AREA: HARD HATS REQUIRED," became over the next several months not just a form of popular entertainment but, among inhabitants of a city without much common experience, a unifying, even a political, idea.

At first, the project was identified, on the kind of site sign usually reserved for office towers in progress, as "THE MANOR;" later, "THE MANOR" was modified to what seemed, given the resemblance of the structure to a resort Hyatt, the slightly nutty discretion of "594 SOUTH MAPLETON DRIVE." It was said that the structure ("house" seemed not entirely to cover it) would have fifty-six thousand five hundred square feet. It was said that the interior plan included a bowling alley, and five hundred and sixty square feet of extra closet space, balconied between the second and the attic floors. It was said, by the owner, that such was the mass of the steel-frame construction that to break up the foundation alone would take a demolition crew six months and cost from four to five million dollars.

By early summer, the site had become an established attraction, and evening drive-bys were enlivened by a skittish defensiveness on the part of the guards, who would switch on the pe-

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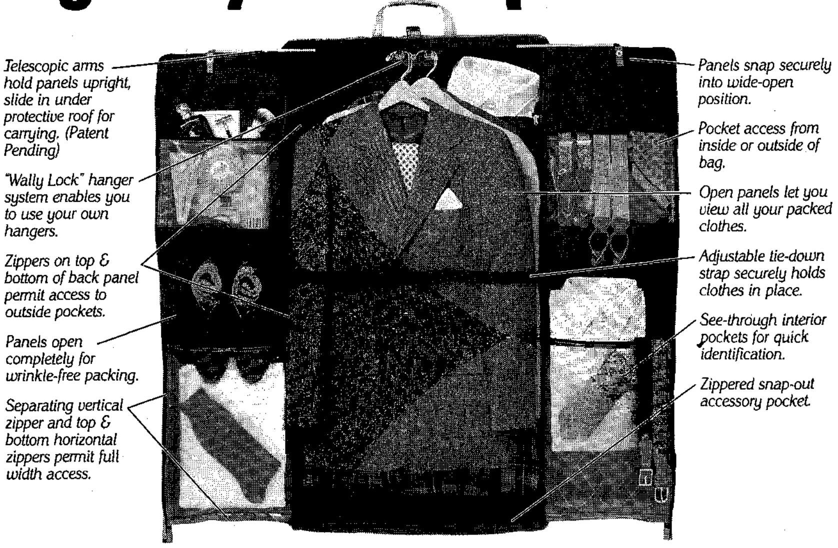
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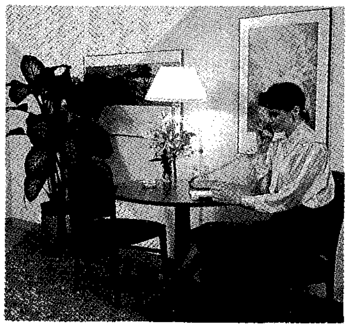

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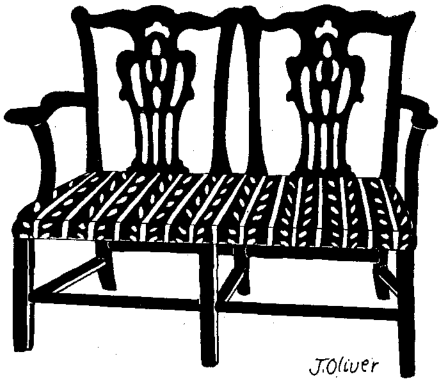
rimeter floods and light up the steel girders and mounded earth like a prison yard. The Los Angeles *Times* and *Herald Examiner* published periodic reports on and rumors about the job ("Callers came out of the woodwork yesterday in the wake of our little tale about Candy Spelling having the foundation of her $45 million mansion-in-progress lowered because she didn't want to see the Robinson's department store sign from where her bed-to-be was to sit"), followed by curiously provocative corrections, or "denials," from Aaron Spelling. "The only time Candy sees the Robinson's sign is when she's shopping" was one correction that got everyone's attention, but in many ways the most compelling was this: "They say we have an Olympic-sized swimming pool. Not true. There's no gazebo, no guest house. . . . When people are out to dinner, unless they talk about their movies, they have nothing else to talk about, so they single out Candy."

In that single clause "unless they talk about their movies" there was hidden a great local truth, and the inchoate heart of the matter: this house was, in the end, that of a television producer, and people who make movies do not, on an average evening, have dinner with people who make television. People who make television have most of the money, but people who make movies still have most of the status, and believe themselves the keepers of the community's unspoken code—of the rules, say, about what constitutes excess on the housing front. This is a distinction usually left tacit, but the fact of the Spelling house was making people say things out loud. "There are people in this town worth hundreds of millions of dollars," Richard Zanuck, one of the most successful motion-picture producers in the business, said to my husband not long ago, "and they can't get a table at Chasen's." This was a man whose father had run a studio and who had himself run a studio, and his bewilderment was that of someone who had uncovered an anomaly in the wheeling of the planets.

WHEN people in Los Angeles talk about "this town," they do not mean Los Angeles, nor do they exactly mean what many of them call the community. "The community" is more narrowly defined, limited to those inhabitants of this town who can be relied upon to sit at one another's tables on approved evenings (benefitting The American Film Institute, say, or the Joffrey Ballet), and to get one another's daughters into approved schools (Westlake, say, in Holmby Hills, not far from the Spellings' house, but on eleven acres rather than six). People in the community meet one another for lunch at Hillcrest but do not, in the main, attend Friars Club Roasts. People in the community sojourn with their children in Paris, and Aspen, and at the Kahala Hilton in Honolulu, but visit Las Vegas only on business. "The community" is made up of people who can, in other words, get a table at Chasen's.

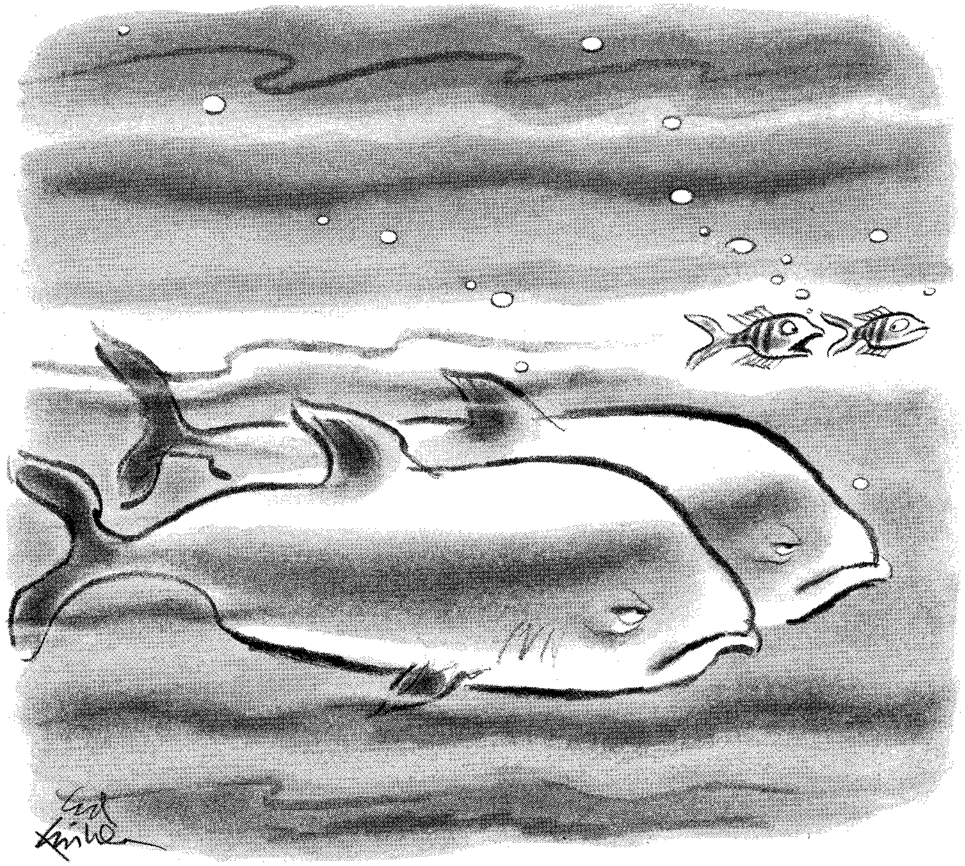
"This town" is broader, and means just "the industry," which, tellingly, is the way people who make television and motion pictures refer to the environment in which they work. The extent to which the industry in question resembles conventional industries is often obscured by its unconventional product, which requires that its "workers" perform in unconventional ways, for which they are paid unconventional sums of money: some people do make big money writing and directing and producing and acting in television, and some people also make big money, although considerably less big, writing and directing and producing and acting in motion pictures.

Still, as in other entrepreneurial enterprises, it is not those who work on the line in this industry but those who manage it who make the biggest money of all, and who tend to have things their way, which is what the five-month Writers Guild of America strike—by the time of its settlement in early August perhaps the most acrimonious strike in the industry's history—was initially, and despite its settlement is still, about. It was not about what were inflexibly referred to by both union and management as "the so-called creative issues," nor was it exclusively about the complicated formulas and residuals that were the tokens on the board. It was about respect, and about whether the people who made the biggest money were or were not going to give a little of it to the people who made the less big money.



In other words, it was a class issue, which was hard for people outside the industry—who in the first place did not understand the essentially adversarial nature of the business (a good contract, it is taken for granted in Hollywood, is one that insures the other party's breach) and in the second place believed everybody involved to be overpaid—to entirely understand. "Whose side does one take in such a war—that of the writers with their scads of money, or that of the producers, with their tons of money?" the Washington *Post's* television reporter, Tom Shales, demanded (as it turned out, rhetorically) in a June 29th piece arguing that the writers were "more interested in strutting and swaggering than in reaching a settlement," that a "handful of hotheads" who failed to realize that "the salad days are over" were bringing down an industry beset by "dwindling" profits, and that the only effect of the strike was to crush "those in the lowest paying jobs"—for example, a waitress laid off when Universal shut down its commissary, whom Tom Shales perceived to be "not too thrilled with the writers and their grievances" when he saw her interviewed on a television newscast. (This was an example of what became known locally during the strike as "the little-people argument," and referred to the traditional practice among struck companies of firing their non-union hostages. When hard times come to Hollywood, the typing pool goes first, and is understood to symbolize the need of the studio to "cut back," or "slash costs.") "Just because the producers are richer doesn't mean the writers are right. Or righteous," Tom Shales concluded. "These guys haven't just seen too many Rambo movies, they've written too many Rambo movies."

This piece, which reflected with rather impressive fidelity the arguments then being made by the Alliance of Motion Picture and Television Producers, the negotiating body for management, was typical of most coverage of the strike, and also of what had become by early summer the prevailing



"I grow suspicious when every damned collision gets attributed to pilot-fish error."

• •

mood around town. Writers have never been much admired in Hollywood. In an industry predicated on social fluidity, on the daily calibration and reassessment of status and power, screenwriters, who perform a function that remains only dimly understood even by the people who hire them, occupy a notably static place: even the most successful of them have no real power, and therefore no real status. "I can always get a writer," Ray Stark once told my husband, who had expressed a disinclination to join the team on a Stark picture for which he had been, Ray Stark had told him a few weeks before, "the only possible writer."

Writers (even the only possible writers), it is universally believed, can always be replaced; this is why they are so frequently referred to in the plural. Writers, it is believed by many, are even better when they are replaced—hired serially—since, in this view, they bring only a limited amount of talent and energy to bear on what directors often call their "vision." A number of directors prefer to hire fresh writers—usually writers with whom they have previously worked—just before shooting; Sydney Pollack, no matter who wrote the picture he is directing, has the habit of hiring for the period just before and during production David Rayfiel or Elaine May or Kurt Luedtke. ("I want it in the contract when David Rayfiel comes in," a writer I know once said when he and Pollack were talking about doing a picture together; this was a practical but unappreciated approach.) The previous writer on any picture is typically described as "exhausted," or "worn out on this." What is meant by "this" is the task at hand, which is seen as narrow and technical, one color in the larger vision, a matter of taking notes from a producer or an actor or a director and adding dialogue—something, it is understood, that the producer or actor or director could do without a writer, if only he or she had the time, if only he or she were not required to keep that larger vision in focus. "I've got the ideas," one frequently hears in the industry. "All I need is a writer."

Such "ideas," when explored, typically tend toward the general ("relationships between men and women," say, or "rebel without a cause in the west Valley"), and the necessity of paying a writer to render such ideas specific remains a source of considerable resentment. Writers are generally seen as balky, obstacles to the forward flow of the project. They take time. They want money. They are typically the first element on a picture, the people whose job it is to invent a world sufficiently compelling to interest actors and directors, and, as the first element, they are often unwilling to recognize the necessity of keeping the front money down, of cutting their fees in order to get a project going. "Everyone," they are told, is taking a cut ("everyone" in this instance generally means every one of the writers), yet they insist on "irresponsible" fees. A director who gets several million dollars a picture will often complain quite bitterly about being "held up" by the demands of his writers. "You're haggling over pennies," a director once complained to me.

This resentment surfaces most openly in contract negotiations ("We don't give points to writers," studio-business-affairs lawyers will say in a negotiation, or, even though a writer has often delivered one or two drafts on the basis of a deal memo alone, "Our policy is no payment without a fully executed contract"), but in fact suffuses every aspect of life in the community. Writers do not get gross from dollar one, nor do they get the Thalberg Award, nor do they determine when or where a meeting will take place: these are facts of local life known even to children. Writers who work regularly live comfortably, but not in the houses with the better N/S courts. Writers sometimes get to Paris on business, but rarely aboard the Concorde. Writers sometimes have lunch at Hillcrest, but only when their agents take them. Writers have at best a provisional relationship with the community in which they live, and this is precisely what has made them, over the years, such convenient pariahs. "Fuck 'em, they're weaklings," one director I know said about the Guild.

As the strike wore on, then, a certain natural irritation, even a bellicosity, was bound to surface when the subject of the writers (or, as some put it, "the writers and their so-called demands") came up, as was an impatience with the

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whole idea of collective bargaining. “If you’re good enough, you can negotiate your own contract,” I recall being told by one director. It was frequently suggested that the strike was supported only by those members of the Guild who were not full-time working writers. “A lot of them aren’t writers,” an Alliance spokesman told the Los Angeles *Times* in May. “They pay their $100 a year dues and get invitations to screenings.” A television producer suggested to me in June that perhaps the answer was “another guild,” one that would function, although he did not say this, as a sweetheart union. “A guild for working writers,” he said. “That’s a guild we could negotiate with.”

I heard repeatedly during June and July that I, as a member of the Guild “but an intelligent person,” had surely failed to understand what “the leadership” of the Guild was doing to me; when I said that I did understand it, that I had lost three pictures in the course of the strike and would continue to vote against a settlement until certain money issues had been resolved, I was told that such intransigence would lead nowhere, because “the producers won’t budge,” because “they’re united on this,” because “they’re going to just write off the Guild,” and because, an antic note, “they’re going to start hiring college kids—they’re even going to start hiring journalists.”

In this mounting enthusiasm for punishing the industry’s own writers by replacing them “even” with journalists (“Why not air-traffic controllers?” said a writer to whom I mentioned this threat), certain facts about the strike receded early into the mists of claim and counterclaim. Many people preferred to believe that, as Tom Shales summarized it, the producers had “offered increases” and the writers had “said they were not enough.” In reality, the producers had offered, on the key points in the negotiations, rollbacks on a residual payment structure established in 1960, specifically on residual payments that had been assured in 1985, when the W.G.A. contract was last negotiated. Many people preferred to believe, as Tom Shales seemed to believe, that it was the writers, not the producers, who were refusing to negotiate. In reality, the strike, from the Alliance’s “last and final offer” on March 6th until a federal mediator called both sides to meet on May 23rd, had been less a strike than a lockout, with the producers agreeing to attend only a single meeting, on April 8th, and the Alliance negotiators walking out after twenty minutes. “It looks like the writers are shooting the whole industry in the foot—and they’re doing it willfully and stupidly,” Grant Tinker, the television producer and former chairman of NBC, told the Los Angeles *Times* after the Guild rejected, by a vote of 2,789 to 933, the June version of the Alliance’s series of “last and final” offers. “It’s just pigheaded and stupid for the writers to have so badly misread what’s going on here.”

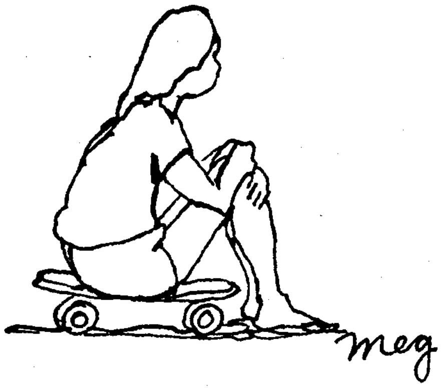
What was going on here was interesting. This was not an industry unaccustomed to labor disputes, nor had it been one—plans to hire “journalists” notwithstanding—historically hospitable to outsiders. (“We don’t go for strangers in Hollywood,” Cecilia Brady said in “The Last Tycoon;” this remains the most succinct description I know of the picture business.) For reasons basic to the structure of the industry, writers’ strikes have been a fixed feature of local life, and gains earned by the writers have traditionally been passed on to the other unions—which themselves strike only rarely—in a fairly inflexible ratio: for every dollar in residuals the Writers Guild gets, another dollar goes to the Directors Guild, three dollars goes to the Screen Actors Guild, and eight or nine dollars goes to IATSE, the principal craft union, which needs the higher take because its pension and health benefits, unlike those of the other unions, are funded entirely from residuals. “So when the W.G.A. negotiates for a dollar increase in residuals, say, the studios don’t think just a dollar, they think twelve or thirteen,” a former Guild president told me. “The industry is a kind of family, and its members are interdependent.”

Something new was at work, and it had to do with a changed attitude among the top executives. I recall being told quite early in the strike, by someone who had been a studio head of production and had bargained for management in previous strikes, that this strike would be different, and, in many ways, unpredictable. The problem, he said, was the absence at the bargaining table of "a Lew Wasserman, an Arthur Krim." Lew Wasserman, the chairman of MCA-Universal, it is said in the industry, was always looking for the solution; as he grew less active, Arthur Krim, at United Artists, and, to a lesser extent, Ted Ashley, at Warner Brothers, fulfilled this function, which was essentially that of the *consigliere*. "The guys who are running the studios now, they don't deal," he said. "Sid Sheinberg bargaining for Universal, Barry Diller for Fox—that's ridiculous. They won't even talk. As far as the Disney guys go—Eisner, Katzenberg—they play hardball. That's the way they run their operation."

Roger Fisher, the Williston Professor of Law at Harvard Law School and the director of the Harvard Negotiation Project, recently suggested, in an analysis of the strike published in the Los Angeles *Times*, that what had been needed between management and labor in this case was "understanding, two-way communication, reliability, and acceptance," the very qualities that natural selection in the motion-picture industry had tended to eliminate. It was, in fact, June before the people running the studios actually entered the negotiating sessions, which they referred to, significantly, as "downtime." "I talked to Diller, Mancuso, Daly," I was told by one of the two or three most powerful agents in the industry. He meant Barry Diller, at Twentieth Century Fox; Frank Mancuso, at Paramount; and Robert Daly, at Warner Brothers. "I said, 'Look, you guys, you want this thing settled, you better indicate you're taking it seriously enough to put in the downtime yourselves.' Sheinberg and Mancuso have kind of emerged as the point players for management, but you've got to remember, these guys are all prima donnas, they hate each other, so it was a big problem presenting a sufficiently united front to put somebody out there speaking for all of them."

In the context of an industry traditionally organized, like a mob family, around principles of discretion and unity, this notion of the executive as prima donna was a new phenomenon, and not one tending toward an appreciation of the "interdependence" of unions and management. That the main players on one side of the negotiations were themselves regarded as stars—the subjects of fan profiles, pieces often written by people who admired and wanted to work in the industry—did not work toward settlement of this strike. Michael Eisner had been on the cover of *Time*. Sidney Sheinberg had been on the cover of *Manhattan, inc.* Executive foibles had been detailed (Jeffrey Katzenberg, of Disney, "guzzled" diet Coke, and "sold his Porsche after he almost killed himself trying to shift gears and dial at the same time"), as had—and this presented a problem—company profits and executive compensation. In 1987, the net profit for Warner Communications was up 76.6 per cent over 1986, and for Paramount it was up a hundred and thirty per cent over 1986. CBS was up twenty-one per cent, ABC fifty-three per cent. In 1987, the chairman and C.E.O. of Columbia, Victor Kaufman, received $826,154 in salary and $1,506,142 in stock options and bonuses. Michael Eisner was said to have received, including options and bonuses, a figure that ranged from twenty-three million dollars (this was Disney's own figure) to more than eighty million dollars (this was what the number of shares involved in the stock options seemed to suggest), but was most often given as sixty-three million dollars.

During a season when management was issuing white papers explaining "the new, colder realities facing the entertainment industry," this last figure, in particular, had an energizing effect on the local consciousness, and was frequently mentioned in relation to another figure—that for the combined total received in residual payments by all nine thousand members of the Writers' Guild. This figure was fifty-eight million dollars, and, against Michael Eisner's "sixty-three," made it hard for many people to accept the notion that residual rollbacks were entirely imperative. Trust seemed lacking, as did a certain mutuality of interest. "We used to sit across the table from people we had personally worked with on movies," I was told in June by a writer who had sat in on negotiating sessions during this and past strikes. "These people aren't movie people. They think like their own business-affairs lawyers. You take somebody like Jeff Katzenberg. He has a very ideological position. He said the other night, 'I'm speaking as a dedicated capitalist. I own this screenplay. So why should I hand anybody else the right to have any say about it?' "



IN June, it was said around Los Angeles that the strike was essentially over, because the producers said it was over, and that the only problem remaining was to find a way for the Guild negotiators to save face—a "bone," as Jeffrey Katzenberg was said to be calling it, to throw the writers. "This has largely come down to a question of how Brian will look," I was told by someone close to management. He was talking about Brian Walton, the Guild's executive director and chief negotiator. "It's a presentation problem, a question of giving him something he can present to the membership, after fifteen weeks, as something approaching win-win." It was generally conceded that the producers, despite disavowals, were determined to break the union; even the disavowals, focussing as they did on the useful clerical work done by the Guild ("If the Guild didn't exist we'd have to invent it," Sidney Sheinberg said at one point), suggested that what the producers had in mind was less a union than a trade association. It was taken for granted that it was not the producers but the writers who, once the situation was correctly "presented," would give in. "Let's get this town back to work," people were saying, and "This strike has got to end."

Still, this strike did not end. By late July, it was said around Los Angeles that the negotiations once again in progress were not really negotiations at all—that "they" were meeting only because a federal mediator had ordered them to meet, and that the time spent at the table was just that, time spent at a table: downtime. Twenty-one writers had announced their intention of working in spite of the strike, and had described their decision as evidence of "the highest form of loyalty" to the

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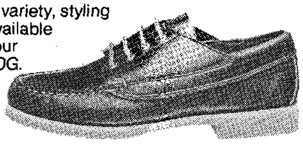

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Guild. "What's it for?" people were saying, and "This is lose-lose."

"WRITERS are children," Monroe Stahr had said almost half a century before, in "The Last Tycoon," by way of explaining why his own negotiations with the Writers Guild had reached, after a year, a dead end. "They are not equipped for authority. There is no substitute for will. Sometimes you have to fake will when you don't feel it at all. . . . So I've had to take an attitude in this Guild matter." In the end, the attitude once again was taken and once again prevailed. "This strike has run out of gas," people began to say, and "This is ridiculous, this is enough," as if the writers were not only children but bad children, who had been humored too long. "We've gotten to the end of the road and hit a brick wall," the negotiator for the Alliance of Motion Picture and Television Producers, J. Nicholas Counter III, said on the afternoon of Sunday, July 31st, at a press conference that the Alliance had called to announce that negotiations with the Writers Guild were at an end, "hopelessly" deadlocked. "I suggest it's time for Mr. Walton to look to himself for the answer as to why his guild is still on strike," Jeffrey Katzenberg said that afternoon to Aljean Harmetz, of the New York *Times*. That evening, Jeffrey Katzenberg and the other executives of the major studios met with Kenneth Ziffren, a prominent local lawyer who represented several Guild members who, because they had television-production companies, had a particular interest in ending the strike; the marginally different formulas suggested by Kenneth Ziffren seemed to many the bone they had been looking for: a way of solving "the presentation problem," of making the strike look, now that the writers understood that it had run out of gas, "like something approaching win-win." On the following Sunday, August 7th, the Guild membership voted to end the strike, on approximately the same terms it had turned down in June.

DURING the summer many people outside the industry had asked me what the strike was about, and I had heard myself talk about ancillary markets and about the history of pattern bargaining, about the "issues," but the dynamic of the strike—the particular momentum that kept several thousand people with not much in common voting at least for a while against what appeared to be their own best interests—had remained hard to explain. The amounts of money to be gained or lost had seemed insignificant against the money lost in the course of the strike. The "creative" issues, the provisions that touched on the right of the writer to have some say in the production, would have been, if resolved as the Guild wished, unenforceable.

Yet I had been for the strike, and felt toward that handful of writers who had declared their intention of deserting it, and by so doing had encouraged the terms on which it would end, a coolness bordering on distaste, as if we had gone back forty years, and they had named names. "You need to have worked in the industry," I would say by way of explanation, or "You have to live there." Not until midsummer, at the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta, did the emotional core of the strike become clear to me. I had gone to Atlanta in an extra-industry role, that of reporter (or, as we say in Hollywood, "journalist"), with credentials that gave me a seat in the Omni but access to only a rotating pass to go on the floor. While I was waiting for this rotating pass one evening, I ran into a director I knew, Paul Mazursky. We talked for a moment, and I noticed that he, like all the other industry people I saw in Atlanta, had a top pass—one of the several all-access passes. In this case, it was a floor pass, and, since I was working and he seemed not about to go on the floor, I asked if I might borrow it for half an hour.

He considered this.

He would, he said, "really like" to do this for me, but thought not. He seemed surprised that I had asked, and uncomfortable that I had breached the natural order of the community as we both knew it: directors and actors and producers, I should have understood, have floor passes. Writers do not, which is why they strike.

—JOAN DIDION

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*Adv. in Centre County* (*Pa.*) *Daily Times*]

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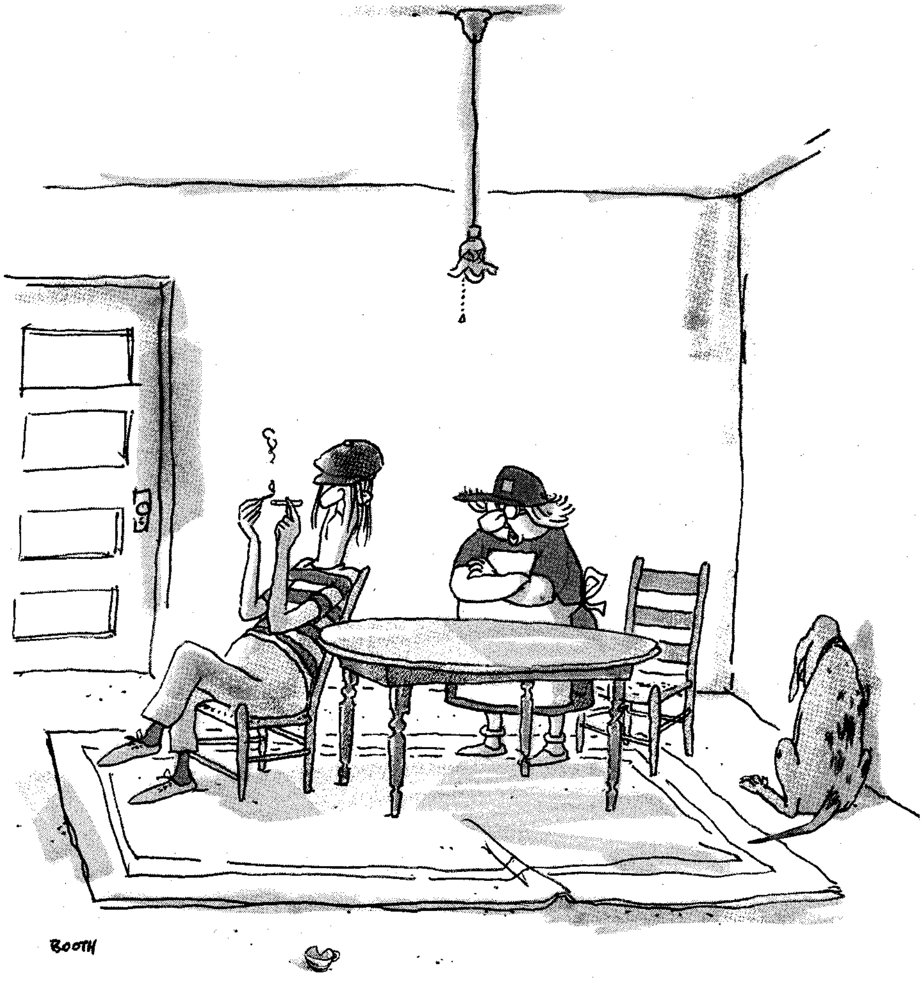
THE THEATRE

Behavin'

"AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'," the triumphant celebration of Fats Waller conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr., first opened ten years ago, in a little barroom downstairs at the old Manhattan Theatre Club, on East Seventy-third. It was perfect. After some weeks, it transferred to Broadway, where it was also perfect, much to my surprise. I'd feared that its simplicity and intimacy would be dissipated in a large house, but almost nothing was altered to accommodate show business. Last week, it returned to Broadway, this time to the Ambassador, with its original cast, and with the elegant and protean Luther Henderson again at the piano and conducting the six-piece onstage band. The performers are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard, all of them as wonderful and fresh as ever. Miss Carter's name now appears above the title, and Mr. Henderson's hair and beard have turned white, but nothing else has changed much. From the first notes of the opening number, "Ain't Misbehavin'," performed by the company, it's clear that all will be well—that the actors will sing and dance as deftly and affectionately as ever, registering every change of mood. But the evening is Waller's, and it is made up in part of songs that he wrote and recorded and in part of songs by others that he recorded, and, in case you need reminding, they include "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Squeeze Me" and "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling" and "Find Out What They Like" and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now." In his review of the original Broadway production, at the Longacre, Brendan Gill wrote, "We are still in Waller's loving and funny presence, and he is not only making us laugh, he is also (what is a hundred times as difficult) making us happy." I have nothing to add to those words except: Welcome back to what is, hands down, the best new show in town. Long may it flourish! The charming setting is again by John Lee Beatty, the lighting is again by Pat Collins, the dashing costumes are again by Randy Barcelo, and the musical staging and nimble choreography are again by Arthur Faria—in short, the whole delightful potpourri as before.

ENDESHA IDA MAE HOLLAND's play "From the Mississippi Delta," a production of the Negro Ensemble Company, at Theatre Four, is a kind of dramatic collage, in which a strong story is told, sometimes by indirection and always with ingenuity. The setting is the small Delta town where, in 1955, Emmett Till was murdered for talking to a white woman. The action begins in the early nineteen-fifties and ends in the mid-eighties, when a young black woman who as a child was raped by a rich white man graduates from the University of Minnesota with all the black townsfolk in the audience. The play covers the rise of the civil-rights movement, with its consequent dangers, but the story is often sidetracked. There is a scene in which a midwife assists at a difficult childbirth while a passel of kids peep through the window screaming and carrying on. There is a scene at a country fair, and one where an eccentric old woman threatens to knock out with a brick any man who steps on her water meter, and does so. Much of the time the mood is passionate or angry, but just as often it is lighthearted and funny. The fine actresses in an all-female cast are Gwen Roberts-Frost, Brenda Denmark, and LaTanya Richardson; they play a large assortment of characters of both sexes with great skill, and every word they speak sounds exactly right. The handsome setting—a front stoop, with the outline of a house behind it—was designed by Steven Perry and lighted by William H. Grant III, and the costumes were designed by Judy Dearing. "From the Mississippi Delta" was originally presented last fall by Woody King, Jr., at the New Federal Theatre, at the Henry Street Settlement.

—EDITH OLIVER



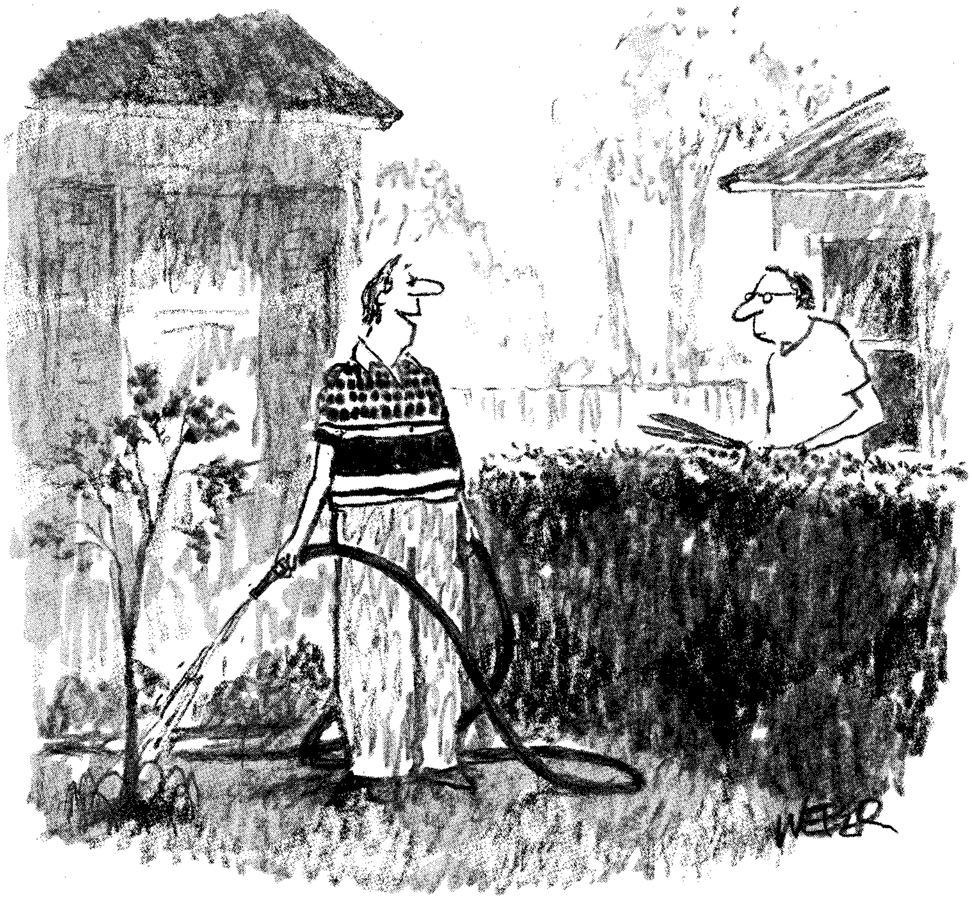
"The question, Leon, is: What is man?"

THE SKY LINE

Deconstructivism

IF museum exhibitions followed the practice of Broadway, the show at the Museum of Modern Art called "Deconstructivist Architecture" would have closed within a few days of its opening last June. It received exceptionally harsh reviews—reviews so harsh, indeed, that even the Broadway euphemism "mixed reviews" (which insiders recognize as meaning not so much mixed as "bad to awful") would amount to an overly benign summary of them. Hilton Kramer described "Deconstructivist Architecture" in an article in the New York *Observer* as a "twerpy little show" and said of its guest curator, Philip Johnson, that "it obviously pleases him to stage such nihilist stunts from time to time, and so he has taken a brief intermission from his labors as the principal designer of schlock architecture for corporate America in order to bring us this nothing exhibition." Luckily, Mr. Johnson, a star if ever there was one, rejoices in Donnybrooks, onstage and off; having spent a long lifetime sassing his critics and being sassed back, he will no doubt easily survive his current flop.

Because the show isn't, after all, a theatrical event, its savaging in the press effected no change in its announced date of departure, which was August 30th; nevertheless, one attended it as one might have attended a doomed musical, fearing the worst and soon enough having those worst fears confirmed. At the moment when, in the course of a visit to the show, curiosity gave way to an irritated incredulity, one asked the question so often asked by disappointed Broadway theatregoers: Why on earth was this show brought to town? In this case, at least part of an answer can be found in the hype that preceded its arrival. The gossip was that the show would be as radical in its implications as the famous show of modern architecture held at MOMA in 1932, of which Johnson and Henry-Russell Hitchcock were joint curators, and for which they coined the term International Style. Because Johnson hadn't troubled to curate a show at MOMA since 1954, it was assumed that his guest curatorship of the "Deconstructivist" show amounted to a laying on of hands not unlike the many that he has bestowed over the years on a succession of evolving architectural fashions, of which Postmodernism has been the most recent (and threatens to be among the most short-lived).



"Today I'm fifty—the old halfway point."

In a preface to the catalogue for the show, Johnson has taken care to separate himself from the preliminary hype, denying any similarity between the authentic great dawn of the International Style and the fugitive lightnings of the deconstructivists. He states flatly that their architecture is not a movement, not a creed, but "a confluence of a few important architects' work of the years since 1980 . . . a concatenation of similar strains from various parts of the world." He says that, while their work seems to echo certain principles of the Constructivist artists who flourished in Russia at the time of the Revolution and for a few years thereafter, there is no reason to suppose that the echo is an intentional one; he goes as far as to wonder whether some of the architects in the "Deconstructivist" show are aware of the similarity of their work to that of their supposed predecessors. An entire room in the show is given over to Constructivist and Suprematist paintings from the museum's collection, encouraging us to note that what Johnson describes as "the most obvious formal theme . . . the diagonal overlapping of rectangular or trapezoidal bars" is manifested with the same force in the work of Malevich, Tatlin, and the like as it is in the projects that make up the present exhibition.

The co-curator of the "Deconstructivist" show is a young New Zealander named Mark Wigley, who is a member of the Princeton faculty. Johnson, in his preface, says of Wigley that "in every field, from concept to installation, his judgment, knowledge, and hard work have been paramount," and it is to Wigley's essay in the catalogue that one turns in seeking to come to grips with the intellectual background of the show. (The installation at the museum, which occupied an unexpectedly small portion of the ground-floor gallery space, was skimpy in respect to wall texts.) As an expositor of ideas, Mr. Wigley proves to be a hard writer to pin down. First, he establishes certain definitions of architecture, to which we are expected to assent without argument, and from these he proceeds to leapfrog to metaphor after metaphor:

> The architect has always dreamed of pure form, of producing objects from which all instability and disorder have been excluded.... Architecture is a conservative discipline that produces pure form and protects it from contamination.
>
> The projects in this exhibition mark a different sensibility, one in which the dream of pure form has been disturbed. Form has become contaminated. The dream has become a kind of nightmare.

Observe that the dark impression ordinarily created by such words as "contamination," "disturbed," and "nightmare" is not shared by Mr. Wigley; to him they are favorable terms, leading to a no less favorable activity called deconstructivism. Mr. Wigley wishes it clearly understood that deconstructivism in architecture, whether dream or nightmare, is a separate entity from deconstruction in literature:

> It is the ability to disturb our thinking about form that makes these [architectural] projects deconstructive. It is not that they derive from the mode of contemporary philosophy known as "deconstruction." They are not an application of deconstructive theory. Rather, they emerge from within the architectural tradition and happen to exhibit some deconstructive qualities.

Wigley hints broadly that he is aware of a major difficulty with the show and is determined to make his way around it, by ingenuity if not by logic. The difficulty is one of nomenclature. An accidental resemblance between two words—"constructivism" and "deconstruction"—has led to the invention of the word "deconstructivism" (Joseph Giovannini, the writer on architecture, is given credit for having originated it), which establishes an ideological connection where no such connection exists. This amounts to a prank, intellectually indefensible except as a parlor game in which by tugging at one's ear one signals, "Sounds like! Sounds like!"

Wigley warns us that deconstruction, as distinct from deconstructivism, is not the mere taking apart of constructions. In what is evidently an attempt to exclude from consideration such entertaining architectural feats as those carried out by James Wines and the SITE group (who, for example, have designed a showroom for the Best Products Company which appears to be falling down), he writes:

> Any provocative architectural design which appears to take structure apart—whether it be the simple breaking of an object or the complex dissimulation of an object into a collage of traces—has been hailed as deconstructive. These strategies have produced some of the most formidable projects of recent years, but remain simulations of deconstructive work in other disciplines, because they do not exploit the unique condition of the architectural object. Deconstruction is not demolition, or dissimulation. While it diagnoses certain structural problems within apparently stable structures, these flaws do not lead to the structures' collapse.

One notes that "the unique condition of the architectural object" goes undefined, so we have no way of judging what it is that Wines and his colleagues have failed to exploit. One also notes that without a word of warning "problems" has become synonymous with "flaws." Soon we learn that in Wigley's view flaws are inescapable and therefore, oddly, to be admired. "Deconstruction," he writes, "gains all its force by challenging the very values of harmony, unity, and stability, and proposing instead a different view of structure: the view that the flaws are intrinsic to the structure. They cannot be removed without destroying it; they are, indeed, structural." In another feat of verbal sleight of hand, flaws are transformed into dilemmas, which are also to be considered admirable; to wit, "A deconstructive architect is therefore not one who dismantles buildings, but one who locates the inherent dilemmas within buildings. The deconstructive architect puts the pure forms of the architectural tradition on the couch and identifies the symptoms of a repressed impurity. The impurity is drawn to the surface by a combination of gentle coaxing and violent torture: the form is interrogated."

It is at this point that Wigley abandons the role of an internist or public-health official and becomes a psychoanalyst. Architectural tradition is observed lying immobile on an analyst's couch, undergoing the anguish of repressed purity—evidently one of the most crippling architectural maladies of our time. Applying medical skills that contrive to mingle coaxing with torture, Dr. Wigley demonstrates that the supposedly pure forms of which architects were said to be dreaming in the opening paragraphs of his essay are not pure at all; they contain impurities

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that can be brought to the surface—not to be expunged but, on the contrary, to be celebrated.

Few aesthetic propositions have ever been stated in such narrowly clinical terms. From time to time, Wigley treats himself to an anthropomorphic fling; for example, he describes a certain deconstructivist rooftop as having been distorted "by some alien organism, a writhing, disruptive animal breaking through the corner." But even this singular creature returns us to the world of medicine, by inducing a "twisted counter-relief" that "infects the orthogonal box." The alien organism is a parasite, but it does so little harm to the form that it soon "becomes unclear which came first, the form or the distortion, the host or the parasite. . . . No surgical technique can free the form; no clean incision can be made. To remove the parasite would be to kill the host."

Language as vivid as this is rarely encountered in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, much less in a MOMA catalogue. Scarcely less vivid are Wigley's agglutinative alliterations: deconstructivism is an architecture, he tells us, "of disruption, dislocation, deflection, deviation, and distortion, rather than one of demolition, dismantling, decay, decomposition, or disintegration." It causes us disquiet, because it makes us perceive that architecture "has always had certain undiagnosed congenital flaws which are only now becoming visible." In short, deconstructivism is, in strict pathological terms, sick, which is to say that it is, in strict deconstructivist terms, well. It is also criminal. "Perfection is secretly monstrous," Wigley tells us. "Tortured from within, the seemingly perfect form confesses its crime, its imperfection."

As sickness is health in Wigley's terms, so the crime of imperfection, once confessed, becomes worthy of praise. Recognition of the crime of imperfection may well inspire the creation of a deconstructivist building—a work of art that we laymen are presumably permitted to admire ad lib but the profession of architecture as a whole is warned against attempting to emulate, for except in the case of true believers it always produces "a kind of indigestion." Since one of the intentions, if not the sole intention, of deconstructivist buildings is to set our teeth on edge and our hair on end, a building suffering from mere indigestion, and not from a profound and ineradicable disease, will fail to achieve this goal.

It is in the nature of any sect to restrict its numbers; the more peculiar the sect, the more severe the restriction, and the show at MOMA displays the handiwork of but seven architects. But "sect" may be too strong a word for what Johnson has called simply a confluence, which is to say a handful of architects who happen to share, if only for the time being, certain ambitions in respect to expanding our conventional notions of architectural design—expanding them and, in effect, cuffing them about and jumping up and down on them, in a fashion that is sometimes exhilarating and sometimes exasperating.

Models of structures by the seven deconstructivist architects were on display at MOMA, accompanied by elevations, renderings, and the sketchy squiggles that many architects nowadays include in their oeuvres as illustrations of their early thoughts about a given project and as evidence (often unconvincing) that they can draw. Most of the models are enchanting; they are exquisite toys, of the sort that rich children might circle round at F. A. O. Schwarz and covetously look forward to encountering again on Christmas morning.

The most startling of these models emerged like a projectile out of a pierced museum wall, plunging earthward at a sharp angle. From a deconstructivist point of view, it deserved high marks: it was disturbing, disconcerting, and discombobulating. At a second glance, one saw that it wasn't a projectile but an exclusive social club, situated on a mountainside high above Hong Kong's harbor.

d. ehrenberg

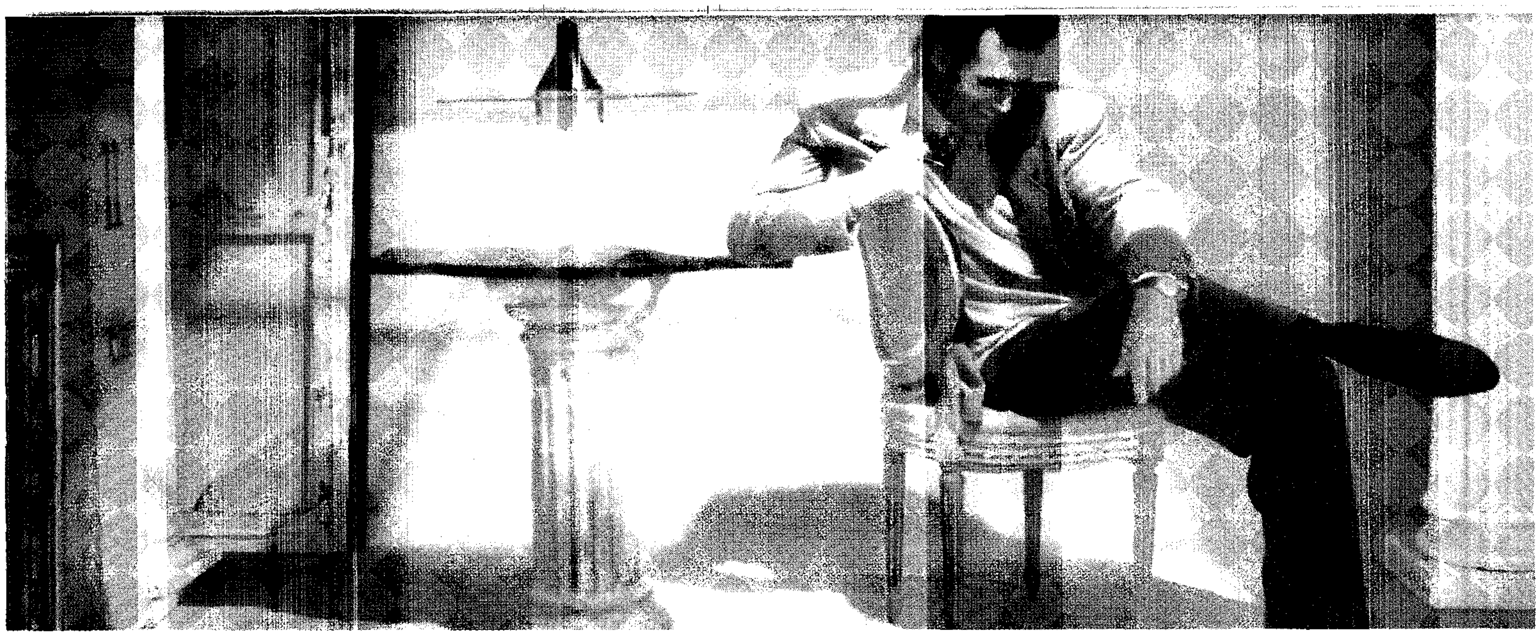
The designer of the club is a thirty-eight-year-old Iraqi woman named Zaha M. Hadid, who was born in Baghdad and works in London. The project, as yet unbuilt but said to be buildable, was awarded first prize in the 1983 Hong Kong Peak International Competition. According to the catalogue description, the site of the project must be subjected to a considerable degree of alteration (mutilation?) before the structure itself is erected: "The natural topography . . . is transformed by excavating the site to its lowest level and constructing a set of artificial cliffs out of the excavated rock, which is polished to blur further the distinction between man-made and artificial." What *is* this distinction, if it exists? Or are we in the presence of an editorial slip, in which "man-made" has inadvertently taken the place of "natural"?

The description continues:

> Into this artificial topography are thrust four huge beams. The beams have been abstracted from the skyscrapers in the city below, turned over on to their sides, brought up the hill, and driven into the hillside to form a horizontal skyscraper. The project's force comes from the violent intersection between these linear beams and the volumes of the artificial topography.
>
> The four beams are twisted relative to each other, bringing them into conflict with each other as well as with the artificial landscape. These conflicts disturb the internal structure of the beams. The internal plan of each beam carries the trace of its conflict with the other elements. Their original subdivision into regular orthogonal units is disturbed. Closed spaces are opened as walls are folded and buckled. The internal grid breaks down, without ever being abandoned. Each conflict is different, so each is fractured in a different way, generating different kinds of programmatic space, different types of residential accommodation.

Hanging in perilous seeming disarray above Hong Kong, Miss Hadid's clubhouse gives us the jitters as an unrealized project and might well give the club's membership the jitters as an actual building, but it appears that this is precisely the point of her design. After all, who in the late nineteen-eighties, and especially in Hong Kong, and still more especially as wealthy members of some unspecified élite in Hong Kong, can reasonably expect to be offered repose?

Models of a medical building for the University of Frankfurt, designed by Peter Eisenman (and as yet unbuilt),



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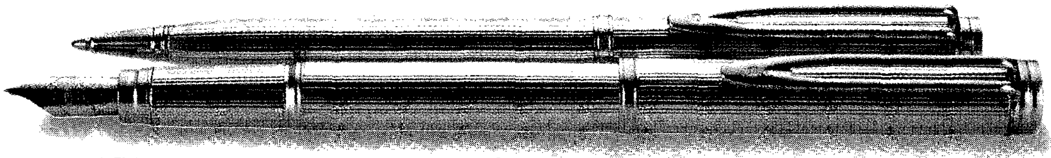

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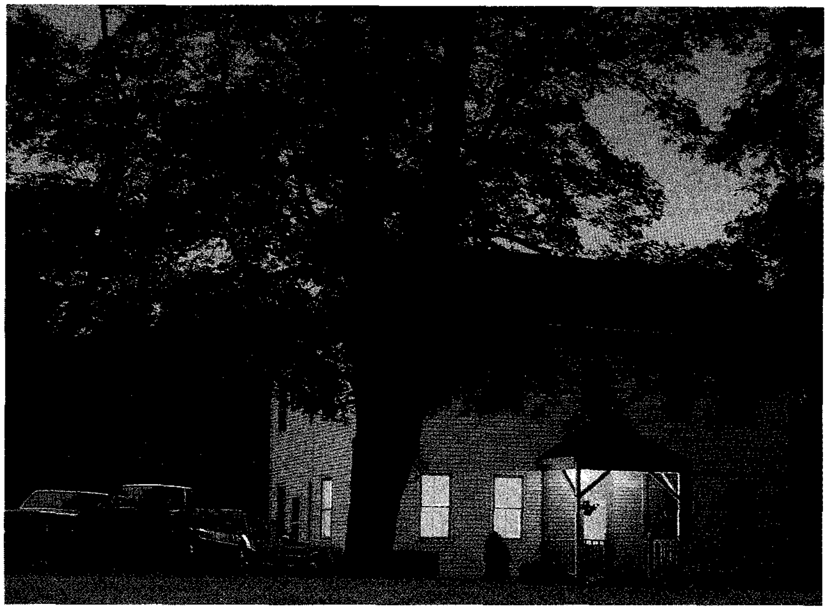

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made a very fetching display at MOMA. Looking down on the table-height models, visitors to the exhibition were able to identify various parts of each design far more readily than they could ever do in real life, from street level. The description of them in the catalogue begins with a reassuring bow to common sense: "This project is a center for advanced biological research. . . . It is based on a symmetrical distribution of laboratory units along a spine. . . . The units spread out along this spine are basic modernist blocks, rational units organized by a rational system." A moment later, rationality is stood on its head, and the pathetic fallacy takes over:

> Each one is given the form of one of the four basic shapes which biologists use as a code to describe fundamental biological processes. The biologists' graphic code takes on architectural form, becoming the very structure of the project. But this intersection of modernist abstraction and an arbitrary figurative code, which acts as the basic form, is then progressively distorted to provide the functionally specific social and technical spaces. The distortion is effected by systematically adding further shapes in a way that clashes—new shapes that come out of the same system of four basic shapes that they distort.

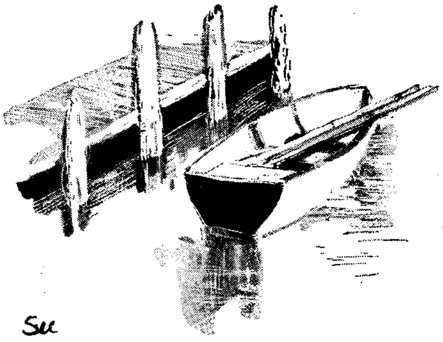
Now, even if it made sense for a building to take the shape of a biological process—a shape that could be recognized only from the air, and then only by a person familiar with the biologists' graphic code—would it make sense to distort this shape into new shapes, which clash with the very shape that caused them to come into existence in the first place? A shape that, since it represents a biological process, would presumably lose its validity the moment it was itself subjected to distortion?

It turns out that the research center has other rum treats in store: "This project also engages the context, by exploiting the angle of an underground service core already on the site. The angle is used to organize the building, but also to disturb it. Below ground, it fractures the very buildings it services; above ground, it becomes a service road that is in turn broken by the building. This leaves the status of both unclear." What a triumph for a practitioner of deconstructivism—to leave the status of two key elements in a project unclear!

But other architects in the MOMA show have similar triumphs to boast of. The design of an apartment building and observation tower by Rem Koolhaas, intended someday to grace the city of Rotterdam, is described as "enigmatically poised between being essentially a single slab, a homogeneous monolith (like its neighbors), but distorted by a number of towers, and being essentially a row of discrete towers, distorted by a slab. . . . Suspended between the two—the high-modernist tower and the angular Constructivist tower—the slab becomes the scene of a radical questioning of modernism. It is seen to give birth to both the stability of the one and the instability of the other. But the status of the slab is thrown even further in doubt because both of the towers related to it emerge as much from the context as from the slab itself. The identity of modernism becomes elusive; its limits are no longer clear."

Once again, the architect is being congratulated for the lack of clarity in his design. This rhetoric may prove amusing—may even be moderately instructive—to people dropping in at an exhibition, or to students of architecture, or to fellow-deconstructivists, but of what value can it be to future occupants of the building or to Rotterdammers who, caring not a straw whether the identity of modernism is elusive, may be forced to confront the enigma every day for the rest of their lives?

The pathetic fallacy manifested in Eisenman's medical building is no less intensely present in the project City Edge, an office and residential development intended for the Tiergarten district of Berlin and designed by the Polish-born architect Daniel Libeskind. Described as "a colossal bar angled up from the ground so that one end floats ten stories high, looking over the Berlin Wall," it can be perceived metaphorically as a dismembered wall, by the contemplation of which "traditional thinking about structure is also broken down," and this breakdown "becomes a new reading of the disorder within the city itself, a reading disclosed when the authority of the walls that define its structure is undermined."



Not for the first time, it is a question of who is doing the new reading, as well as a question of how prudent it may be to make that particular reading, or any reading, dependent upon a political situation, which is always subject to change.

Coop Himmelblau, a coöperative architectural firm practicing in Vienna, had three projects in the MOMA show: the remodelled rooftop mentioned earlier, infected by an alien organism; an apartment building; and a thousand-foot-high tower designed to be built on the bank of the Elbe River in Hamburg—a tower that "frustrates traditional expectations about towers," being thinner at the base than at the top and boasting a profile that breaks into sharp points "which buckle, split, and peel back to expose the regular layers of floor planes. This produces a confusion of overlapping eccentric spaces within which the functions are organized." As we have seen, "confusion" is here a word of praise, along with "frustration," "instability," and "precariousness."

Ideally, the emotion aroused by deconstructivism is one of terror, and not of contentment. Sometimes humor is permitted to emerge—not the gallows humor of deformed shapes but the humor of high spirits, of a sunny playfulness that is willing to surrender, at least for a time, deconstructivism's mandate to make our flesh creep. How welcome, therefore, is the project by the Swiss architect Bernard Tschumi (the recently appointed dean of the Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation at Columbia) for a new public park in Paris. The park, which is called Parc de la Villette, covers a total of a hundred and twenty-five acres. Whatever the formal principles behind the design—and we learn from the catalogue that the structures Tschumi has placed throughout the park are cubes that have been thoroughly dismembered, decomposed, and (of course) distorted—the impression gained by visitors to Parc de la Villette is lighthearted. Each of the bright-colored structures is a folly, but a folly that serves some practical purpose—as a refreshment stand, a shelter, or what you will. No matter that Tschumi has performed awesome feats of geometry in the location of these follies within a system of invisible grids; to the casual stroller it appears that nature, in her usual prodigal absent-mindedness, has

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scattered them there, and one is made happy simply by being among them.

PLAYFULNESS is also characteristic of the handiwork of the California architect Frank Gehry. Though a model of the house that Gehry and his family occupy in Santa Monica is prominently on display in the "Deconstructivist" show, he is said to dislike being labelled a deconstructivist. When Gehry acquired the house, it was a gambrel-roofed suburban "Colonial" box, like hundreds of thousands of other boxes all over the country. Gehry has been tampering with it for over a decade, rupturing its surface with chain-link fencing and raw lumber and extending it in a fashion calculatedly impromptu and unfinished-looking. It has now reached the stage where it resembles nothing so much as a gigantic cage for extinct animals—perhaps one of those species of great beasts whose bones lie deep in the iridescent black ooze of La Brea, in adjacent Los Angeles.

Gehry was but a minor presence at the MOMA show; his gifts are far more impressively on display in a one-man show that is now at the Whitney. The show, which originated at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, will be at the Whitney until October 2nd. Gehry is also the designer of a bizarre, polyhedral pavilion that houses an exhibition of sheet-metal craftsmanship at the National Building Museum, in Washington, D.C., which will run until October 16th. These multiple presences from coast to coast announce Gehry's arrival at the slippery pinnacle of architectural fame, which is really to say of architectural fashion. That pinnacle is like a mooring mast, to which vast projects are quick to attach themselves. Michael Graves attained the pinnacle a few years ago, with his office buildings in Portland, Oregon, and Louisville, Kentucky, and he is now busily engaged in designing vast blimplike projects for Disney. Gehry has begun to follow the same irresistible course. On being invited out of the toy department of architecture (beach houses, small libraries, and the like) and into the department of the big blimps, who can say no? In collaboration with David Childs, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, Gehry has been commissioned to design a project intended to rise on the site of the current Madison Square Garden complex here in Manhattan; he has also been invited to participate in a competition for an assortment of mixed-use buildings at Canary Wharf, in London. A genial, rumpled-looking man, Gehry is grateful for his success but takes care to practice a certain self-adjusting mockery in respect to it. "Come on!" he says. "I'm fifty-nine. I'm ready for it."

The Gehry of the big blimps may be hard-pressed for time in which to create additions to that collection of charming small objects—plastic fish and snakes, corrugated-cardboard chairs and lounges—that have sprung into being in past years as the natural adornments of his imaginary Gehrylandia, at once far off and next door. An excellent assortment of these marvellous objects is on display at the Whitney, and so are photographs and drawings of his best-known structures, among them his Santa Monica house; the Loyola Law School, in Los Angeles; the Hollywood branch of the Los Angeles Public Library; the so-called Temporary Contemporary extension of the Museum of Contemporary Art, in Los Angeles; and the Winton Guest House, in Wayzata, Minnesota. Like his early hero, Frank Lloyd Wright, Gehry cannot be confined within the prison house of a style; every project is a problem whose solution bears the stamp of itself, and only of itself. Again like Wright, Gehry claims to work closely with his clients, but the results are often enough a source of astonishment to them—astonishment, and the gratitude one feels at being granted a place in architectural history. (When a Chicago businessman named Robie commissioned Wright to design a house for him, though he lived in the house for less than two years, he put on immortality.)

Gehry can be freaky in the nerve-racking deconstructivist vein, and he can be coolly classical; there is nothing either strained or smart-alecky in the ease with which he passes from one mode to the other. The deconstructivists believe themselves to be working at the outermost reaches of the possible, and in terms of engineering and technology this may be true, but there are inner reaches as well, where by way of technology a length of string and some blue chalk may suffice. We are always in need of a Gehry or two to go back and forth between these extremes and cause each of them to yield delight.

—BRENDAN GILL

DANCING

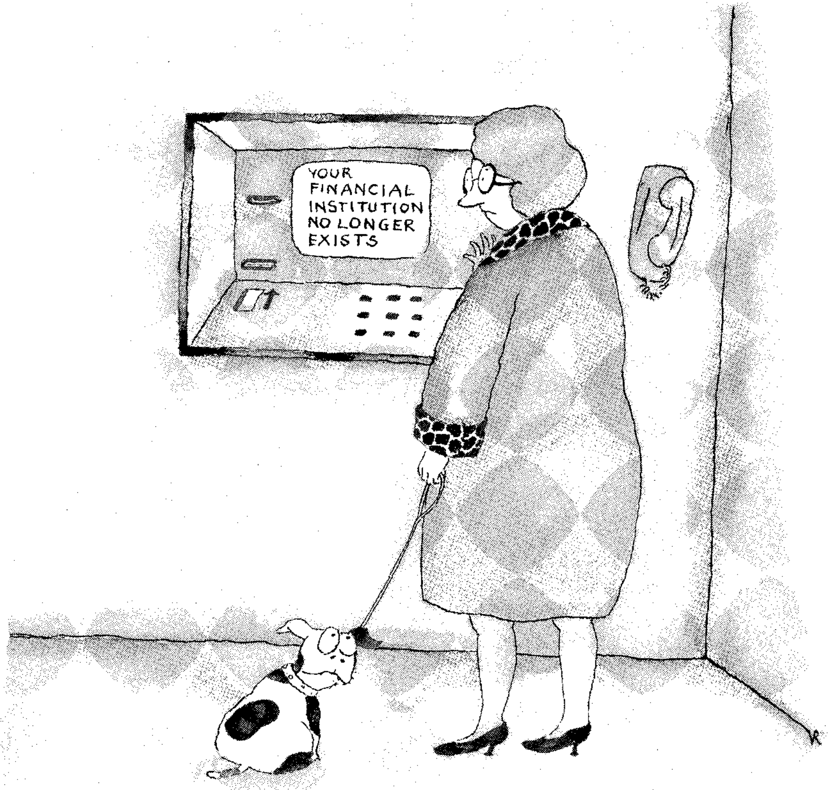
An Englishman's Home

WHAT if George Balanchine had settled in London in 1933? Here's another question—less often asked, equally bootless—to set beside that one: What if Frederick Ashton had stayed in New York in 1934? He spent three months here then, working on Virgil Thomson and Gertrude Stein's opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," and the idea of staying on certainly occurred to him. His experience here had a strong impact on him: Margot Fonteyn, who first encountered him only after his return to London, has written of how his colleagues were all agog at his new exhilaration. New York remained dear to him all his life—for its exuberance, its intensity, and its fun—and he felt, with justice, that his work was more warmly appreciated here. His name is more fixedly part of the Royal Ballet's legend in New York than in London; and his retirement from the company's directorship, in 1970, is more generally held here to have been a turning point in the company's fortunes.

Ashton returned to Britain in 1934 because he knew he had work there and because he had not been offered a position here. Not for him the work of Balanchine, to build a new school and company. For Ashton, the right course was to work in association with the women who had already begun the pioneer work on British ballet, Marie Rambert and Ninette de Valois. He, too, had been one of its architects from the beginning. When Rambert first presented her dancers in a season, in 1926, it was in Ashton's first ballet, "A Tragedy of Fashion." He was not part of the founding, in 1931, of de Valois's company—the Vic-Wells (later Sadler's Wells, ultimately Royal) Ballet—but when he joined her, after his return from America, he worked hard to reforge the material that the new English school passed his way and to bend it to his will. His initial conflicts with Margot Fonteyn are celebrated: he fought against her stubbornness, and once she capitulated she became his muse. "Don't be so stiff and English!" he told the young Lynn Seymour, while creating "The Two Pigeons." He said in later years that he had always had to combat the "Englishness" and "gentility." Paradoxically, the result was the most highly refined and most profoundly English style of dance that there has been.

No great dance academy had nurtured him; his mastery, over the years, of progressively intricate dance language is therefore the more astonishing to contemplate. His virtuoso skill of expression, invention, and construction sets him alongside other sophisticated English artists of the day—Edith Sitwell, for example, or Evelyn Waugh or the young Britten or W. H. Auden. And, as one considers the tender communities of eccentric and vulnerable and huggable characters in several Ashton ballets, Waugh's words on P. G. Wodehouse come to mind: "Mr. Wodehouse's idyllic world can never stale. He will continue to release future generations from captivity that may be more irksome than our own. He has made a world for us to live in and delight in." If only one could be as sure of the Ashton repertory's future. Brilliance, charm, sophistication, fun, poetry: his ballets had these qualities from the first, in an English blend that one can connect in particular with his colleagues Lord Berners (the Lord Merlin of Nancy Mitford's fiction) and Constant Lambert. In the work of all these artists, grand subject matter is seldom attempted, wit is never dangerous, and triviality and frivolity are often rendered intoxicating. It says much for Ashton that after the Second World War his efforts to deepen and intensify the themes of his choreography and to enrich its lyricism were successful: we do not think of him primarily as a prewar artist, as we may the Sitwells, Waugh, Lambert, and Berners. It was the period stretching from the war to 1970 that saw his finest new work: his most profound statements of love (the climactic pas de deux of "The Two Pigeons" and "The Dream"); his most scintillating achievements in narrative and evocation ("The Dream" and "Enigma Variations"); his most refined exploration of the pure-dance form ("Symphonic Variations," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Monotones").

It is good to know that he died as he had wanted—in his sleep, at his home in Suffolk, close to the countryside that helped to inspire "Symphonic Variations" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." Ashton's Suffolk was the rolling, green, fertile country inland, not far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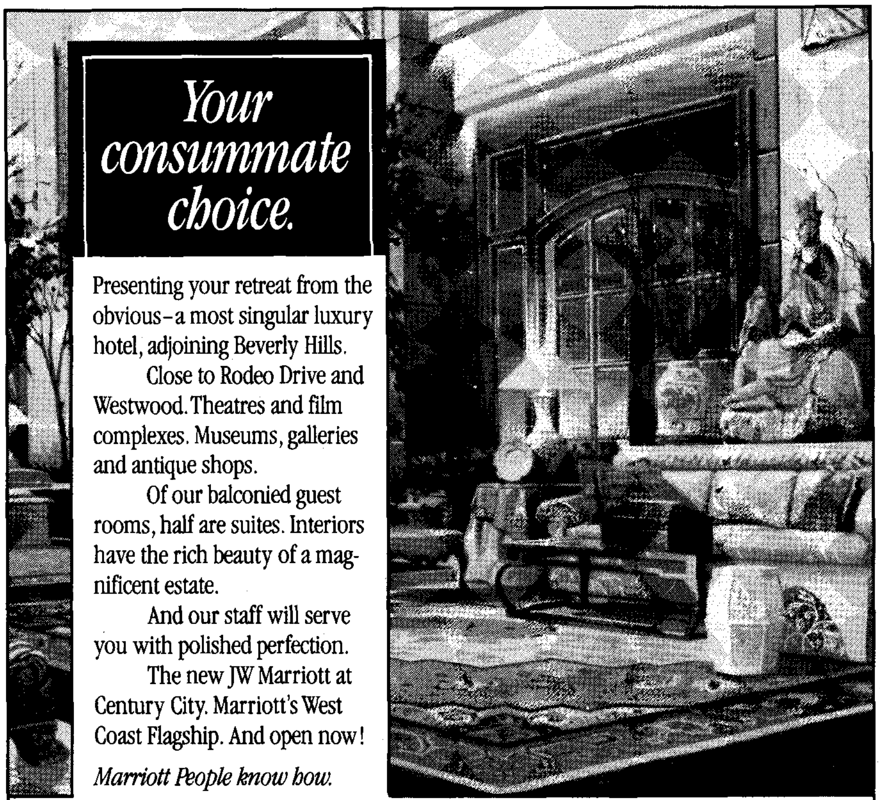
from but quite unlike the Suffolk coast of his sometime collaborator Britten. I was brought up just a few miles away, and there are no works of art that speak to me more touchingly of home than Ashton's comic "Fille" and Britten's tragic "Peter Grimes." Suffolk can be felt in the Eclogues and Georgics of "Fille" and in the noble calm of "Symphonics." Both works are idylls, and in them we see the view of England that is in the pages of "Emma": "It was a sweet view—sweet to the eye and the mind. English verdure, English culture, English comfort, seen under a sun bright, without being oppressive." In the shadow cast by his death, the memory of these ballets as they have been danced at their best is a luminous one.

IN British politics, this period of the year, between sittings of Parliament, is known as the silly season. That's not a bad label for Lincoln Center's summer dance fare. The six-week season of foreign ballet companies at the Met, which began in June with the Royal Danes and then the Paris Opêra Ballet, moved on, in an increasingly subserious manner, to the Royal Spanish National Ballet and the National Ballet of Canada. I mentioned two months ago that the Danes, by far the best of the bunch, did not sell well; at most performances of the Parisians and the Canadians, there was an even smaller audience. The Royal Spaniards brought us what was not only the worst Spanish dancing I've seen but also the least Spanish. The Hollywood orchestrations for "Ritmos" and "Medea," with soupy harmonies, and strings and woodwinds softening every texture unconscionably, made matters worse; and some of the melodic content of "Ritmos" reminded me of the theme music for "Dynasty." The leading dancers came armed, in the souvenir program, with all sorts of impressive flamenco credentials, and it was dispiriting to discover that it was with them—Merche Esmeralda and José Antonio above all—that the company veered farthest from what I'd previously thought to be true flamenco style. They didn't have even the basic stance, so taut at pelvis and waist. The result was that in steps small or large their attack was blurry, without edge, and their upper-torso carriage lacked serious plastic vigor. Fake passion, frothing skirts, and clattering heels—this was Spain served up for easy export. The Canadians brought ballets by John Cranko, Glen Tetley, and Robert Desrosiers—unappetizing fare, unappealingly danced. I was unable to discern any specifically Canadian style in the dancing. The strained vivacity, inelegant footwork, and lack of any clear center to the dancing made the company look like London Festival Ballet. The Met season hit rock bottom with Tetley's "La Ronde"—a ludicrously crude, yet vague, dollop of what has been well termed, about other works by this choreographer, coitus uninterruptus.

There have been two other summer dance seasons at Lincoln Center—"Serious Fun," indoors at Alice Tully Hall, and numerous out-of-doors performances in the various plazas. "Serious Fun" was a misnomer, on both counts, for the dancing I caught on two evenings. One of them, "Megadance," was an anthology of work by several contemporary choreographers, undistinguished at best. And at worst? Molissa Fenley's solo "In Recognition," dedicated to the late Arnie Zane, was one of her strained and spiky marathons, with rather more solemnity than usual in the arm gestures. With this bombastic, inarticulate effort at spiritual expression, Fenley captures for postmodern dance the portentous pretensions that Tetley used to bring to ballet in the seventies; this was her "Voluntaries." Of the many open-air performances, I caught three, the best of which was a triple bill given at the Damrosch Park Band Shell by the Paul Taylor company—"Roses," "Counterswarm" (somewhat revised and improved, and given a new ending, since its April première), and "Esplanade." An evening of tap dance did little more for tap than the Royal Spaniards had done for flamenco at the Met—with one exception. The veteran Chuck Green, enveloped as ever in his own strange private aura onstage, was at once doomed and gleeful. In the dynamic variety of the very first phrase you could hear that he was doing something nobody else all evening knew how to do—making music. And he builds his dances musically, in accumulating theme-and-variations patterns, in the best old-jazz tradition. His stiffest scarecrow arm movements had more personal poetry than the evening's other dancers had at their most correctly relaxed, and his footwork wasn't lightly cascading but harshly weighted—as if gravity and his own mind were against him, and as if this dancing were just erupting against his will. Tap is his daimon.

"GEORGIA's fourth-best dance company," said my Russian neighbor, who sounded as if he knew, before the curtain rose on the Georgian State Dance Company's performance at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, in August. Let the three others come over soon; I was happy watching this one. True, the costuming seemed to encourage a touristy view of Georgia; so did some of the dancers' performing manner. But the dancing wasn't cheap, and it hadn't been homogenized. One was tempted to glean the dances for symptoms of Balanchine: What did he take from his Georgian ancestry? Though the women's long dresses seldom allowed a glimpse even of their shoes, their nobly erect posture and the flourished articulation of their outstretched hands suggested aspects of female style in Balanchine ballet; in some dances for the men one could see folk elements used in such ballets as "Stravinsky Violin Concerto;" one dance, "Narnari," for the women, pattering around in their tiny, invisible steps in interweaving paths, was plainly a progenitor of the dance of the little crinolined angels in his "Nutcracker." But the women's posture and arms also put me in mind of the court dances of Versailles; and once, when the women, their arms sleeved and veiled, were aligned in four vertical rows of four, they suggested the Shades of "La Bayadère."

I cherished in particular the range of the male dances. There was the famous pointework in boots, done on the knuckles of the toes; the virile force of the sword dances; the hurtling circuits of the stage on the knees. I had looked forward to these, and was not disappointed, but I hadn't expected the high-plucked footwork—elegant, witty, even impish. There were dances of courtly love, of battle, of peasant revelry, which seemed to come from different areas and different eras. The evening's second half, tightly structured, took the toe and knee work to pyrotechnic levels; men coursing along on their toes or crashing down from high jumps to their knees became commonplace. I loved most the man who spun around the stage on his knees



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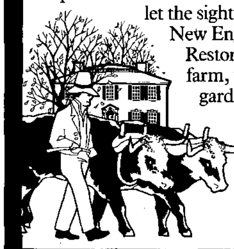

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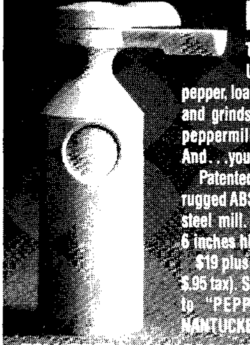

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at breakneck speed, hurling knives one by one down into the floor with every other turn. Then along came another man to do a manège of piqué turns, just as fast, around the circle of knives.

As a venue for visiting companies from abroad, New York is not above competition. I'd guess, without having counted, that Paris is host to no fewer foreign dance troupes per year; and for a fortnight this August London was presenting four ballet companies—the Kirov, Dance Theatre of Harlem, Festival Ballet, and, one week, the Australians or, the next, Moscow Classical Ballet. New York's incomparable dance fortune is in the companies of this city and this nation; and during the six months I've spent here my one unalloyed satisfaction has come from observing three companies wholly attuned to the intentions of their choreographers—those of Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, and Mark Morris. It was a boon in the heat of July and August to be able to escape upstate to Saratoga and to watch performances given at the Little Theatre there by the Taylor and Morris dancers. Though the stage is small and the wings are alarmingly cramped, the auditorium is a pleasant one in which to watch dance; and in the intermissions the audience could spill out from the theatre onto the lawns and rejoice in the scent of pines on the warm night air. The performances inside were just as refreshing. Watching the Taylor company, I remembered John Dos Passos's words on Isadora's dancing: "A great sense of health flooded the hall." The health of the Taylor dancers is radiant in the athletic exuberance of much of the dancing; but it's also there in the dancers' carriage. There's a Michelangelesque vitality in the diaphragm and pelvis in elementary positions, and it's increased by the variations that Taylor builds on stance—for example, one leg stretched in tendu side, or the torso tilting sidewise or spiralling around. Isadora is also evoked, frequently and more overtly, in the dancing of Mark Morris and his colleagues; the way he tosses and strokes his hair in "Deck of Cards" reminds me of Ashton's Isadora dances, and his dancers can all run as Ashton described her running—she "left herself behind, and you felt the breeze was running through her hair and everything else." There are no other choreographers today who attend more closely than Taylor and Morris to musical structure in the construction of their own works; Morris does so with an intricacy that I find more astounding the more I watch his work. The Saratoga performances were the last his company gave before its departure for Brussels; it is expected to dance next summer at Jacob's Pillow.

The Cunningham company also danced this summer at Saratoga. I was unable to attend, and I content myself now with the memory of the two performances it gave in the city in mid-July. These were previews of a long, lavish new work—"Five Stone Wind"—which subsequently received its première in Avignon. The work, which lasted over forty minutes, gradually accumulated in density, in rhythm, and in the size of its steps; serene and civilized, it seemed one of Cunningham's richest inventions. It had the bonus of costumes by Mark Lancaster—his first for the company in four years—with a wide array of single colors and marvellous two-layer black-over-white skirts for the women. And the setting was extraordinary—the World Financial Center Plaza, in the open air outside the conservatory-like building that stands at the base of the World Trade Center towers. The Saturday performance occurred on one of New York's most scorching days, and the stage was washed and iced just before the dancers went on; the Sunday one occurred shortly after a torrential downpour. On both occasions, the dancers gave of their best, and Cunningham, who had a more varied role than he'd had in some years, appeared to be dancing with the particular relish he has for unconventional spaces. In his first appearance onstage, he made expansive gestures to left and to right, as if hailing the view: with one arm, lo, the World Trade Center; with the other, lo, over the waters, the Statue of Liberty. —ALASTAIR MACAULAY

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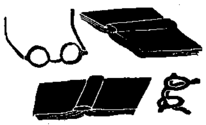
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Sugar Mother, by Elizabeth Jolley (Harper & Row; $16.95). We have come to expect humor, suspense, and exquisite characterization from this Australian novelist, and all three are in evidence here, in her ninth novel. Edwin Page, a fussy professor in his fifties, finds himself alone when his wife, an obstetrician, takes a yearlong appointment abroad. On his first anxious night without her, he hears a tap at his study window; an ordinary matron and her shy, plump daughter are locked out of the house next door, which they are renting. Ever polite, Edwin invites them to spend the night, and before long the two have moved in, Edwin is developing a serious crush on the daughter, Leila, and Ms. Jolley has us in her able grip. Edwin records his innermost thoughts and data about his health in three notebooks, designated for the internal, the external, and the intangible; in the course of the year, he must wrestle with a good deal of the last. We follow him through throes of love and doubt as he tries to sort out his feelings for Leila, for his absent wife, and for his own well-kept, childless life. As for the title, "sugar" is a quaint but telling mispronunciation of "surrogate."



Childhood of Nivasio Dolcemare, by Alberto Savinio, translated from the Italian by Richard Pevear (Eridanos; $21 cloth, $12 paper). In this dark, whimsical novel (available for the first time in English in the United States since its original publication, in Italy in 1941), household furniture stands in a moonlit room "breathing peacefully, savoring a wise, silent, barely perceptible joy;" wood grouse and clusters of plump grapes adorn a woman's "towering coiffure;" and "minarets rise into the sky like freshly sharpened pencils." Surreal imagery—as in the metaphysical paintings of the author's older brother, Giorgio de Chirico (Savinio's given name was Andrea de Chirico)—looms large in Nivasio Dolcemare's world; and when, late one summer night, the little boy slips out of the house to go in search of God in a distant church he might almost be traversing the terrain of "The Delights of the Poet" instead of the vacant streets of Athens. The devices Savinio employs—heightened perception, wordplay (anagrams, puns, and onomatopoeia abound), mythical allusion, and the comically grotesque—conspire to evoke the poetry, terror, desire, and ennui of a child's realm.

GENERAL

Romantic Affinities: Portraits from an Age, 1780-1830, by Rupert Christiansen (Putnam; $18.95). A wide-angled and spirited survey of the Romantic movement in England and on the Continent. The narrative takes off with André Chénier, an eighteenth-century French poet, who died young on the guillotine, and gets fairly under way with the life stories of Wordsworth and Coleridge—avatars, in their youth, of a new philosophy of hope for mankind through a love for and return to nature. Mr. Christiansen examines the Romantic temper as manifested in the lives and literary products of Shelley, Byron, E.T.A. Hoffmann, Hölderlin, Pushkin, Kleist, Mme. de Staël, and a number of others who believed, briefly, that they could reinvent the world. This is informal history and informal literary criticism, written in an allusive and witty style but underlaid with solid scholarship and a genuine sympathy. Illustrations.

Waging Peace and War: Dean Rusk in the Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson Years, by Thomas J. Schoenbaum (Simon & Schuster; $22.95). In a short preface, the author explains that he met the man who from 1961 to 1968 was our Secretary of State when, in 1983, they became colleagues at the University of Georgia, and that he discovered Dean Rusk to be a more attractive, more complex, and more principled man than his public image, as a Cold Warrior indifferent to bloodshed in

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Southeast Asia, suggested. Rusk, who was born in Georgia in 1909, grew up believing in Wilsonian internationalism, and regretted that the United States chose isolationism after the First World War. He was a college teacher before the Second World War; during the war, the Army sent him to the Far East, on General Stilwell's staff, and then brought him home to serve on the staff of the State-War-Navy Coördinating Committee. With peace, he went to the State Department, and he served there with increasing distinction and influence during the years of the Marshall Plan and the Korean War, earning respect and, sometimes, affection for his competence, discretion, and patriotism.

NOTE: "John Cardinal O'Connor," by Nat Hentoff, has been published by Scribners ($19.95). Some of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SWAN DIVE, by Jeremiah Healy (Harper & Row; $16.95). Mr. Healy's John Francis Cuddy shares the Boston private-eye scene with Robert B. Parker's Spenser—and he, too, has an off-again, on-again girlfriend—but otherwise they could hardly be more different. Cuddy eats fast food, he has no sense of style and no apparent culture, he gets beaten up a lot, and—in this case, at least—he goes through hell without even the possibility of a fee. The story involves a rich wife-beater who deals (and uses) cocaine behind the cover of an insurance business, a rich woman lawyer also with a taste for cocaine, a couple of unhappy wives, a failed and wimpish lawyer, a good-hearted pimp, a beautiful whore with porno ambitions, and one of the ugliest and literally smelliest thugs in recent fiction. Nothing makes much sense, but the ride is fast and enjoyable.

•

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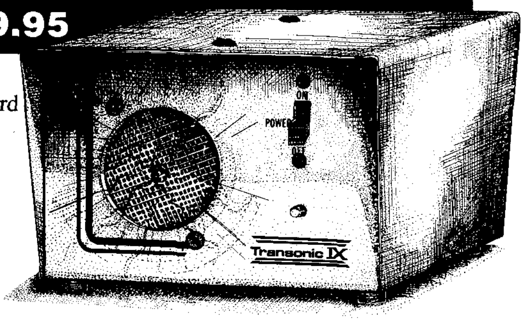

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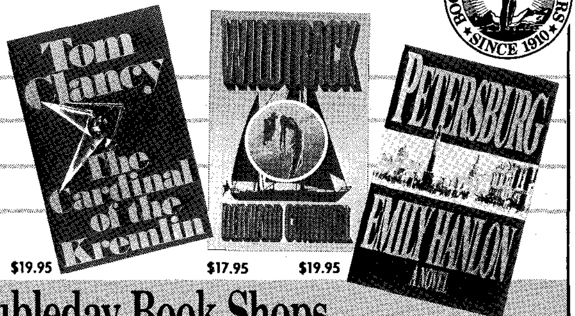

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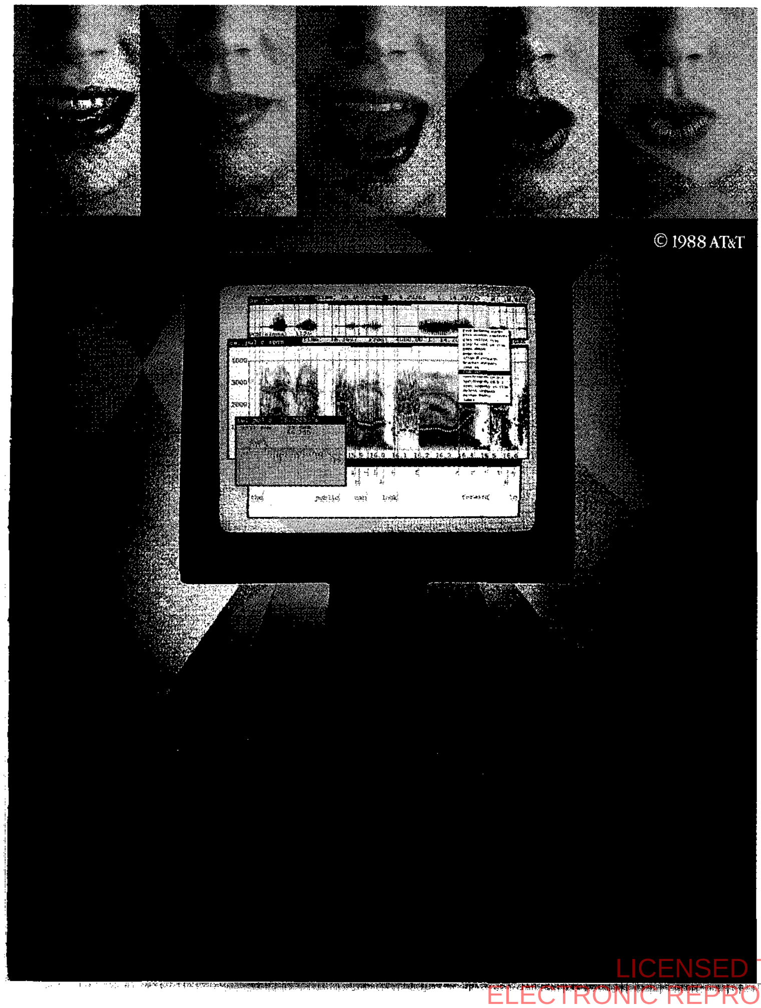

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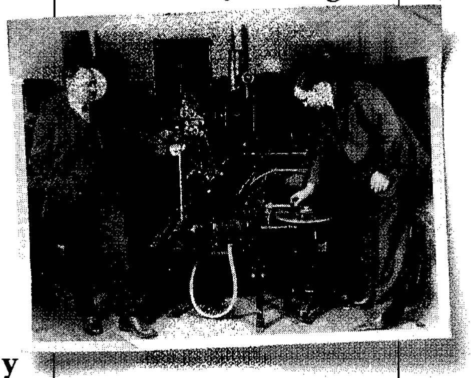

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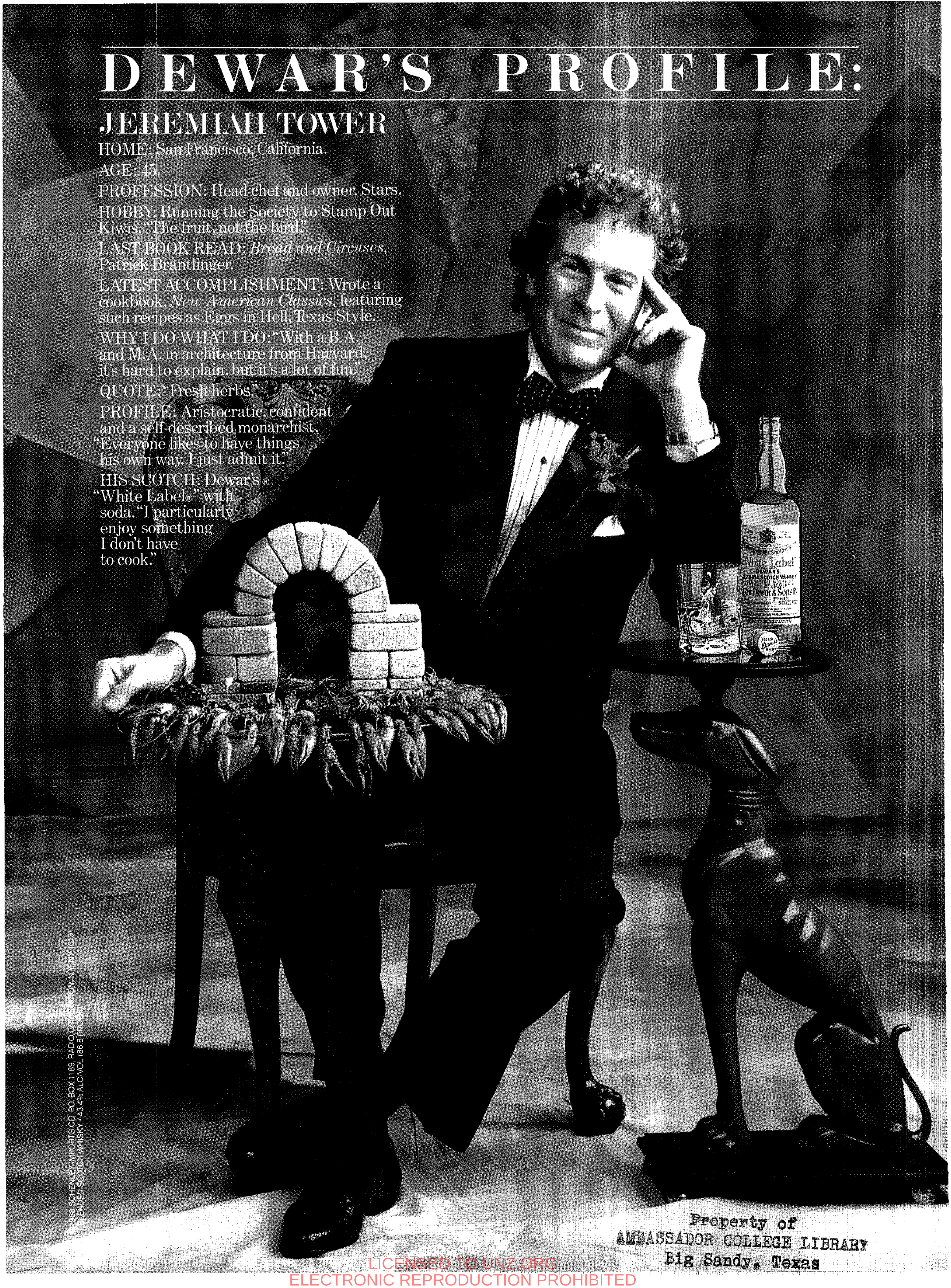

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JEREMIAH TOWER

HOME: San Francisco, California.

AGE: 45.

PROFESSION: Head chef and owner, Stars.

HOBBY: Running the Society to Stamp Out Kiwis. "The fruit, not the bird."

LAST BOOK READ: *Bread and Circuses*, Patrick Brantlinger.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote a cookbook, *New American Classics*, featuring such recipes as Eggs in Hell, Texas Style.

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